Collier's

NOVEMBER 24, 1945

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FOUR PLANKS FOR PEACE

A PROGRAM TO PREVENT EXTINCTION

By SECRETARY OF WAR PATTERSON

PAGE 15

Beginning: BITTER HARVEST

THE STORY OF A

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By RAMONA ST

PAGE 16

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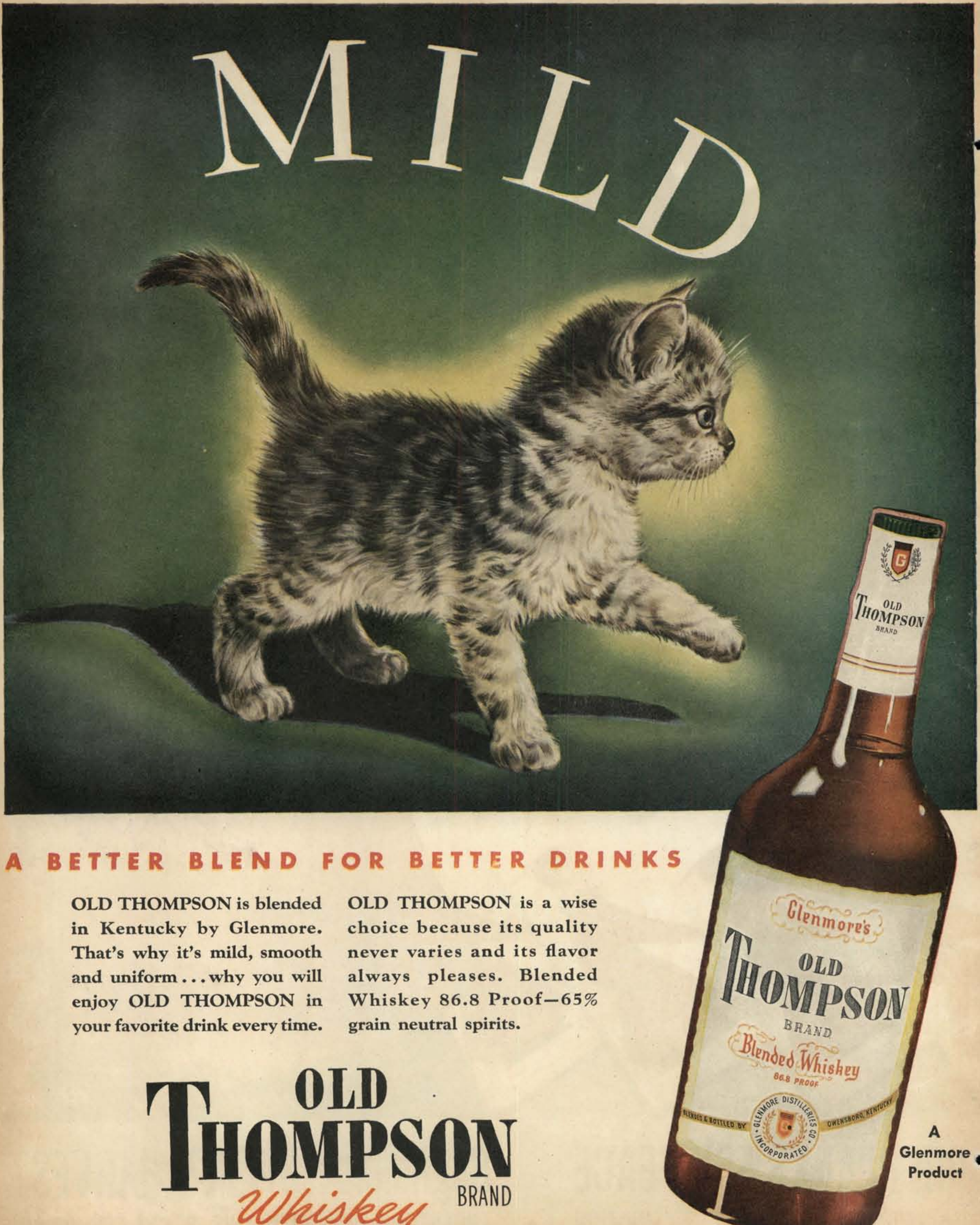
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OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

OLD THOMPSON is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore. That's why it's mild, smooth and uniform . . . why you will enjoy OLD THOMPSON in your favorite drink every time.

OLD THOMPSON is a wise choice because its quality never varies and its flavor always pleases. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof—65% grain neutral spirits.

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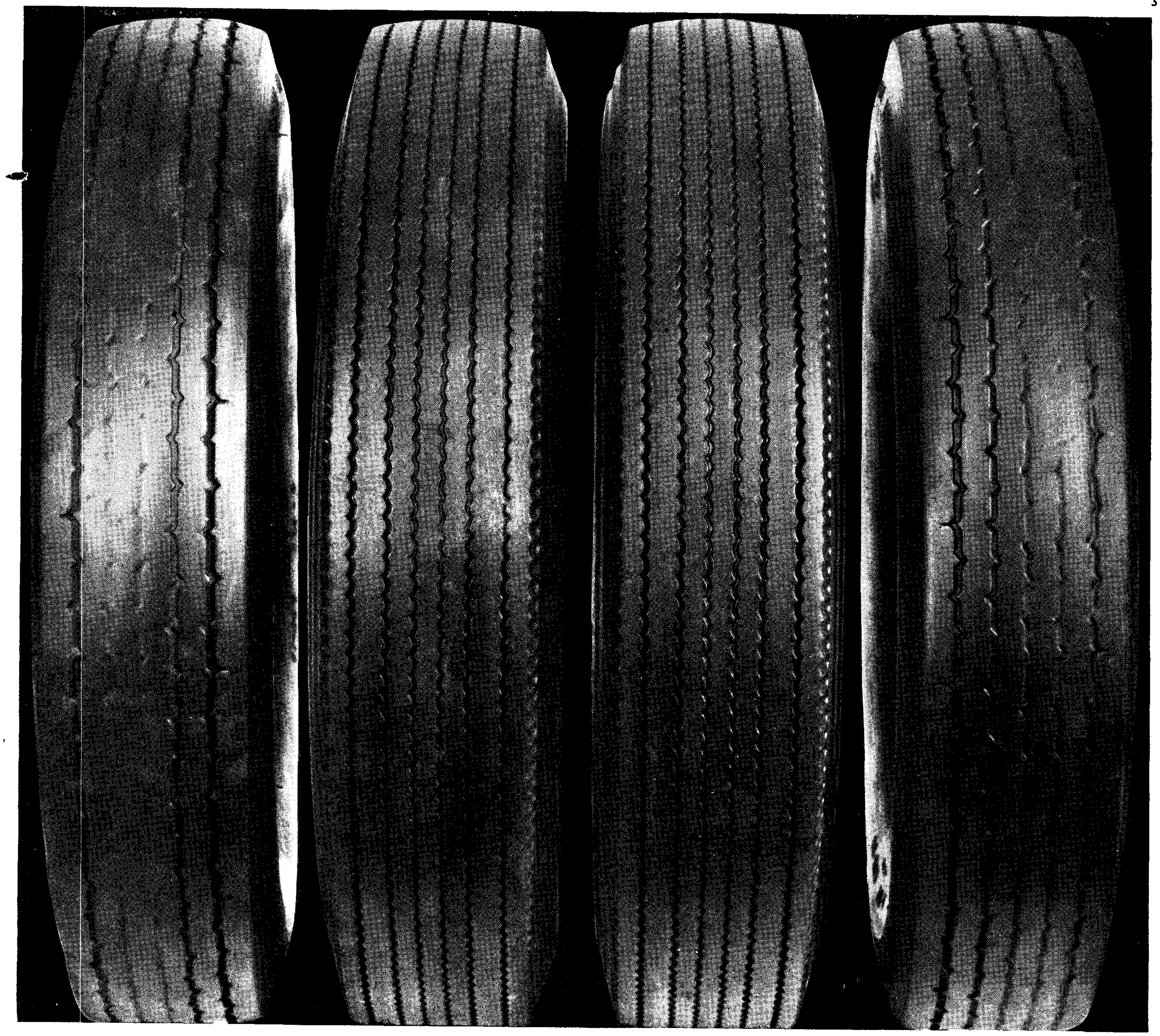

New synthetic tire will

OUTWEAR PREWAR TIRES

B. F. Goodrich passenger car tire coming soon

BEFORE these tires had their picture taken they went thousands of miles on a test car. They were carefully rotated so all got equal wear. The untouched picture shows exactly how they looked after the test.

The two outside tires were made of natural rubber with prewar treads—equal in every way to new prewar tires. Note that they were run until nearly smooth. Then observe the still effective tread on the middle tires . . . the new B. F. Goodrich synthetic-rubber Silvertowns. This was one of many tests that have proved the new tires give better-than-prewar mileage.

These tires are newly designed for passenger cars. B. F. Goodrich builds them of a new, better synthetic rubber—different from the ordinary synthetic in general use by the tire industry. This rubber was also a B. F. Goodrich development. The tire body is stronger too, with a new, stronger kind of cord reinforcement. The tread is slightly wider and flatter.

The tires have had more than 2,000 tests and nearly 17,000,000 miles of all-weather, all-road driving by taxicab fleets, state police departments, and the B. F. Goodrich test fleet.

When can you get them? We *hope* to have them in the hands of nearly all dealers and ration-free by the end of the year. If you make your present tires last as long as possible you may be able to get these new, better tires by the time you have to buy. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Coming soon...from

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture OF THE MONTH

JUDY GARLAND
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE HARVEY GIRLS"
with
John HODIAK · Ray BOLGER · Angela LANSBURY
and Preston Foster • Virginia O'Brien
Chill Wills • Marjorie Main • Kenny Baker
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
SCREEN PLAY BY
Edmond Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane,
James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson
Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper
Words and Music by
JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN
Directed by....................GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by....................ARTHUR FREED

We sing the praises of not *one*—but *two* magnificent M-G-M musicals..."The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhh!).

"The Harvey Girls" is the Technicolorful picturization of Samuel Hopkins Adams' best-seller. It's the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music! And it stars honey-voiced, radiant, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

Supporting scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray (dazzling dancer) Bolger, and Angela (alluring's-the-word) Lansbury. You'll love "The Harvey Girls"!

Speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**—that huge, star-studded, eye-filling spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed could have produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.

Its roster of Stars reads like the Who's Who of Show Business from A to Ziegfeld! There's Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams and William Powell! If it's true that "Names make News"—there's *the* Movie News of the Month!

We think Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to see this Technicolor Treat.

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre

Collier's
FOR NOVEMBER 24, 1945

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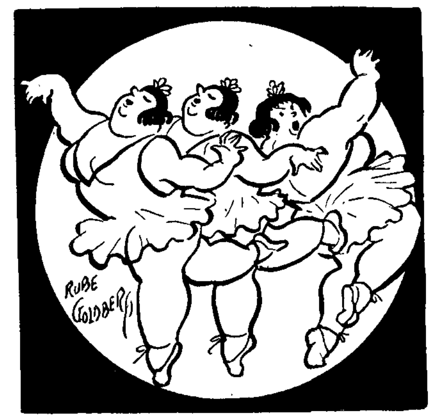
COVER By *AL MOORE*

any week

A LADY who has just left our office told us that the elevator operator asked her what floor she wanted. She was enjoying a brief loss of memory at the moment and hesitated so long that he said, "Never mind," and punched the thirteenth-floor button. "Whenever anybody seems confused," he confided on the way up, "I just put them off there. If those guys in Collier's can't fix you up, lady, you better stay out of elevators."

SOMETHING published in this magazine reminds Mr. Fred Fletcher of Los Angeles, California, that once when he was in Copenhagen he spoke rather firmly to the manager of the opera house about the ladies of the ballet. They were large and earnest galumphers decidedly on the tonnage side. "Ah, yes," sighed the manager, "the king too has been complaining. He has found fault with the somewhat careworn appearance of the house. I told him that our budget did not permit of making the place more attractive. Then he said: 'But can't you at least renovate the ballet dancers?'"



FROM the Monterey Peninsula Herald of California: "Drunkard and wife need housing facilities. Luxurious bedroom and cozy kitchen required. Don't call before 9:30 A.M. or after 5 P.M. Occupants sleeping or drinking."

OF COURSE if we really want to know what's going on we always turn to the Laconia, New Hampshire, News and Critic. Mr. Raymond A. Weeks, the editor, squanders no time or space on inconsequential details. For example: "Erwin L. Dow is dead from a fall from a roof. Mr. Smith was telling about it. He was employed by W. T. Grant Co., who he used to work for before Lougee-Robinson Co."

JUST to show you that we can't be bought, we shall not print all of Mr. Jay Taylor's letter. If we did he'd pay us

(Continued on page 92)

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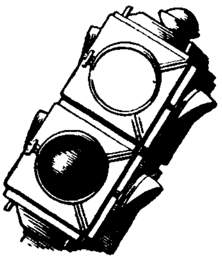
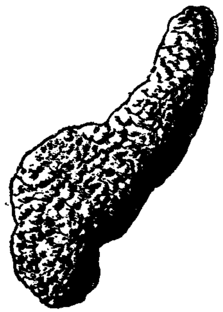
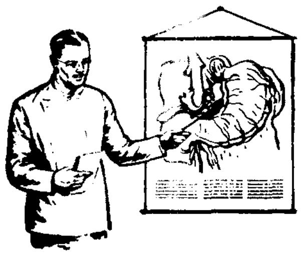
Diabetes usually permits normal living, though insulin injections are generally needed. When the pancreas stops producing adequate insulin, diabetes starts. Cells of the pancreas, located just behind the stomach, normally manufacture the insulin the body needs to store and burn sugar.







If you're plump and middle-aged...

. . . watch for diabetes! Be on the lookout for these signs:

1. Constant hunger and loss of weight, despite overeating, because your body can't make use of the food you eat.

2. Continuous, or aggravated, thirst. Because the kidneys are working overtime to dispose of excess sugar, you try to replace the water lost.

3. Weariness and irritability. Because your body is unable to make proper use of food and water, it tires faster. Boils and carbuncles are often an indication of diabetes, particularly in older people.

These three conditions are indications of well-established diabetes, but are often absent in early or mild cases. Accordingly, it is important for everyone with a family history of diabetes—all the more if overweight—to have an annual physical examination, including urinalysis.

Twenty-five years ago diabetics were virtual invalids, subjected to a drastic near-starvation diet. But with the discovery in 1921 that injected insulin could add to the diabetics' own supply, medical science gave them a new lease on life—and a pleasant one.

If you are diabetic, your faithful, intelligent co-operation with a physician will enable him to control the disease through *diet*, *exercise*, and *insulin*. While injections of insulin won't *cure* diabetes—as yet there is *no* known cure—they will supply this vital substance and thus enable you to lead a practically normal life.

To learn more about diabetes and its treatment, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 125-C, entitled: "Diabetes."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 125-C, entitled "Diabetes."

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HUSKY AS THEY COME...BUT STILL HIS BRISTLES AREN'T AS GOOD AS PROLON!
P
40
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

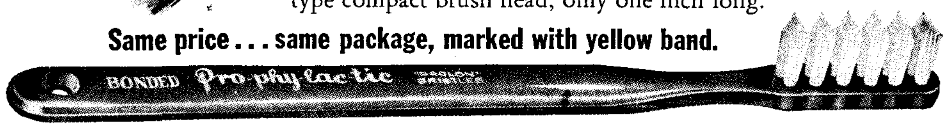
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

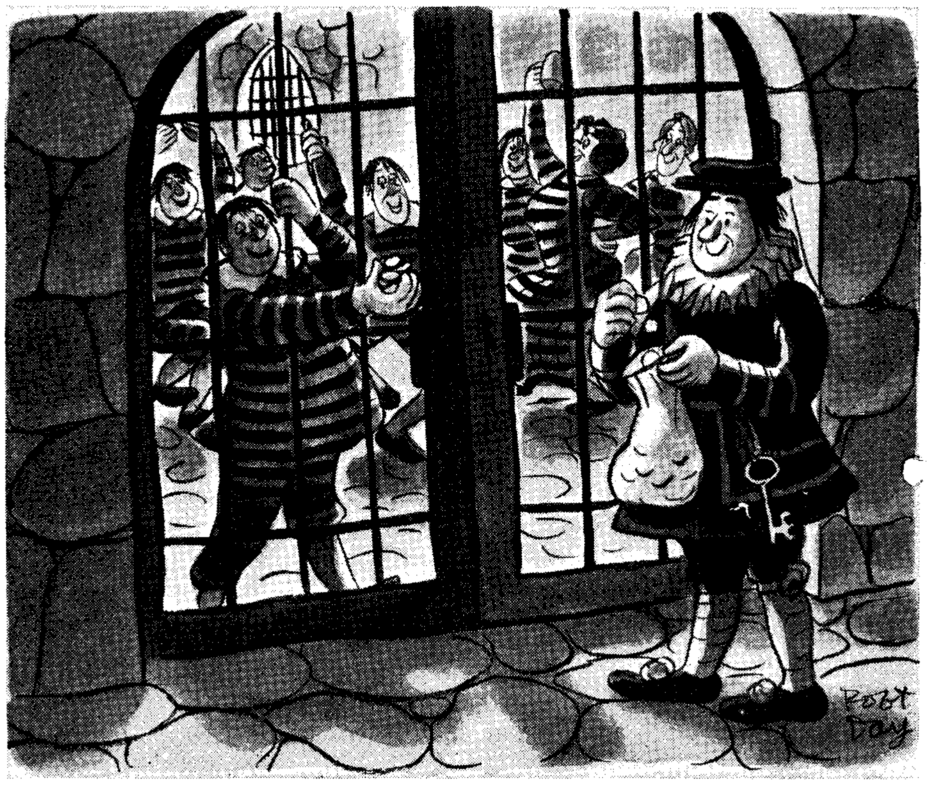
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Until the 19th century, warders and guards in the prisons of England often paid to hold their position as they were permitted, in lieu of salary, to make money on the prisoners. Therefore, the inmates were required to pay a fee to be admitted as well as to be released from the institution; were forced to purchase their food, bedding, heat and light; and were even charged to play games and receive visitors. On the other hand, few resented the fee charged to go unattended on outside visits, or the high price demanded for the liquor sold in the jail's large barroom where the men and women prisoners spent many hours nightly in drunken revelry.

The most valuable air-mail stamps today are the regular Honduras 10-centavo stamps that were overprinted *Aero Correo* in 1925 for use on letters carried by an airline which failed when its one plane cracked up on its sixth flight. As only two are known to exist, each has an estimated value of $15,000.

Schönbrunn Palace in Vienna, the former summer residence of the Austrian emperors, that is now serving as a British military headquarters, contains 1,580 rooms, of which 139 are kitchens, probably the largest number ever installed in a single establishment.

American workers earn 31 different kinds of pay such as the night bonus and the swing shift differential, while their wages are subject to 46 kinds of compulsory and optional deductions, such as union dues and group insurance premiums.

An electric device has been designed to prevent sprinters in track events from making false starts. It consists of a small box connected by wire to the starting gun and to a metal plate placed on the ground before each contestant. To make the electrical connection that permits the gun to be fired, all runners must be in starting position and exerting a certain pressure on the plate with both hands.

Between 1935 and 1940, our country took part in 32 world expositions, was a member of 51 international bodies and participated in 351 international conventions.

Some 400 species of plants, including the sundews, butterworts and pitcher plants, catch and devour insects.

Scientists have catalogued nearly 10,000 substances that, although producing no light of their own, glow in the dark through absorbing the radiant energy of other sources. Some are fluorescent and shine only during exposure to the invisible rays of ultraviolet light, while others are phosphorescent and shine for as long as 24 hours after exposure to X-rays, cathode rays or daylight.

Tails of animals have 18 different functions, one of the most important being to balance the animal during locomotion. For example, the long tail as well as the long hind legs of the jumping mouse, *Zapus hudsonius* of North America, enable this three-inch rodent to leap 40 times its own length. But when the animal has lost its tail, it is no longer able to balance itself during jumps and, consequently, is thrown helplessly into a series of somersaults.

As sudden changes in temperature may cause ivory billiard balls to crack, sets purchased in winter are not opened for 36 hours and are not used for a week so they may gradually reach room temperature.

A new musical instrument, which sounds like a xylophone and looks like a portable typewriter, is played as one would type a manuscript, reading the melodies from letters instead of notes in the music book that comes with it.

The cause of acute asphyxia largely determines the chance of survival, according to a recent study of 1,673 cases in which attempts were made to restore respiration by standard methods. While only 14 per cent of all victims were saved, the survivals in the five largest groups classified by cause of asphyxia were: heart disease, two per cent; suffocation, mostly babies by bedclothes, nine per cent; immersion, 27 per cent; carbon monoxide poisoning, 31 per cent; and respiratory failure in newborn infant, 45 per cent.

A colony of French Huguenots held the first Protestant church service on the American continent in 1555 on Villegaignon Island in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro.

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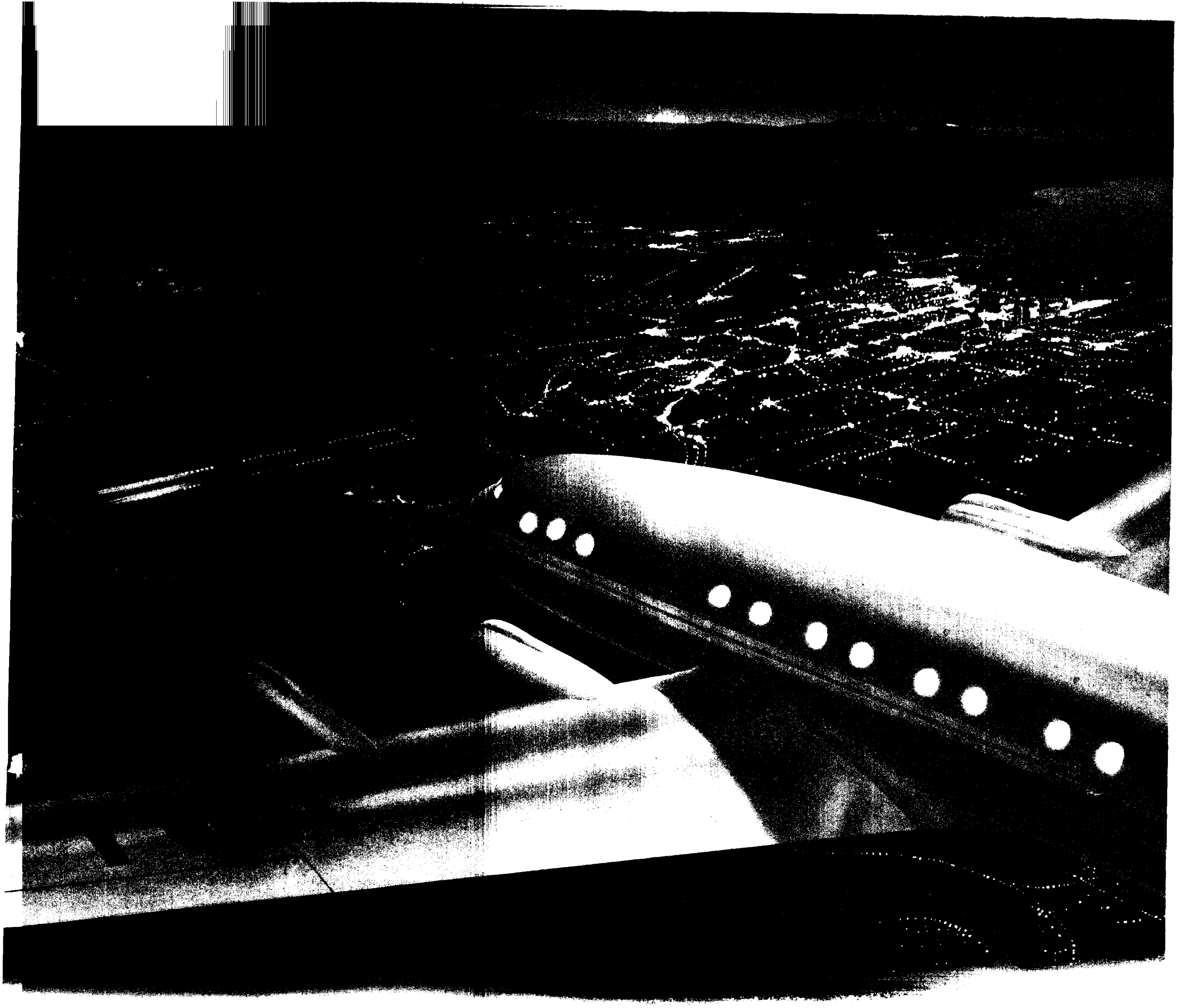
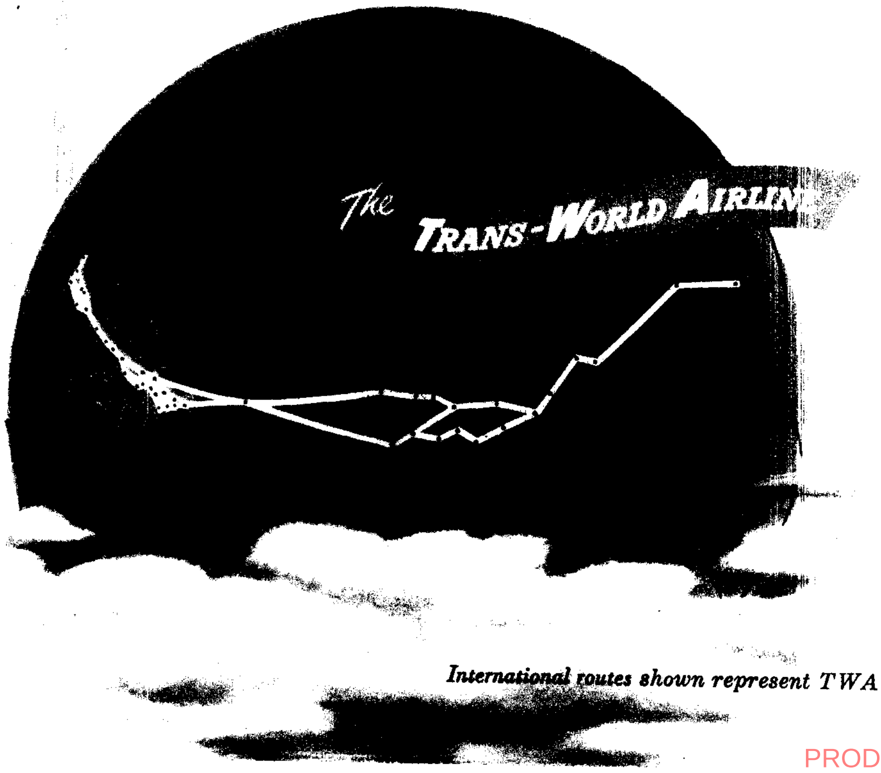


IT'S A SHAME TO COME DOWN TO EARTH



There is one way of describing the goal we aim for
in planning the service and conveniences of travel by TWA:
When you reach your destination so refreshed and relaxed
you feel it's a shame to come down to earth —
then you've really had a taste of airline travel
as TWA people strive to make it.

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Fair warning! Look out for freezing weather just ahead. Safeguard that precious car against sudden cold snaps . . . with THERMO . . . the safe, reliable, long-lasting anti-freeze. Scientifically tested to give sure, economical protection at lowest temperatures. Keep your car out of the repair shop. Insist on THERMO!

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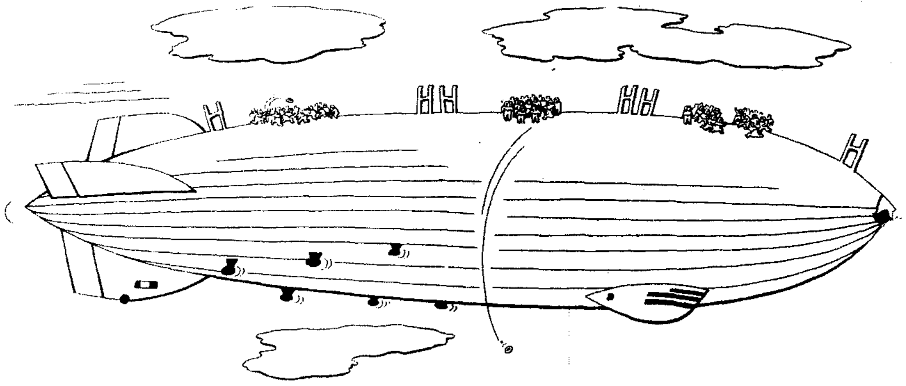

RODNEY DE SARRO

Three football fields could be laid atop the 10,000,000-cubic-foot airship of the future—with 50 feet to spare. Passenger capacity will be 288

OF ALL the plans for a better postwar aeronautical way of life, none can equal the program now being worked out by that tenacious little band of men contemptuously referred to by heavier-than-air men as the Rubber Cow Boys—or the airship crowd.

They have prepared a menu for our travel appetite they believe is not only unbeatable but will be grabbed up quickly because it strikes our Achilles heel of comfort, convenience and peace of mind. This is it:

1. Unparalleled safety. Proof: Only 13 passenger lives have been lost in the entire history of commercial airship operations and those were on the inflammable, hydrogen-filled Hindenburg. Even the airship's bitterest opponents admit the accident never would have happened had the big German ship been filled with the non-inflammable helium, of which the United States has a plentiful monopoly.

2. Rigid airships are among the smoothest and quietest forms of transportation. Proof: The noise level of a New York subway is 91 decibels. A flying boat is 71, the Queen Mary is 59 and the airship is 51.

3. No airsickness aboard an airship. Proof: In the 181 ocean crossings made by the Hindenburg and the smaller, older Graf Zeppelin, there never was a reported case of airsickness or seasickness. In even the roughest weather, airship motion is only a moderate pitching and rolling, with slow rates of rise and fall and no precipitous, frightening bumps.

Led by Rear Admiral C. E. (Rosie) Rosendahl, that airship crusader and hero to every believer in gasbag transportation, the Airship Gang, which contemptuously refers to heavier-than-air men as Thicker-Than-Mud, are organizing in earnest for an airship program that will give America and the world an over-ocean transportation service lying midway between the high-speed airplanes and fast surface vessels, but competing with neither.

Admiral Rosendahl, now commanding the Naval Airship Training and Experimental Command at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and his followers are confident they can overcome public apathy to airships.

NO OTHER nation is so thoroughly prepared for the job. In addition to the lifesaving helium which we possess, we also have, in the Goodyear Aircraft Corp., of Akron, Ohio, the only organization in the world qualified and equipped to design and build a huge airship. The old Zeppelin crowd of Germany is disbanded, though the world's foremost airship authority, aging Doctor Hugo Eckener, is still alive. Under a new government policy, German scientists are coming to this country to complete, for us, the technical projects begun for Hitler which were interrupted by Allied might. It therefore would be no surprise to see the old Doktor show up here as a consultant to Goodyear or some future airship operating company. So far, the Nazi stench has not been detected on Doctor Eckener.

Then, too, we have eleven major airship bases conveniently spotted around the country any one of which can handle rigid airships. And there is a vast reservoir of trained pilots, navigators, meteorologists and mechanics who operated the Navy's wartime blimps in antisubmarine patrol and convoy escort work.

Goodyear will not operate airships but will design and build them. Its postwar model will be a 10,000,000-cubic-footer. The Hindenburg was 7,000,000 cubic feet and the Akron and Macon each six and a half million. That's the way they indicate the size—by the cubic-foot capacity of gas. It will be 950 feet long. The first one will cost between fifteen and twenty million dollars and it will take two years to design, tool up, build and shake it down before it is turned over to an operating organization. But once that initial-cost barrier has been cleared, additional models can be turned out at six-month intervals and at a new estimated cost of $8,000,000 each.

So far, no privately financed potential airship operator has come forward to swing that deal. But somebody has to absorb the original design, engineering and production costs and there is only one outfit, the Navy, constituted by public policy to buy that first airship.

Following the loss of the Akron and the Macon, the Navy's airship policy was cut back to nonrigid blimps—just powered balloons without the framework that makes a rigid airship—but these blimps performed meritorious service during the war.

IT HAS just been revealed that a squadron of six blimps flew nonstop across the Atlantic to assist in antisubmarine patrol and convoy escort in the Mediterranean more than a year ago.

The commercial predecessors of those blimps operated around the country by Goodyear before the war for sight-seeing purposes carried 400,000 passengers and flew nearly 5,000,000 miles without scratching anyone on board.

Should the Navy resume its policy of rigid airship development and thereby open the gates for commercial models, the only major difference would be in the capacity and purpose of the car built to the airship keel. It could be designed to haul nothing but freight; or be fixed up as a de luxe passenger job with accommodations for 112 with private staterooms, lounge, bar, dining salon and promenade deck; or serve as a Pullman type accommodating 232 passengers with seats for daytime travel and full-length beds at night, or as a day coach with reclining chairs for 288 passengers and a dining room to hold 64 at a time. The Hindenburg had a passenger capacity of fifty. Passenger fares would be about five cents a mile, this to decline as a steady flow of traffic demanded more airships.

The 10,000,000-cubic-foot Goodyear giant will have a pay load of 195,000 pounds at 75 miles an hour cruising speed for a 2,000-mile nonstop flight. As the range increases, the pay load goes down, of course, for the ship has to carry a heavier load in fuel, but even at that, it can carry 85,000 pounds of revenue, either in people or cargo, for 6,000 miles nonstop. And it could move freight at 10 cents per ton-mile on a 2,500-mile nonstop run as against 18 to 20 cents for a flying boat, according to Goodyear economists. For a 4,000-mile run, the airship could carry freight at about 15 cents per ton-mile as

(Continued on page 92)

Headed for History!

Today, the eyes of the motoring public are on Nash.

For the new Nash "600"—now in production—has basic engineering advances that cars of the future are bound to follow.

With the new Nash "600" you can get 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gas, at moderate highway speeds! Thousands of extra miles per set of tires.

The Nash "600" is a big car—big in size, big in comfort. It has head-room, leg-room and elbowroom for six big people. It has independent coil springs that never need lubrication—on all four wheels—providing a new kind of ride ...smooth and quiet on any kind of road.

You can drive the Nash "600" in dust, sleet, snow or rain, in comfort. For the Nash conditioned air system delivers in summer a flow of filtered, fresh air ...in winter a draft-free atmosphere of thermostatically-controlled air, with all the windows closed.

You can even have a built-in convertible double bed that turns your car into a camper's dream!

This combination of advances is found today in only one automobile. They are made possible by Nash engineering . . . Nash research . . . Nash forward-thinking in meeting future demands . . . the kind of thinking that tossed out 500 pounds of dead weight and put in its place the single unit of welded steel that is stronger, safer, lighter, forever squeak-proof and rattle-proof. This today is recognized as one of the industry's most important contributions to the automobiles of the future.

And this car—with its fast accelerating, easy-handling, quiet operation—with its new-world beauty and tomorrow's engineering—is actually in the low-price field!

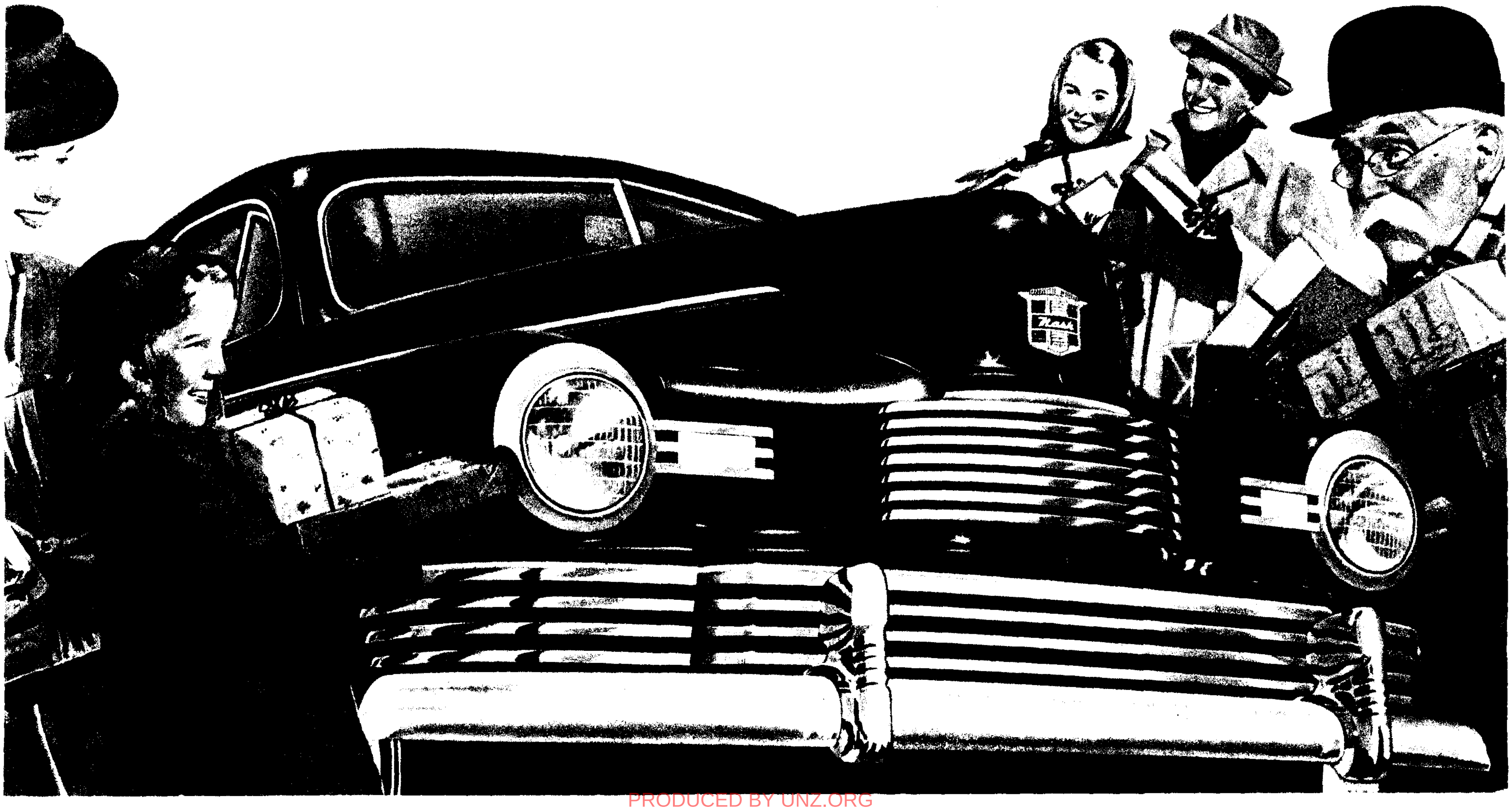
Get in touch with your local Nash dealer. Get *the* full inside story of the Nash "600" and its famed running mate in the medium-price field, the Nash Ambassador.

Nash Motors

Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Tune in Nash-Kelvinator's hit musical program Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., E. S. T. • 9:30 p. m., C. S. T. • 8:30 p. m., M. S. T. • 7:30 p. m., P. S. T. • Columbia Broadcasting System.

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



"Quicker-Cleaner" Washing in your GE All-Electric Laundry
GENERAL ELECTRIC
GENER

Flash! New G-E Washers Now Available!

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER TODAY!

Bell-ringing news! At last you can actually start that G-E All-Electric Laundry you've been planning!

Your G-E dealer can now show you the new G-E Washer, the streamlined, work-saving beauty that's shown here.

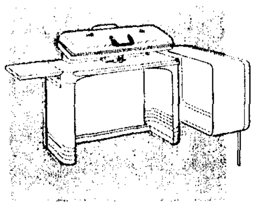
Read all about the marvelous features this new G-E Washer offers (remember, *only* G.E. has them all)—and place your order for one of these Washday wonders, today!

- **"Activator Action!"** Gentle as a lamb, but mighty, mighty thorough. Quickly coaxes out dirt and grime. Leaves clothes fresh-looking and spandy-clean—and leaves *you* feeling fresh, too!

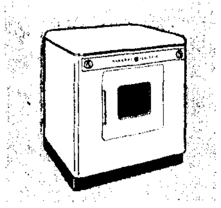
- **One-Control Wringer!** An exclusive G-E safety feature! *One control* starts, reverses, releases. A simple knob regulates pressure for different fabrics . . . *always even* throughout the length of the roll.

- **"Permadrive Mechanism!"** Only 4 moving parts. Nothing to be continually "getting out of fix." Needs no oiling.

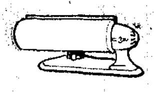
And look at these other G-E beauties you can have in your *all-electric* laundry of tomorrow . . .



G-E Automatic Flatplate Ironer saves many a minute! With it, you can SIT DOWN AND IRON . . . quickly, easily, turn out two flat pieces at a time . . . iron shirts and frilly things, too. 300-square-inch ironing surface; automatically controlled temperatures.



G-E Automatic Tumbler Dryer saves lugging clothes outdoors. Does away with ugly clotheslines. Gently "tumbles" clothes dry in a jiffy!



G-E Portable Rotary Ironer! Now at your dealer's. Weighs only 33 pounds, but does a full-size job. Inexpensive.

GE *All-Electric Laundry*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

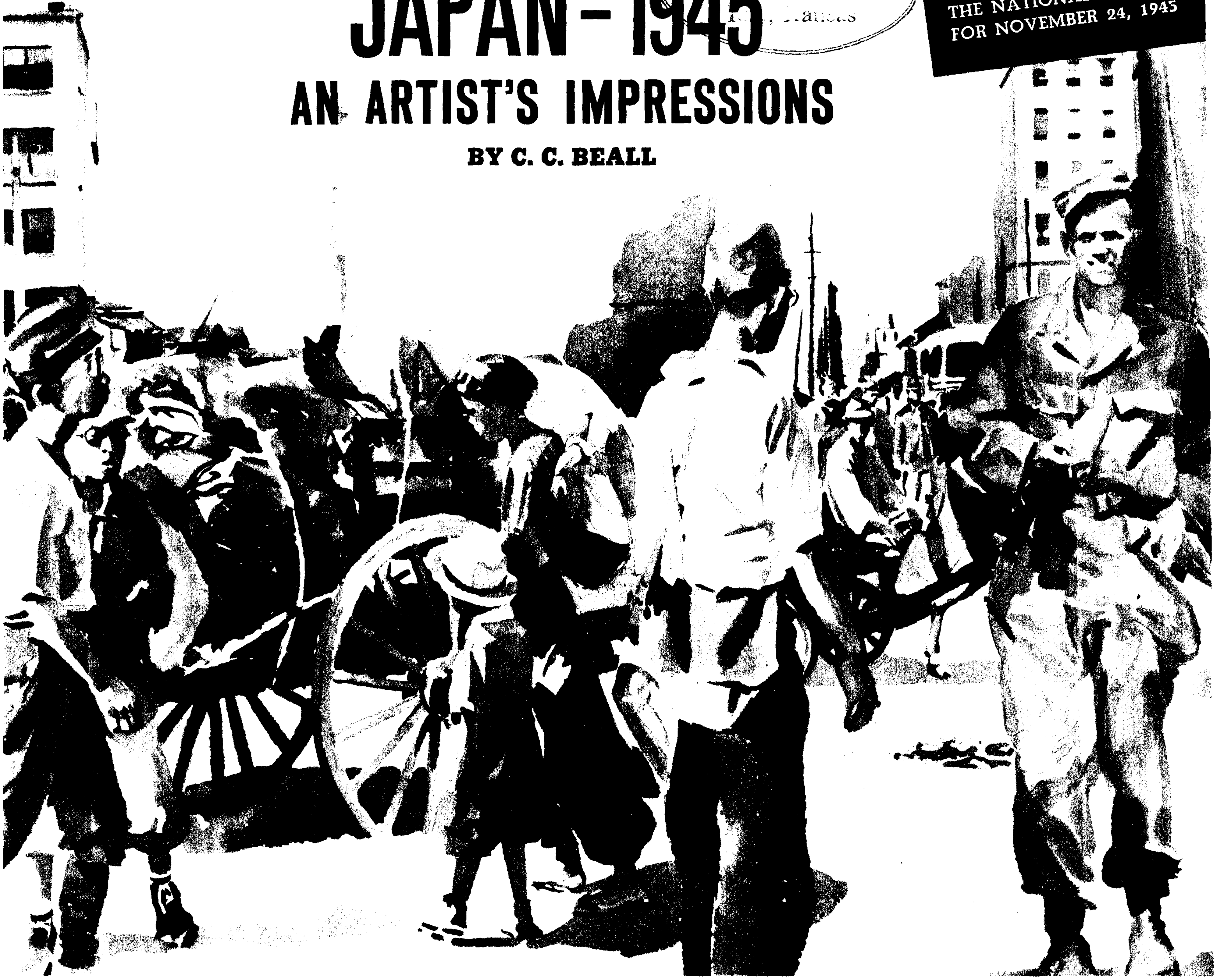
Coming! New G-E Automatic Washer! Washes, rinses, damp-dries, all by itself! General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 24, 1945

JAPAN-1945

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS

BY C. C. BEALL



Tokyo still looks like a city, with clusters of buildings amid the ruins. Little people in shabby clothes are everywhere, their belongings piled high in carts

IF YOU'RE on Okinawa on August 29th, as I was, and want to reach Tokyo in time for the Japanese surrender ceremonies, it is necessary to get in touch with Clayton Knight. Clayton knows everybody and can do everything. He will introduce you to Lieutenant General Doolittle, and the general will take you to supper. Then, after you've helped with the dishes, he will rush you away in a jeep for the ride in a C-46. The plane will be waiting for you on one of the many air strips which the fabulous Seabees are building every day. Of course, it will be the last strip you find, and theoretically you will miss the plane. Actually, you will have plenty of time, for there will have been a slight revision in schedule. Instead of leaving last night at 11:30, the plane will leave this morning at 4:26.

A C-46 is a two-motored ship that ordinarily can carry enough gasoline to get to Japan, but not enough to get back to Okinawa. It is a big plane, but there is just enough room for ten drums of high-octane gasoline, six high public-relations officers with cots and bedding rolls, and one curled-up correspondent without much of anything. The correspondent can stand up, but if he does so, all he can see is large and violent jets of flame from the motors, all headed straight for, but never quite hitting, the ten drums of gas. So it is smarter to lie down and go to sleep.

Atsugi airfield, our destination, is in fair shape. A blue bus that looks much older than Japan, with a big charcoal engine tied to the rear, has a Jap driver who is just sitting there. Without any word to him we lug our baggage into the bus, climb in and point in the direction the bus is facing. We have no idea what that direction is but it seems better than here. After three shifts of the gears, with no appreciable difference in each shift, we very slowly start.

The hedges that surround every house plus the high, beautifully spaced board fences soon leave off and we have shifted to our last remaining gear. As we go bouncing down the hill we have less opportunity to see much, save straight ahead where a few scattered, moderately tall buildings indicate a village. When we reach these buildings we see that the village is not a village at all; it is the least damaged part of Yokohama. Loose tin, paper partly burned and huge quantities of small flat rubble are all around. Corn and vegetables are filling the spaces once used by houses and people.

The paintings on this and the two following pages were made by C. C. Beall, who has painted many Collier's covers and illustrated many Collier's stories. He is especially well known for the famous series of war hero covers, among them a painting of Sergeant John Basilone, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. He also made the painting of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima, from the Associated Press photograph, which was used in the Seventh War Bond Drive, and has done the official poster for the current, or eighth, bond campaign. This poster appeared as Collier's cover on the issue dated October 27th

We approach two G.I.s who stand at an intersection. They are stationed there to direct traffic, but there is no traffic. There are very nearly no Japanese people, and only an occasional charcoal-burning automobile goes by with an important American officer in it. It seems like the middle of the night with everyone in bed, but it isn't; it is the middle of the day and it has started to rain.

Every few blocks we see two or three Jap policemen standing in front of a sort of kiosk. They are wearing shabby blue uniforms with only a few of their brass buttons left. The little swords they carry seem like children's toys.

They hope you will answer their diffident

Japanese children, especially the boys, are curious about the Americans, and do not seem to be frightened. They play much the same as children elsewhere. Here, some small Japs play air raid, scanning the skies with great intentness

salute, because if you don't they will be very unhappy. Not knowing just what to do, we salute in return. We pass the Grand Hotel, Yokohama's best, which is completely unharmed, and we learn that it will house the United Nations generals, together with the American top brass. We are directed to the Bund Hotel, where the correspondents are housed, and we go there.

The dining room is almost filled, but a chair at one of the tables is vacant. I grab this. All the waiters are women. We are served a sort of soup with little flavor, followed by a white-looking meat in stew. The stew tastes terrible. This type of food can be very economical for the Japs, as they can probably serve each plateful over and over again. All the help is almost fanatically anxious to please, but have little to work with, save earnestness. We are told that as soon as our ships can bring in supplies we will be fed Army rations which the Jap cooks will augment with vegetables.

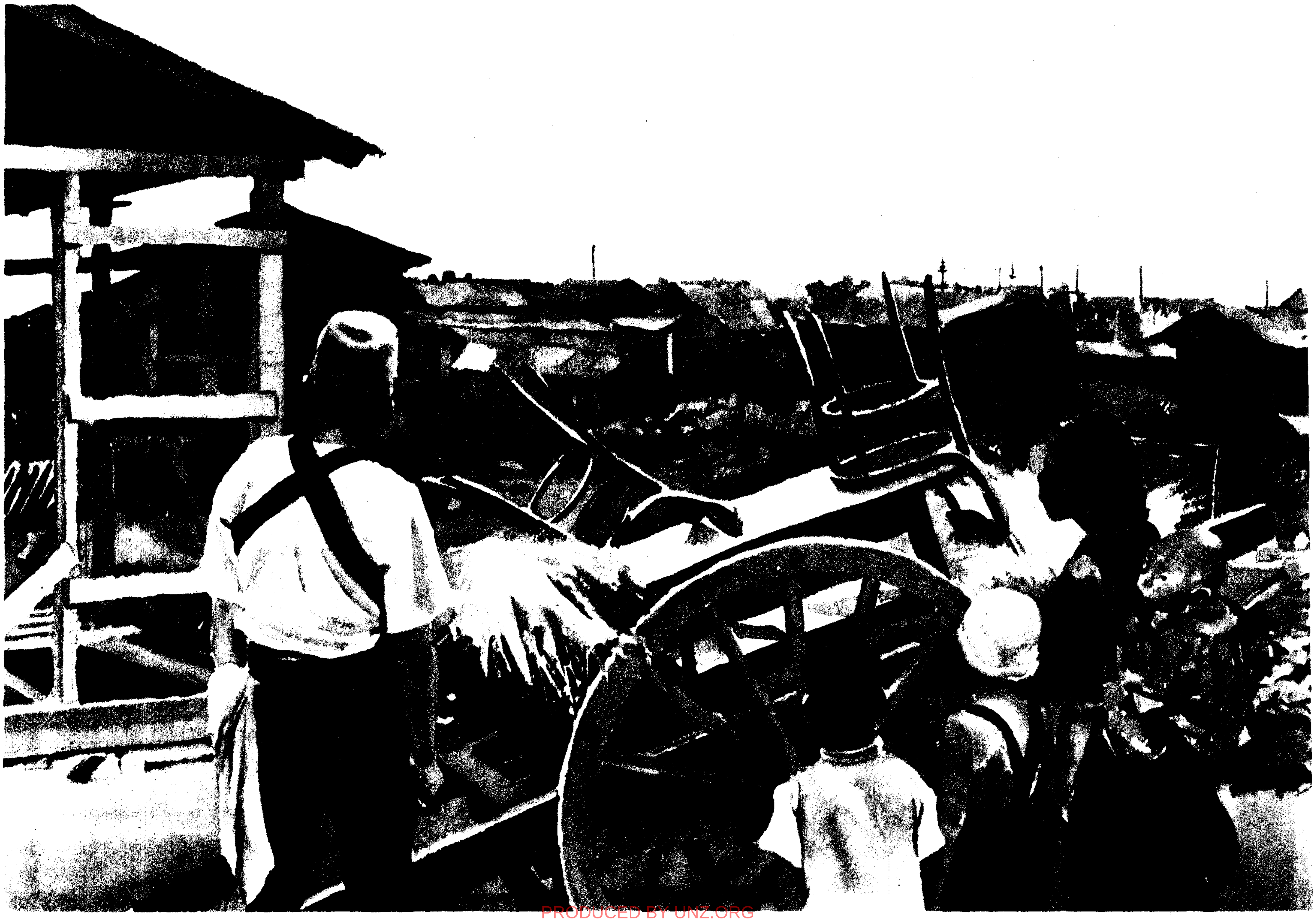
In the evening, a walk of five minutes takes me to the Grand Hotel where the desk is completely manned by colonels and majors of the General Headquarters Public Relations staff. They are putting eagle colonels in rooms, and later kicking them out as one-star generals arrive. They have been doing this all afternoon. Finally Russ Matthews, a civilian attached to the Army, takes over and straightens out the whole thing. The officers will stay behind the desks and be officers, while Russ will run the hotel and do a good job of it.

We are all supposed to carry side arms as the Jap is considered dangerous. I try to go back to the Bund Hotel but am advised against it because I am unarmed. I decide to spend the night in the lobby of the Grand Hotel. A divan in the lobby near a window, with the wind and the rain gently pouring over me, provides my first night's rest.

The main lobby is awake now and gay with gold braid. You are startled to hear a voice say to the desk clerk, "Tell General MacArthur that Admiral Nimitz is in the lobby." The desk clerk, not looking up from his work answers, "What do you think of that?" Then looking up: "Wow! Yes, sir! Yes, sir!!" We will all laugh heartily later. Nimitz and Halsey laugh now. It is only a short time until MacArthur gets out of the elevator, greets Nimitz and then seems genuinely glad to see Halsey. Fifteen cameras click at the proper moment and the officers climb into the general's car and are off to some place.

Frank D. Morris, a Collier's writer, is a good sight to these old eyes as we meet in the lobby. He tells of the gorgeous way the

Lt. Charles Tatsyda, an American-born Japanese from Alaska, "agreed to go on a little trip with me around Tokyo"



Navy is eating and I tell of the stuff I have eaten and so we are going to join the Navy.

It is about twenty miles by train from Yokohama to Yokosuka and about three miles to the station. The station is crowded with Japs. Most of the women I see wear loose, shapeless trousers and a shirt, and have babies strapped to their backs. They are nearly all carrying bundles in their arms, too. The train seems not unlike our subways, but there is no padding on the seats and no advertising and they are even more crowded. The Jap men have taken all the seats and the women stand. Frank and I are the only Americans on the train. We have always thought of the Japs as a sinister lot. But these Japs don't look sinister as they flash big, toothy grins at us. We are both nervous, but on looking around, we can't see much reason for it.

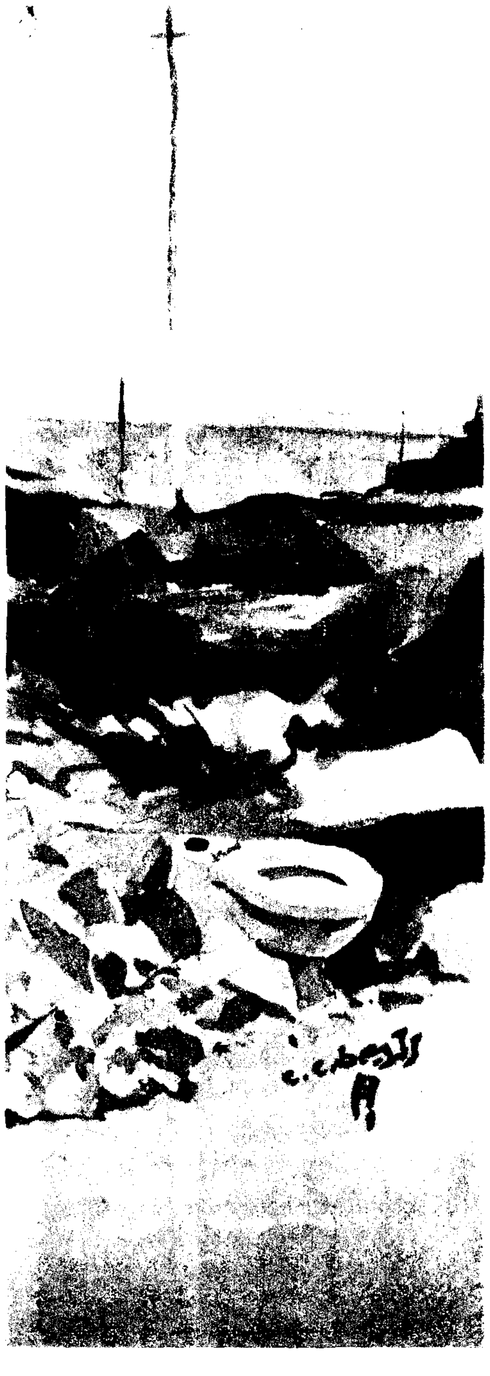
We timidly ask the nearest Jap if we are on the right train for Yokosuka and seven volunteers nod in the direction we are going and point and repeat "Yokosuka." As the passengers thin out, we notice that all the women are standing, and we and all the male Japs are sitting. We try an experiment. We offer our seats to two women, who are scared to death at the idea; in truth, we practically force them to take our seats. There is a look of smiling approval from the male Japs, so we carry the experiment further and in pantomime indicate that they should give up their seats to the remaining women. This they do and bow their thanks for our very kind impudence.

At last we reach the Ancon, a communications ship.

Frank is right; the Navy does live well. We have a meal that tastes exactly like food.

Everybody who has ever written for anything is either aboard the Ancon or scratching himself at the Bund. I am given a cot in one of the passageways, but it's a clean cot and the salt air is good.

In the ruins of their cities, the Japs plant gardens. The land on which this one will grow was once the site of a factory



We are all waked early, as this is the second of September. It is the day of the final surrender of the Japs aboard the battleship Missouri. We have been given tickets, and Frank and I are on the No. 1 gun turret. It is by far the best place to see finis written to a very large piece of history. American generals of rank and accomplishment are lined up directly below us, while the top officers of the United Nations stand behind the green-covered table that holds the surrender documents.

We can see a launch flying an American flag, and word goes around that this is the Japanese delegation. Soon we see the Japs climb aboard. They are a group of poorly turned-out dignitaries. The leading dignitary has a coat that you might expect to see hanging outside a secondhand store on Seventh Avenue, New York City. The cutaway of the Japanese premier is "cabdriver green," a color little in demand. One top hat, I note, at one time must have had a corner resting against a radiator. It has taken on a bend which is definitely permanent but certainly not intentional. A man in a not-quite-white suit completes the sorry spectacle. The Japs stand expressionless, looking straight ahead. Then come MacArthur and Nimitz, the Star-Spangled Banner, the speech, the signatures and General MacArthur's dismissal. Then thousands of planes, B-29s and Navy, fly over the Missouri. This part of the show seems grand and exhilarating. Without the planes, however, it would have been hard to believe that I have been a spectator at one of the world's great moments.

It is three days later. General Headquarters has moved to Tokyo, the ban is lifted and the general has taken over. With five G.I. photographers I am driven to Tokyo. For all its damage Tokyo still looks like a city. While there is the same sort of rusty tin houses, which are part of a vast rubble, there are clusters of large modern buildings that seem to have escaped the fires.

Our first stop is the Imperial Hotel. All the generals are stopping here. We walk through the lobby and head for the grill, which opens at five o'clock. A polite Jap comes over, bows and leaves six bottles of very good Jap beer on the table. The look of amazement on the faces of my five G.I.s is good to see. It is the first tablecloth some have seen in two years. The beer is followed by a plate, per person, of hors d'oeuvres. They look very enticing, particularly a dark piece of fish, that looks like kippered herring. There is a ripe full flavor about it that has character—a very evil character.

Japs who fled Tokyo during the raids returned to find little but rubble, from which they built rude shelters

Hotel Lobby—Jersey City Style

We are told the correspondents are now quartered in the Dai-iti Hotel. The lobby of this hotel is modern and could be in Jersey City or Flint, Michigan. It is staffed by the same fluttering officers as the Grand Hotel and with unfluttered Russ Matthews running the job. One lieutenant colonel is in charge of information, a much-needed commodity, but so restricted—oh, so restricted!

Each morning the lobby of the hotel is filled, exclusive of correspondents, with civilians, Japanese interpreters and our own uniformed Nisei. The Nisei is an American-born Jap. They have done a grand job as soldiers in the war, and have become the most universally popular group in the service. The Niseis' record in the war with Japan has shown courage, intelligence, loyalty and cheerfulness.

Lieutenant Charles Tatsyda, a Nisei from Alaska, has agreed to go on a little trip with me around Tokyo. We've snitched a jeep and are on our way. It is a very short ride from the hotel to one of the amazing rust cities. These cities are a result of the bombing. Soon after the American planes began mass flying over Tokyo, the people moved most of their furniture and personal belongings into the country on wagons—on their backs, any way. When the bombings stopped, they brought back to where their homes had been the same stuff they had taken away. A typical family, according to Lieutenant Tatsyda who questions them, is named Ishii.

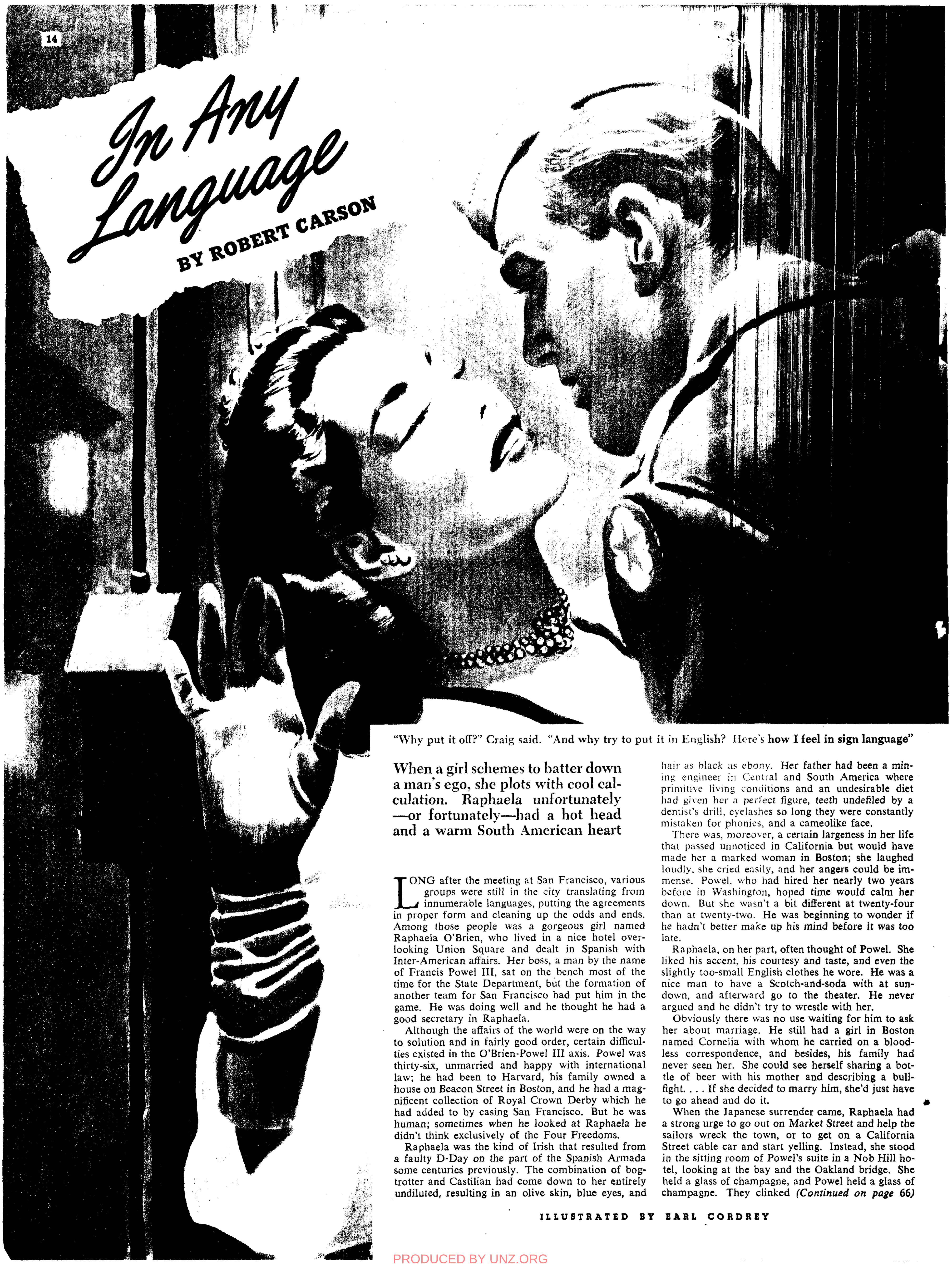
The father was a factory worker. We saw him, a boy and girl and the mother with the inevitable baby. They had come back to find their home gone. But the rubble contained building material to spare. Instead of wood and paper, the new home would be of rusty metal with maybe some wood for uprights. There are thousands of such houses in independent developments with their own little streets and their own vegetable gardens.

As we talk, the customary shyness of the women gradually subsides. They gather around. I see girls that might have modeled for John Powers. Also I see someone like the neighbor next door in Larchmont or the high-school kid down the block. Of course, they are all little and very poorly dressed versions. Every time you see these people, particularly the women and children, you are struck by the question, "How can such little women have such big children who grow up to be such little people?" ★★★

Jap policeman, in shabby blue uniform with brass buttons missing, stands in front of a sort of kiosk

In Any Language

BY ROBERT CARSON



"Why put it off?" Craig said. "And why try to put it in English? Here's **how I feel in sign language"**

When a girl schemes to batter down a man's ego, she plots with cool calculation. Raphaela unfortunately —or fortunately—had a hot head and a warm South American heart

LONG after the meeting at San Francisco, various groups were still in the city translating from innumerable languages, putting the agreements in proper form and cleaning up the odds and ends. Among those people was a gorgeous girl named Raphaela O'Brien, who lived in a nice hotel overlooking Union Square and dealt in Spanish with Inter-American affairs. Her boss, a man by the name of Francis Powel III, sat on the bench most of the time for the State Department, but the formation of another team for San Francisco had put him in the game. He was doing well and he thought he had a good secretary in Raphaela.

Although the affairs of the world were on the way to solution and in fairly good order, certain difficulties existed in the O'Brien-Powel III axis. Powel was thirty-six, unmarried and happy with international law; he had been to Harvard, his family owned a house on Beacon Street in Boston, and he had a magnificent collection of Royal Crown Derby which he had added to by casing San Francisco. But he was human; sometimes when he looked at Raphaela he didn't think exclusively of the Four Freedoms.

Raphaela was the kind of Irish that resulted from a faulty D-Day on the part of the Spanish Armada some centuries previously. The combination of bogtrotter and Castilian had come down to her entirely undiluted, resulting in an olive skin, blue eyes, and hair as black as ebony. Her father had been a mining engineer in Central and South America where primitive living conditions and an undesirable diet had given her a perfect figure, teeth undefiled by a dentist's drill, eyelashes so long they were constantly mistaken for phonies, and a cameolike face.

There was, moreover, a certain largeness in her life that passed unnoticed in California but would have made her a marked woman in Boston; she laughed loudly, she cried easily, and her angers could be immense. Powel, who had hired her nearly two years before in Washington, hoped time would calm her down. But she wasn't a bit different at twenty-four than at twenty-two. He was beginning to wonder if he hadn't better make up his mind before it was too late.

Raphaela, on her part, often thought of Powel. She liked his accent, his courtesy and taste, and even the slightly too-small English clothes he wore. He was a nice man to have a Scotch-and-soda with at sundown, and afterward go to the theater. He never argued and he didn't try to wrestle with her.

Obviously there was no use waiting for him to ask her about marriage. He still had a girl in Boston named Cornelia with whom he carried on a bloodless correspondence, and besides, his family had never seen her. She could see herself sharing a bottle of beer with his mother and describing a bullfight. . . . If she decided to marry him, she'd just have to go ahead and do it.

When the Japanese surrender came, Raphaela had a strong urge to go out on Market Street and help the sailors wreck the town, or to get on a California Street cable car and start yelling. Instead, she stood in the sitting room of Powel's suite in a Nob Hill hotel, looking at the bay and the Oakland bridge. She held a glass of champagne, and Powel held a glass of champagne. They clinked

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

FOUR PLANKS FOR PEACE

BY ROBERT P. PATTERSON

SECRETARY OF WAR

ONLY four years ago the United States was on the eve of disasters that threatened our national existence. In a six-month period, the American flag disappeared from an area of eleven million square miles. In the same period, our two major allies lost every battle they fought. Only after three years and nine months of desperate effort did we and our allies win victory out of defeat.

Today the United States is admittedly the most powerful nation in the world. But our present triumph may hold the seeds of our future destruction. Reaction has already set in. Many of us are set to forget war and devote ourselves to the luxury of peace. If we succumb to that powerful urge, we shall repeat the tragic mistake of the first World War when future security was sacrificed for a fictitious normalcy.

The same mistake, repeated today, can be the swift and utter end of our country. Defeat, in the event of a third World War, will mean more than humiliation, reparations and territorial loss. It will mean *extinction*. A victorious United States has the resources and the forbearance to rebuild a defeated enemy. But no future aggressor will have either the forbearance or the resources to reconstruct our economy if it is devastated by war. *The United States cannot afford to be a loser.* A sound system of national security is fundamental. We cannot gamble when the life of the republic and its people is at stake.

Admittedly, we have reason to hope for a long era of peace. First, we are engaged with the other United Nations in a world organization whose primary aim is the just settlement of disputes and frictions. Armed with power to enforce decisions, it is more likely to succeed than any previous effort.

Second, we have developed a weapon—the atomic bomb—powerful enough to prostrate an enemy in a matter of hours. The speed of Japanese surrender after its initial use is adequate testimony of its effectiveness.

We are still far from the day when we can be assured of universal and permanent peace. Until that day has arrived, the United States can take no chances. We must and will bend our efforts to assure the world organization's success, but our first concern must be our own national security. That is no selfish attitude.

Should the United States fall in a sudden and furious attack, a free world's security would perish at the same time. This does not mean we must maintain a colossal military establishment on which our national life will be concentrated, draining our resources and straining our economy.

What we need is a nation, devoted to peace, whose energies in an emergency can be coordinated and focused to subdue any attack on the peace. The program, if it is to be adequate for national security, must rest on these four planks:

1. A single Department of the Armed Forces under unified command.
2. A democratic and scientific system of military training that will fit our youth both for citizenship and the nation's defense.
3. A plan for swift industrial mobilization that will permit complete and immediate conversion to a war footing, when attack becomes imminent.
4. Scientific research and engineering that will continue to give our forces the most effective weapons, offensive and defensive.

It is a program that will cost money, but in half a century it will not cost us the 284 billion dollars we have already spent on World War II. It will demand sacrifice, but no sacrifice comparable to the loss of a quarter million of our young men since Pearl Harbor. It will mean inconveniences in our personal lives, but they will be petty measured against the inconvenience 12 million men and women and their families have sustained for the past four years.

Let us consider the program, plank by plank, and see what it means:

UNIFIED COMMAND

War is the most costly and wasteful of human enterprises, but a military establishment in peacetime can run it a close second. The supporters of air power, sea power, land power, atomic power, press unremittingly for expansion of their particular interest. Complete security, however, will be dependent on a combination of all four. But, as of now, we have no national agency competent to decide in what measure each power will be developed into the over-all security structure, or to arbitrate between disputing claimants. In the immediate postwar years, the nation may very easily find itself in the position of the householder, harried by a horde of persuasive salesmen into buying

(Continued on page 59)

Our Secretary of War was thinking of youngsters like these when he drew up his planks for peace. If we fail, and war comes again, they will have to pay for it

HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Bitter Harvest

BY RAMONA STEWART

It's a wise woman that knows her own child. But Fritzi Haller refused to recognize in her daughter, the reflection of her own vitality and pride. Here is chapter one in the story of Paula's rebellion—a harsh but warmly human drama of conflict between youth and experience

I

IN THE middle of the tranquil scene of the hot dusty corral, framed by the new ranch house on the hill and the miles of gray sprawling desert which rolled to the horizon, the two men standing by the parked patrol car at the corral fence struck a crazy note of watchful human discord.

One man had the county sheriff's star pinned to his jacket. He was tall, lean with the muscular leanness which comes from years of hard work. His kinky, close-cropped hair was grizzled and his face was lined, as if the lines had been dug into dark rubber with a knife. His green eyes were canny, netted by sun wrinkles. His low, drawling voice betrayed his defensive caution.

"Now, Luke," he was saying to the man in the khaki and boots of the State Highway Patrol. "Now, Luke. Anybody can die of pneumonia."

"Especially in jail. When there's a concussion. And he looks like he's been through a meat grinder." Luke Sheldon's brown eyes were gentle in his wind-browned face. Only the four graven horizontal lines in his forehead showed disturbance. They were strange lines to find in the face of a man under thirty. Luke shifted his stance and put his hands in his uniform pockets.

"I don't know, Pat," he said. "He *could* have died of pneumonia. I know that. But I feel responsible. I brought him in. Mostly because I knew he'd rather wake up in jail in the morning than in the hospital. Instead he never wakes up at all."

"Well, don't blame me, Luke," Pat Johnson said. "He was only a drunk after all." He was feeling his security now, after Luke's admission.

"He was a guy who just happened to get drunk," Luke said. "That's not a capital offense."

"I know, I know," Pat said easily. "I'm sorry. I'm just kind of hurt that you'd think I would have beaten the guy up or anything."

"You have before," Luke said flatly.

"Well, I'm no weak sister, I admit. You *got* to treat 'em rough sometimes. But don't go accusin' me of murder."

"I'm not in any position to. I'm not sure he *didn't* just die of pneumonia. I'm only saying that, from now on, I don't want to see any of the men I bring in looking like he did next morning."

"He must of fell down in his cell," Pat said.

Luke just looked at him.

"All right, Luke. I told you everything's going to be all right—same as you said."

AT THAT moment, the girl rounded the corner from the barn and came along the corral fence toward them. She saw Luke and paused, as if for a second she were uncertain about joining them. Then she came to them anyway. Grasping a post, she swung her light body up to the top board of the corral.

"Hello, Pat," she said, her glance flicking toward Luke and quickly away again. "Is that the new pony?"

The sheriff came over to lean against the fence beside her. Both men were watching her now without seeming to be watching. Her suntanned skin and the light brown hair, which fell loosely across her forehead, gave her a momentary effect of boyhood. But her gray eyes were older, and there was no awkwardness to the movement of the slight, active body beneath the white shirt and faded levis.

Pat removed his big hat and ran stumpy fingers through his hair. "You been hangin' around my barn all afternoon, Paula?" he asked.

"I thought I'd drive out and see the new stock." Now she looked squarely at Luke. "I didn't know you'd have company."

"I wasn't expected," Luke said dryly. "So don't let it bother you."

"I won't." She turned to Pat. "The men said you've been trying to rope the new pony." She nodded at the mustang frisking in the corral.

Pat took the lariat from the post behind him and shook it out. "Tried earlier. He's tricky for a young 'un. Didn't have no luck."

He let himself through the gate now and walked slowly toward the pony, the lariat swinging in his hands. He paused, and for a moment, Pat and the animal stared appraisingly at each other. The lasso made a preliminary forward and backward motion. But at that instant, the pony rushed toward him, reared over Pat's head as if it would crush him there beneath its hoofs, and then, with a whinny, stepped daintily to the side and romped to the far end of the corral.

Taken by surprise, Pat had fallen to the earth in an effort to avoid being trampled. Now he got to his knees and grappled in the dirt for his rope. Silently, he picked up his broad-brimmed hat and slapped it against his thigh. A fine spray of dust left it, and as if this were the signal they were waiting for, both Paula and Luke burst into laughter. Then, suddenly, as their eyes met, Paula's laughter stopped. She looked away and slid down from the fence into the corral.

She took the lariat from Pat's hands. Slowly, she sauntered toward the pony.

Without waiting for the mustang to recover his advantage, she reached up and slipped the noose about his neck. He jerked his head, but before he could rear back, she smacked his shoulders matter-of-factly with the flat of her hand, tightened the noose and tossed the rope end to Pat.

Pat grinned in spite of himself. "Pretty smart for a young punk, ain't you?"

She climbed out of the corral. "Smart enough. Fritzi says to come up to the house tonight. She wants to see you."

Pat shot a cautious look in Luke's direction. "You better be takin' off for home pretty quick, ain't you, Paula? Anyways, I got to feed the prisoners down to the jail."

"I'm going now. Will I tell Fritzi you'll be up?"

Pat frowned at Luke. Paula saw the frown and smiled. "Luke doesn't approve of any of us, anyway, Pat. So why should we save his feelings?"

Luke turned to her. "You've got the chip right up on the shoulder today, haven't you, Paula?"

She continued to smile. "Do you mind?"

"It's damned silly. Just because I won't take your mother's pay-off doesn't mean I have anything against you."

"Go careful there, son, about Fritzi's pay-off," Pat said. "You're throwin' a lot of weight for a guy who's only been in town a few months."

"I'm talking to Paula."

"It ain't the way to talk to a kid about her mother."

Paula put her hands impatiently in her levis pockets. "And who do you think *you're* kidding, Pat?" she asked. "One of these days, Luke, maybe you'll get smart. In the meantime, you better concentrate on staying healthy. One way to do it is to leave Fritzi alone."

"You talk big," Luke said.

"Then do it your way. But don't forget there's one difference between you and Fritzi."

"What's that?"

"She's on top." She pulled her hands from her pockets and drew out her car keys. "See you around."

He smiled. "Keep it under sixty."

"That sounds threatening."

"I've seen your driving. Next time you hit seventy, you'll get a ticket, no matter who your mother is."

She shrugged. "It's none of her business. Don't forget tonight, Pat. At the house, not the saloon."

Without waiting for his answer, she turned from them and walked quickly away.

LUKE watched her as she covered the hundred yards down the dirt road that led across Pat's ranch. She opened the door of her blue coupé, got in and slammed the door shut after her. There was a little buzz as the motor started, and then, with a clash of the gears, she swung the car about and sped off down the road, trailing a cloud of powdered dust.

As the car drove off, Luke shook his head. "Quite a girl. One of these days, Fritzi is going to have to admit she's grown up."

Pat's green eyes were shrewd. "You don't know Fritzi very well." He turned back to Luke and the animosity was there again. "There's a lot of things you don't know about the desert."

"Maybe. There's one thing, though, I do know."

"What?"

"That kid is clocking over sixty right now."

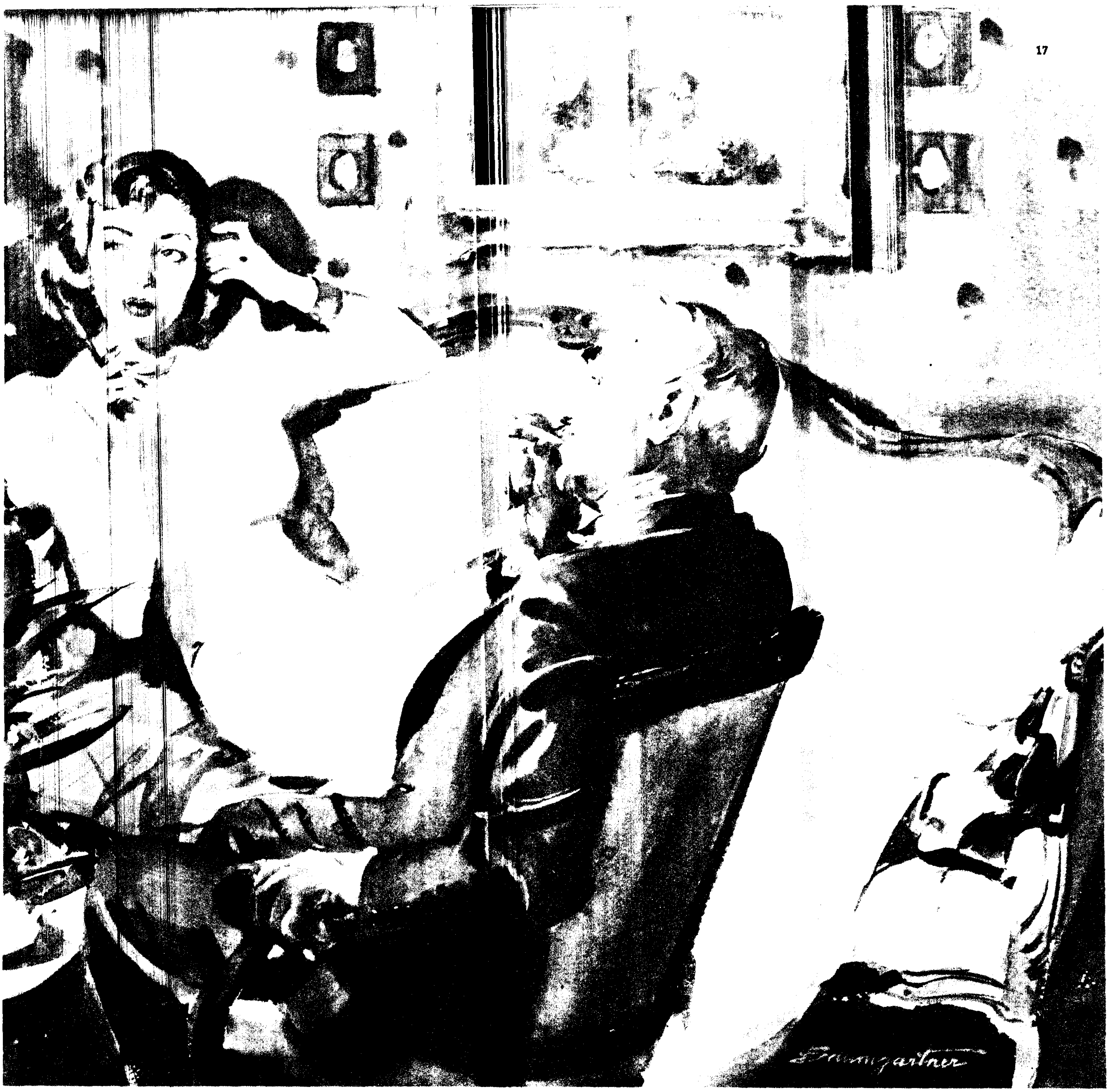
Luke nodded at Pat and, without saying goodby, he got into the patrol car which was parked beside the corral and drove off over the washboard desert floor to the road Paula had taken.

He caught sight of the little blue coupé just as it was coming to the end of the dirt road. With a loud whistle of brakes and rubber, it curved wide about a forty-five-degree turn and picked up the main highway. Making the turn himself, Luke settled back in the patrol car and eased it out to sixty, sixty-five, seventy, as Paula took on speed.

He was not crowding her but he did not fall more than fifty yards behind her. A slow anger built up in him as he realized she probably saw him in her rearview mirror and still did not slacken her pace. For a second, his hand moved to the siren button, but before he pushed it, he replaced his fingers on the wheel. A memory of Paula's face had come to him—a stern, young face, hard and at the same time troubled.

She had sided with Pat against him back at the ranch, but all the time she was fighting Pat as well as him—and Fritzi.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



Paula nodded to the judge and then turned to her mother . . . "So the big baby finally came home," Fritzi said, with amused disapproval in her tone

There were storm warnings there, too. She would fight for her mother against a stranger, but she had said quickly that her driving was none of Fritzi's business. He had not missed that. Rumor had it that there was trouble between the mother and the high-spirited girl who was [illegible] old now to be a kid. There was trouble all right, but not just for him—for everybody. There always would be in situations like that.

The town of Chuckawalla appeared before him as Paula swung to the right around a sage-covered hill and the taillights on the blue car winked brightly as she feathered the brake to coast down into the Mexican district. Luke followed her as she passed by the vaguely constructed brown clapboard shacks, slowing suddenly from time to time as children or little herds of mongrel dogs leaped into the dusty street before her. Once a Mexican girl dressed in a faded purple dress waved, and Paula's hand flashed out of the car window in recognition.

Crossing the dry river bed and trundling over the railroad tracks, the two cars came into Chuckawalla's heart—four blocks of stores, the bank, the movie house and half a dozen saloons. Luke shook his head. It looked just like any other little desert town of its size. There was no sign announcing it was a closed corporation run by Fritzi Haller.

The bartender of Fritzi's Purple Sage was standing out in front of the saloon, his white apron bright in the sunlit entranceway. As Paula put on her brakes for Chuckawalla's one boulevard stop, he raised his hand in salute.

"Fritzi wants you at home," he yelled. "Right away."

Paula waved and then pulled into a parking space before the drugstore, ignoring the bartender's message. Before Luke could draw up to her, she had gone in. He put the patrol car in the gas station opposite and walked back across the street into the drugstore.

MAKING his way between the cosmetic counter and the magazine racks to the marble counter of the soda fountain, he found her sitting on a stool, stirring a cup of coffee. He swung a boot over the next stool and sat down beside her.

"You knew I was clocking you into town and you deliberately kicked up your speed," he said. "Do that with somebody else, Paula. Not with me. I'll pin your ears back."

She looked up and met his eyes in the long mirror which ran the length of the counter before them. She smiled slowly without bothering to answer, and after a minute he sighed.

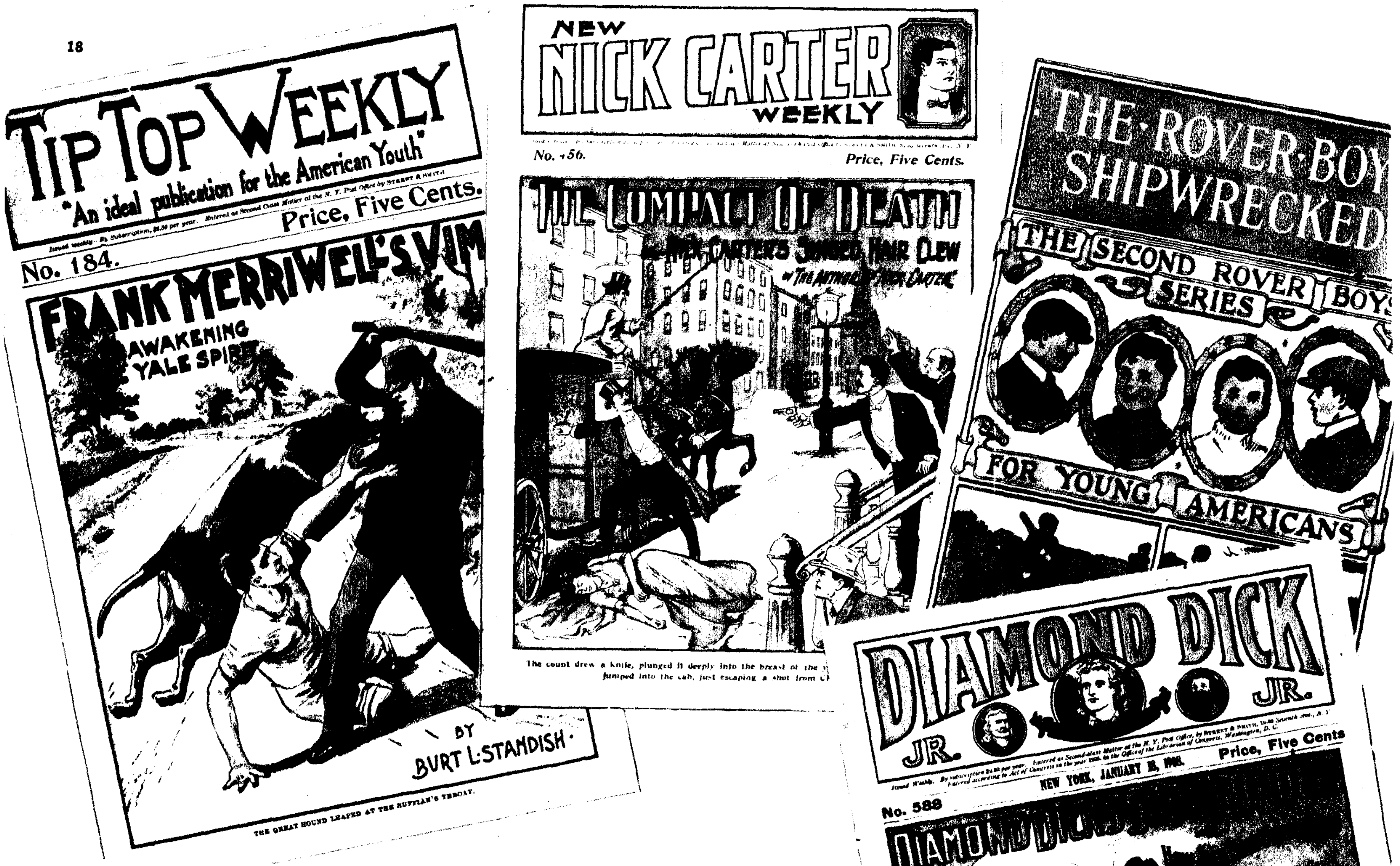
"No," he agreed thoughtfully. "You're right. I won't. Maybe I would have once—when I was young and foolish. I won't now." He turned on his stool to look at her directly. "But that doesn't matter. What does is that you're making a fool of yourself. I don't think there's anybody else you know in this town to tell you that. And it's time somebody did."

She continued to stir her coffee gently. "Don't tell me," she said. "A lecture. I'd rather have the ticket."

"You're all mixed up, aren't you?" he asked. "And it isn't really your fault. I guess that's why I can't get sore—I'm sorry for you."

She looked at him quickly, the determined amusement gone from her gray eyes, and for a moment he thought he had touched her. Then she put down her coffee spoon with a little clatter. "That's very kind

(Continued on page 37)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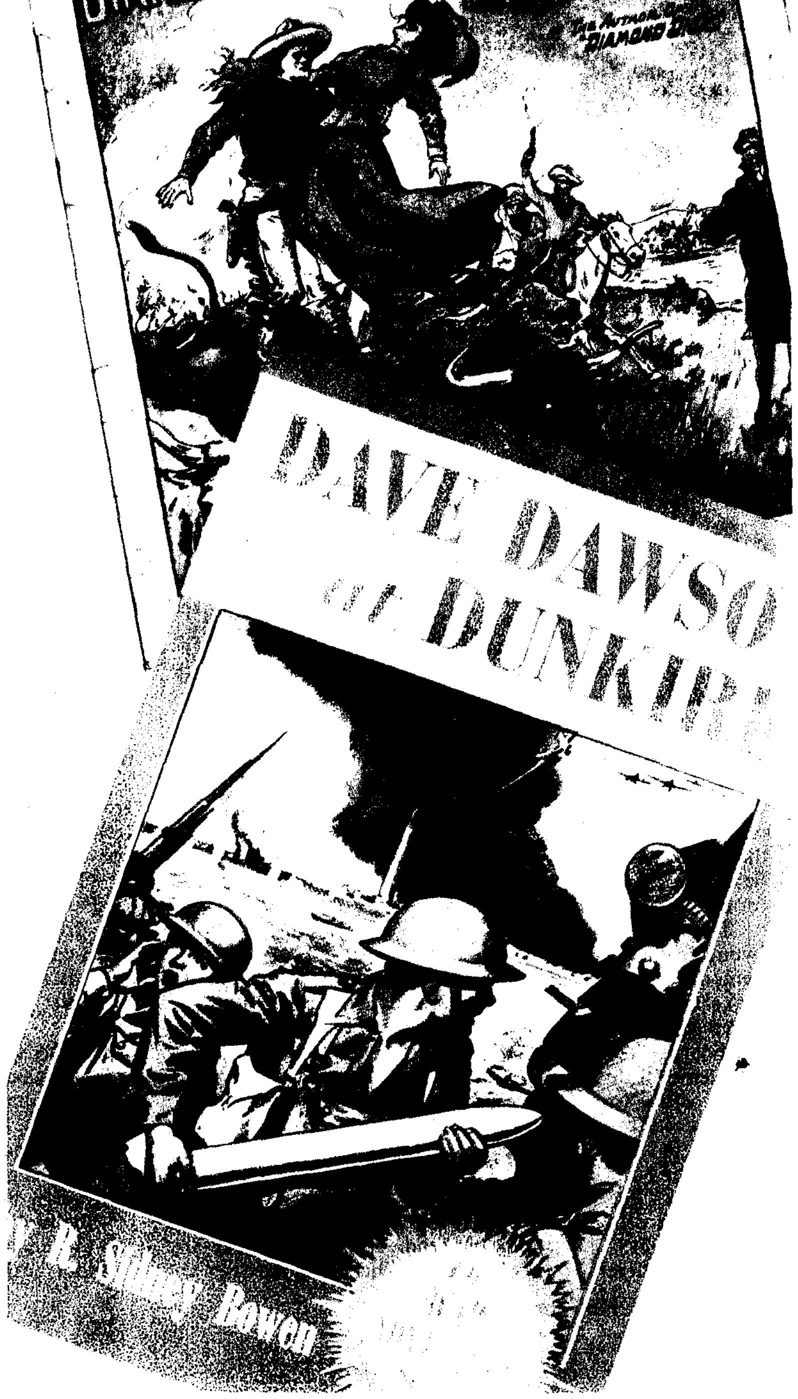

No. 588
Diamond Dick
Dave Dawson at Dunkirk
R. Sidney Bowen

FOR BOYS ONLY

BY ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

When Dad was a boy, it was Horatio Alger, Tom Rover and Diamond Dick. Now it's Dave Dawson who keeps kids from their homework

Dave clenched his teeth, staggered over to the two sailors who held Freddy, and took the plan paper from out of Freddy's pocket. There was a thunderous roaring in his head, and red-hot knives were cutting his body to pieces. He raised haze-filmed eyes to the destroyer commander's face, and held out the folded sheet of dirty paper.

"I think I'm about to pass out, so listen plenty close," he said with tremendous effort. "We're Pilot Officers Dawson and Farmer, R.A.F., just escaped from Antwerp. Put into the nearest port. Radio Colonel Fraser at once. These are the Nazi invasion plans. The . . . whole works! Put . . . into nearest port. Radio . . . Colonel Fraser . . . Chief . . . British Intelligence. Important. . . ."

ON THE shoulders of Dave Dawson, "17-year-old Yank-born R.A.F. ace," has fallen the heroic mantle of Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift and the brothers Rover. Like the Boy Allies of the last war, he is ubiquitous. He's fought on every front from North Africa to the Pacific and, after sixteen volumes, is still going strong. Like his predecessors, he is manly, modest and indestructible. His sense of humor, when it operates, is primitive. He has about as much instinct for self-preservation as a moth miller. He is an adolescent, but apparently he has not yet adolesced. As he himself has said, his only girl friend is the Statue of Liberty.

This singular collection of attributes, plus the most hopped-up daily life since the Keystone Cops, has sold over 2,000,000 copies for Crown, his happy publishers. At the rate of 2½ cents a copy (this sort of juvenile customarily retails at 60 cents), he nets his creator, R. Sidney Bowen, close to $10,000 in royalties each year. Dave Dawson's nearest rival is another juvenile ace, Red Randall (put out by the rival house of Grosset & Dunlap but also written by Bowen), which sold about 200,000 copies in its first year and is climbing rapidly.

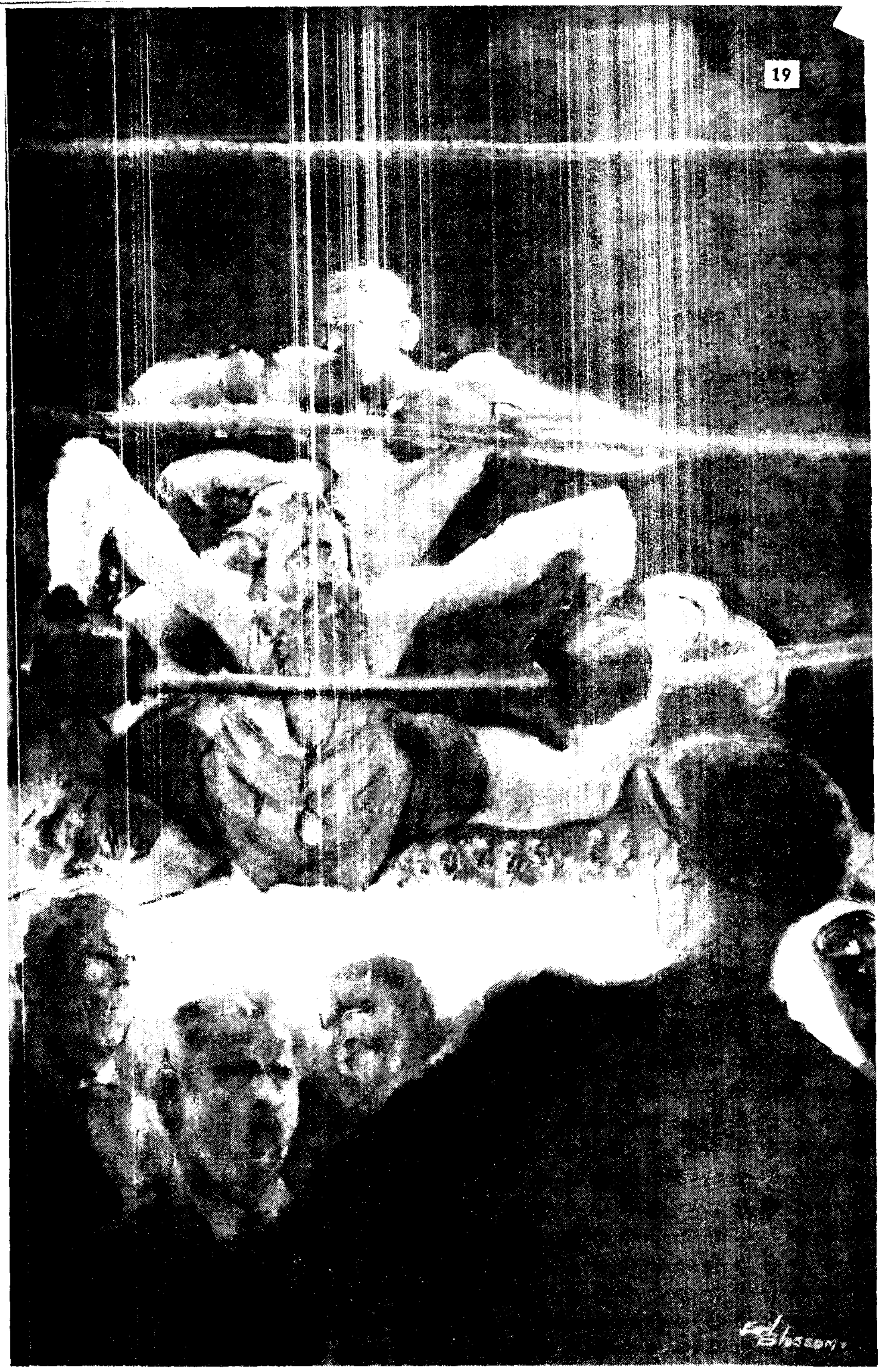
Shortly after the invasion of Poland, Crown called Bowen, asking for an adventure story based on the war. Dave Dawson was the product. Bowen flew for the Royal Flying Corps in the last war, and has been writing air stories ever since. Grinding out thrillers at 1½ to 2½ cents a word for Sky Fighters, R.A.F. Aces, Wings, Thrilling Sport, Popular Sport, G-Man, Dusty Ayres and His Battle Birds, and other pulp magazines, was ample apprenticeship for Bowen's present job. He still turns out a good million words a year.

Most of his output is concerned with Dave Dawson and his chum, the 16-year-old English youth, Freddy Farmer. And all of it is action:

". . . The roar of the Pegasus engine, the yammer of Rheinmettal-Brosigs, the German aerial machine gun, and Breda-Safats, the Italian aerial machine gun, filled the desert air . . . the 870-hp Gnome-Rhone fitted

(Continued on page 57)

LET THEM SQU



Butterfield, popeyed, held to the ropes with both hands. When Wilcey got in range, he kicked out with both feet and took Wilcey squarely in the stomach

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

DOC had always stuck up for Ed Buley, the police chief, when people came around, saying Ed was nothing but a cheap crook in brass buttons; so Doc really got mad at what Ed did.

Doc had just got word from Montreal saying the fighter he had hired for the main bout couldn't come, and he was sweating.

"I'd certainly give a lot to get hold of somebody big enough to throw in there with K. O. Wilcey tonight," Doc said.

Ed Buley said he thought he knew where Doc could get a fighter big enough. He took Doc over to the city jail, acting all the time like it was a big joke.

"Business ain't been so good," Ed said walking ahead down the smelly jail corridor. "But maybe I can find you somebody here. How much'd you say you'd give? Fifty?"

Doc looked up into Ed's big fat red face. Ed was grinning, but his eyes, peeking as if over a fence, were businesslike.

Doc was certainly upset. He saw that he had been wrong in sticking up for Ed. But it was late, and even while he was thinking what a cheap crook Ed was, Doc was pulling off the twenty that covered his roll of one-dollar bills. Ed pretended it was a great joke, but he looked around quickly before he snatched the bill out of Doc's hand.

Ed motioned toward the corner cell. There stood a man with a stringy yellow beard, reading a Bible. He was pretty big and, excepting the beard, looked like a fighter.

It seemed to Doc that his face was familiar.

"His name is Butterfield, he claims," Ed said. "I bet he'll knock old Wilcey's head off. Don't he look like a battler?"

Butterfield stared hard at Ed. "Where do you get that stuff? I'm a witness for the Lord."

"Yeah," Ed said. "First preacher we ever got in here on drunk and disorderly."

"You can mock and revile," Butterfield said bitterly. "A righteous man can fall seven times but riseth up again."

"Amen," Ed said, kidding. "Ain't that a cauliflower ear, Doc? That left one?"

Doc kept wondering where he had seen Butterfield before. "Didn't you fight around here somewheres? A long time ago?"

"Sure, he did!" Ed said. "I remember now. He sure did."

"The mouths of the wicked got lying tongues," Butterfield said.

"Don't pay no attention to that stuff," Ed said. "He's been at that Bible all day."

"Well, you want to make some money?" Doc said to Butterfield.

Butterfield's eyes were suspicious. "What I want, I want to be alone, praying and atoning," he said. "How much money?"

"Let's see you move around, first," Doc said. "Shadowbox around."

"I ain't no shadowboxer," Butterfield said sullenly. He sat down on the bunk and opened the Bible.

"Offer him a price," Ed said.

Doc hesitated. The Montreal fighter would have cost him a hundred fifty and expenses. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars," Doc said.

"Wouldn't smite my brother for all the money in the world," Butterfield said, not looking up. "How big is this Wilcey?"

"Oh," Doc said quickly, "not much bigger'n you."

"Hell, no, Doc," Ed said. "*He's* bigger'n Wilcey, only he don't look his size in that little cell. How about it, Butterfield?"

Butterfield kept stubbornly to his Bible. "Can't make me defile God's word," he said unpleasantly. "Not for no lousy twenty-five bucks."

Ed's face got red. "What's lousy about twenty-five dollars? Stand up before I wrap this club around them whiskers!"

Butterfield jumped up, looking scared, and Doc felt uncomfortable. "Wait a minute, Ed," he said. "Maybe he *is* a preacher. He's got that Bible."

"It ain't *his* Bible," Ed said. "Allus we found on him was a big knife a foot long."

Butterfield dropped the Bible. "Didn't find no knife on me!"

"Save that for the judge," Ed said. He straightened his uniform cap and put on a stern face. "Butterfield," he said, "I got the rep'tation of being a square shooter. If you wanted to act decent about this, I might just forget about that knife. . . ."

K. O. WILCEY was first to enter the arena that night. He jumped into the ring, scowling, and started pulling mightily at the ropes, while the fans cheered. Doc and Ed had got Butterfield as far as ringside. Butterfield stuck his head through the ropes and watched Wilcey warming up. Doc pushed, and Ed did, but Butterfield stayed outside looking in at Wilcey. When Wilcey let go the ropes to sit down, the ringposts all leaned loosely. Butterfield shuddered, but he got into the ring, and right off the fans started kidding.

Butterfield wore borrowed trunks and sneakers, and was also wearing his vest. The fans yelled and laughed while Doc was announcing the substitution, and they grew still noisier when he called the fighters to the center of the ring.

Butterfield had looked big in the jail cell, but beside Wilcey he seemed to have shrunk a foot. His eyes were popping as he stared up at Wilcey's bigness.

"Shake hands now," Doc said weakly. The fans were screaming.

Wilcey ran to his corner. Butterfield backed to his, never taking his eyes off Wilcey. The bell rang, and Wilcey came stamping out, fists circling. Butterfield started to get right out of the ring. Ed Buley grabbed his shanks, and Doc ran over and tried to pull him back inside. Doc saw Mayor Hopwood at ringside yelling up at him, and he pulled all the harder. Mayor Hopwood was a serious sportsman, always the first to squawk when a fight or a ball game went bad. "If that guy's afraid to fight, give us back our money!" the mayor was yelling.

Ed Buley brought his club down on Butterfield's toes. Butterfield jumped and let out a howl. The crowd shrieked, and Butterfield gazed fearfully out upon them. All of a sudden he threw both gloved hands high. "Brother sports!" he bawled. "You come here setting your own brothers hitting and socking one another! You come here to revile him that falleth! Is that what you learnt in the Bible?"

"Here!" Doc cried sharply. "Cut that out."

"Repent, brother sports!" Butterfield shouted. "Go home and pray!"

"Wilcey!" Ed yelled. "Give him a sock! Make him fight!"

Wilcey gave Butterfield a cuff in the ear. Butterfield bent quickly, touched both gloves to the floor, suddenly thrust out his left foot, flung back his right fist and let fly with a great, sweeping, overhand swing, and tagged Wilcey squash on the nose. Wilcey screamed and went down.

Mayor Hopwood leapt to his feet yelling: "I knew I seen that guy before! He pitched that no-hit game for Eno Falls against Mill City, Fourth of July, 1932! He ain't no more fighter'n I am!"

Holy Jeepers! Doc thought. I knew I seen him before!

Wilcey was up, stumbling toward Butterfield, pawing at his bloody face and swinging blindly. Butterfield, popeyed, held to the ropes with both hands, watching Wilcey over his shoulder. When Wilcey got in range, Butterfield kicked out with both feet like a mule and took Wilcey squarely in the stomach. Wilcey lost his wind in one gigantic belch, and Butterfield was over the ropes, running for the rear. Everybody was yelling.

Doc stepped out of the ring, and Mayor Hopwood grabbed him. "You'd ought to refund back every penny you took in!" the mayor shouted. "Ed! Take after that guy and bring him over to the police station! I want to ask him a few questions!"

Ed Buley's face got red, and his eyes looked peculiar. When he started after Butterfield, he wasn't walking any too fast.

DOC got away from the mayor and went up to his office to pay Wilcey and the other boys. He could hear the fans going out, some laughing, some squawking, and Doc was still sore when he thought how Ed Buley had turned out to be nothing but a cheap crook after the way Doc had always stuck up for him.

When Doc went down to turn off the basement lights, Ed Buley came in at the rear door. "Hey, Doc," Ed said. "Butterfield's out here waiting for you to pay him off."

Doc looked hard at Ed, thinking. He was pretty sure that Ed didn't have any intention of taking Butterfield over to the police station to be questioned by Mayor Hopwood. If Butterfield told what had happened, Ed was liable to lose his police chief job.

"I'm busy right now, Ed," Doc said. "You take him on over to the station, and I'll come over later and pay him."

Ed's face got red and he acted nervous. "I tell you, Doc," he said, "I feel kind of sorry for this Butterfield, him being a no-hit pitcher. I thought I'd just see he got on a freight out of town. Only," Ed said, "he won't go till you pay him off."

Doc took out his fat new roll and handed a five-dollar bill to Ed.

"Give him that and the best of luck," Doc said.

Ed blinked and acted more nervous. "He kind of expected twenty-five, Doc."

"Oh, no, Ed," Doc said. "I can't hardly pay a man twenty-five for just hitting Wilcey once and kicking him once. He already cost me twenty dollars, remember."

Ed Buley looked at the five-dollar bill. Doc had never seen Ed look so mad before when he walked back to the door and gave the bill to Butterfield. Doc heard them talking and arguing. Ed's voice kept getting louder and madder. Butterfield just stood there shaking his head.

Finally, Ed yanked out his billfold and gave Butterfield another bill. They started off toward the railroad yard, Butterfield walking slowly, and Ed trying to make him hurry.

Watching them go away, Doc remembered what good friends he and Ed Buley had always been. Well, he could forgive Ed this time. If anybody came around saying Ed was nothing but a cheap crook, though, Doc wouldn't stick up for Ed any more. He'd let them squawk.

BRITISH COMBINE

"There has to be a showdown. Certainly we cannot afford any more such fiascoes as the London Council of Foreign Ministers"

ANTS

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

A well-known U.S. reporter examines the failure of Big Three diplomacy in Europe and offers a blunt explanation

RADIOED FROM LONDON

AT THE Council of Foreign Ministers in London, in September, the lid blew off. Three men had been sitting on it through the war years, making believe for public consumption that nothing was bubbling underneath. For Josef Stalin, that was a perfectly natural state of affairs. He would have been glad to stay there with the newcomers, President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee, maintaining secrecy and carrying on as if the end of the war had altered nothing, and in general retaining all essential power in the hands of the Big Three.

It was a policy that had worked well in war, and for totalitarian governments the problems of peace aren't as different from the problems of war as they are in democratic countries. The military coalition of the three great powers had won World War II. Therefore, a military alliance of the same great powers ought to dictate and maintain the peace.

The logic is clear. Almost too clear, for in theory it could be done, and an ordered, peaceful world would be worth paying a certain price for. Yet we of the West had to say "No." Any other answer would have betrayed the principles for which we fought, as well as our present reasons for existence as liberal democracies. We had to say "No" even though America refuses to share the secrets of the atomic bomb, clings to naval bases in the Far East and rules Japan virtually alone, and even though Britain, in places like India, Burma and Greece, brooks no interference with imperial designs. We had to refuse to recognize the governments of Bulgaria and Rumania, although we recognize the Fascist governments of Spain and Portugal.

There were motes and beams in all eyes, mutual incomprehension, distrust and fear—with something of smugness and hypocrisy mixed in. John Foster Dulles could talk, after the conference, of "restoring principle as a guide to conduct," and of "restraints of moral law," but the question was: Whose principles and what moral law? The deliberate Molotov broke down the London peace conference when he couldn't get what he wanted. That shocked the others, but it shouldn't be allowed to disguise the real factors behind the breakdown.

Granting the contention of Byrnes that the conference failed because it couldn't decide "whether the peace shall be made by three or even five nations, to the exclusion of other nations vitally concerned in the maintenance and enforcement of peace," the fundamental question is why Russia insists on the Big Three making the peace. When you start to answer that question you touch immediately on all the problems that have divided the world into two vast blocs. Study the role of the USSR in European affairs over the last few years and as it shapes up now in the postwar period, and you won't be surprised or shocked when peace conferences like that held in London break down.

The picture isn't a pretty one for a Liberal trained in Western political ideas and techniques. It is, in fact, rather ugly at many points, and it would be dishonest to ignore that simple fact. Why should we, now? The war is over; so is our censorship, and the United States is not a totalitarian country.

Russian Ideas of Security

What does Russia want? If you had an answer in one word, that word would be "security." Russians—we'll use that name although the USSR has many races besides Russians—are suspicious, frightened and truculent. Security to Russians seems, at present, to mean guarding their armed strength, building a *cordon sanitaire* against the rest of the world, controlling strategic bases as far from the Soviet Union as possible, fostering Communist parties in other countries, building up agricultural and industrial self-sufficiency, maintaining a totalitarian dictatorship within the USSR and ruling the world with the aid of other members of the Big Three, helped by docile and friendly smaller powers.

When Winston Churchill, at Yalta in February, made an impassioned plea for France, for the greatness of her history and civilization, for the gifts of intelligence, culture and logic she has brought to the world, Stalin looked at him with a bored expression. The two men were separated by more than language and nationality. They lived in different worlds. We can't understand anything about Russia if we don't realize that it is another world from ours. We may not like it but we may have to put up with it or face a war that will make World War II seem like child's play. Both sides have to put their cards on the table.

We are, after all, one of the two greatest powers in the world. We must keep reminding ourselves of the fact that there is a new balance of power, and that the Russian bear is stretching his paws from Dairen and the Kuril Islands to Trieste and Stettin. That's literally halfway around the globe, and even if you confine yourself to the USSR alone, you're dealing with a government of immense natural wealth, great military strength, and a population which, after India and China, is by far the greatest in the world.

There's plenty of everything in the USSR and its people feel about it much the way we Americans did in the last century, when the sap of life was running strongly in our young and nationalistic body.

Americans are blandly convinced that they won this war, but Russians look at it differently. Stalin, in his order of the day on V-E Day, spoke of "the great Fatherland war waged by the Soviet people."

Nationalism has never been stronger in world history, and Russia, for all her Marxist internationalism, was never more nationalistic or imperialistic, even in Czarist days. To say this is considered by Communists a reproach and an insult, and yet it is one of the key factors behind the frantic search for security. That security isn't primarily a desire for a peaceful world; it is a desire for a safe strong and respected USSR in a peaceful world. Achievement of that goal is not to be expected, as Russians see it, from a United Nations Organization in which the other nations always vote against Russia but from their own power allied to other members of the Big Three if they're willing to go along with Russian ideas.

That was where the clash came at the London Council of Foreign Ministers. Russia is a lone bear and a highly suspicious one. If she possessed the secret of the atomic bomb she would certainly not share it. We know that, because even as our ally in a war for survival she would not let our military observers know or see much of what she was doing or what her resources were. The USSR is a closed corporation, a grimly guarded fortress, a region blacked out in almost impenetrable darkness. Her rulers believe in the realistic premise that armed strength is and always has been the only completely effective instrument of policy, internal or international.

All that is obvious, but the fact remains that in refusing to share the secret of the atomic bomb we are fostering Russian suspicions.

A Feeling of Distrust

It is easy to understand why they feel more distrustful than ever following a peace conference where on every issue they found four powers—the United States, Britain, France and China—lined up solidly against them. One can understand how they feel about our recognition of Franco, our seizure of Pacific bases, our exclusive policy in Japan, our Red-baiting press and our America Firsters. We have set up a vicious circle of mutual distrust and fear, and if we accuse the Soviet Union of pursuing hateful policies—which from our viewpoint she sometimes does—we have to guard against smugness or throwing stones from our glass house.

But there will never be peace in this world until Russia realizes that when other people feel that she is wrong, and say so, it isn't from a perverse desire to frustrate and destroy the Soviet Union. It is because her policy is leading, at best, to mutually exclusive blocs and hence, at worst, to another war.

There has to be a showdown. Certainly we cannot afford any more such fiascoes as the Council of Foreign Ministers. As one diplomat put it, "We mustn't have any more wars because we must avoid peace conferences."

The Russians have been fighting the trend toward international organization for a long time. The League of Nations is an unhappy memory for them, so much so that any agency related to it, like the International Labor Organization, and any idea of placing the United Nations Organization headquarters at Geneva, have been fought bitterly, first at San Francisco and then in London, where the United Nations executive committee met. The Soviet Union refused to attend the United States Commission for investigation of war crimes, the Civil Aviation conference and the International Education conference. They have hampered UNRRA on many occasions. The climax came on September 22d when Molotov, at the Council of Foreign Ministers, told Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin that peacemaking, like warmaking, is a job for the Big Three.

Yet this Russian policy is accompanied by lip service to the United Nations Organization, and protestations of desires and intentions to adhere strictly to the Berlin agreement and other treaties.

The Anglo-Soviet mutual assistance pact of May 26, 1942, had this to say: "The high contracting parties . . . will act in accordance with the principles of not seeking territorial aggrandizement for themselves, and of non-interference in the internal affairs of other states."

Then what about Ruthenia and Königsberg, you might ask, even if you want to rule out the Baltic states, the Karelian Isthmus, eastern Poland and Bessarabia.

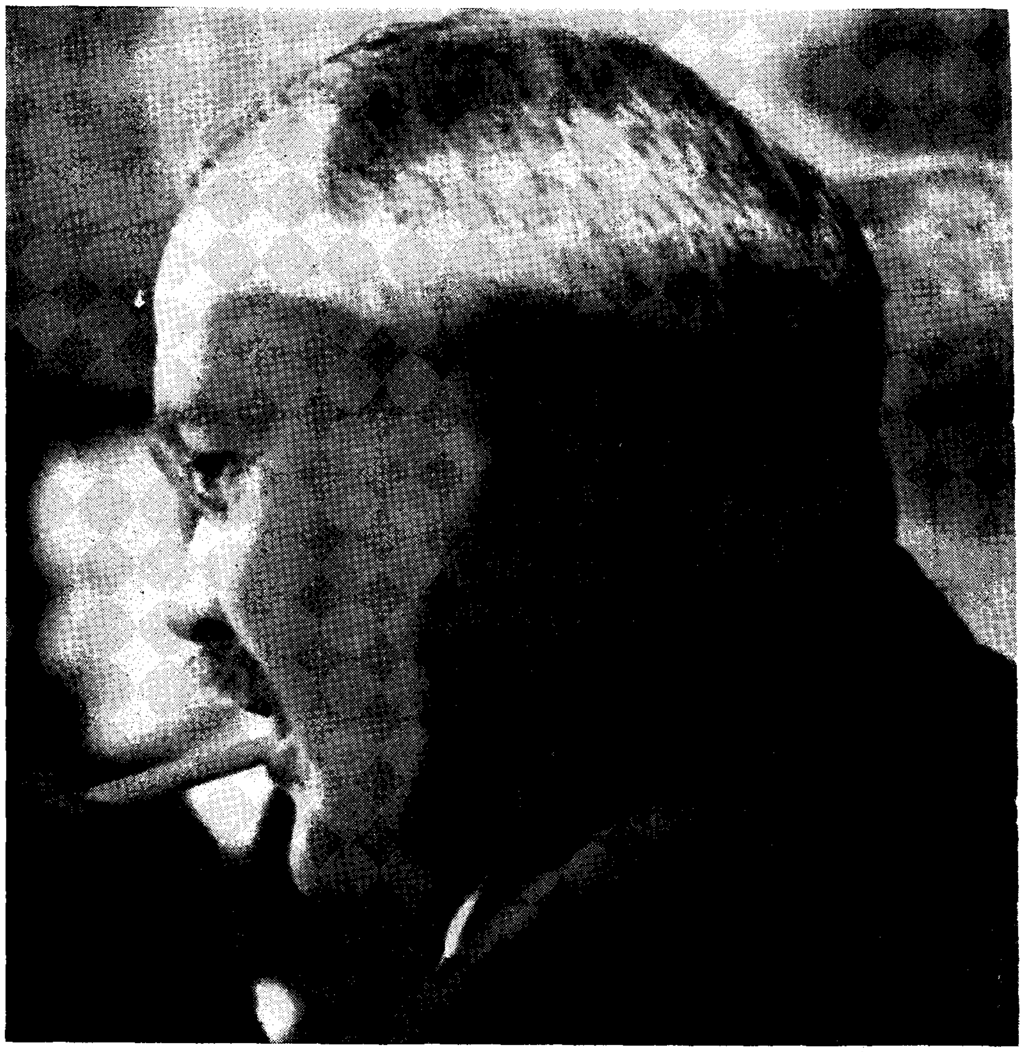
"We have not, nor can we have, such war aims as the imposition of our will and our regime on the Slavic and other enslaved peoples of Europe, who are awaiting our help," said Stalin in a speech in November, 1941. "Our aim is to help these peoples in their struggle for liberation from Hitler's tyranny, and then to accord them the possibility of arranging their own land as they see fit, with absolute freedom."

What constitutes interference in the affairs of another nation? The Communist International was abolished as far back as May, 1943, but that does not mean that Communism has ceased to be an international movement or that the other Communist parties don't co-ordinate their policies with Moscow's. It does not mean that there are no longer directives from Moscow. "Notebooks" on particular questions go out at irregular intervals from Moscow to all Communist parties throughout the world. Molotov in Moscow, Tito in Belgrade, Boleslaw Bierut in Warsaw, Georgi Dimitroff in Sofia, Palmiro Togliatti in Rome: all were prominent members of the Comintern. It was an attack by the French Communist leader Jacques Duclos, in a Paris Communist newspaper, which set in motion the mechanism to liquidate Browder and put American Communists back into their original party line.

Three men spearheaded the forces which carried out the idea of "non-interference" with outside regimes during the last year or two: Andrei Zhdanoff of the Supreme Soviet Presidium in Finland and Scandinavia, Vice-Commissar Sergei Kavtaradze in Turkey, Iran and the Middle East, and Vice-Commissar Andrei Vishinsky in eastern Europe and the Balkans. Where they went, things somehow seemed to happen—things which were eminently satisfactory to Soviet policy.

When affairs became unsatisfactory in Bucharest, let us say, Vishinsky alighted

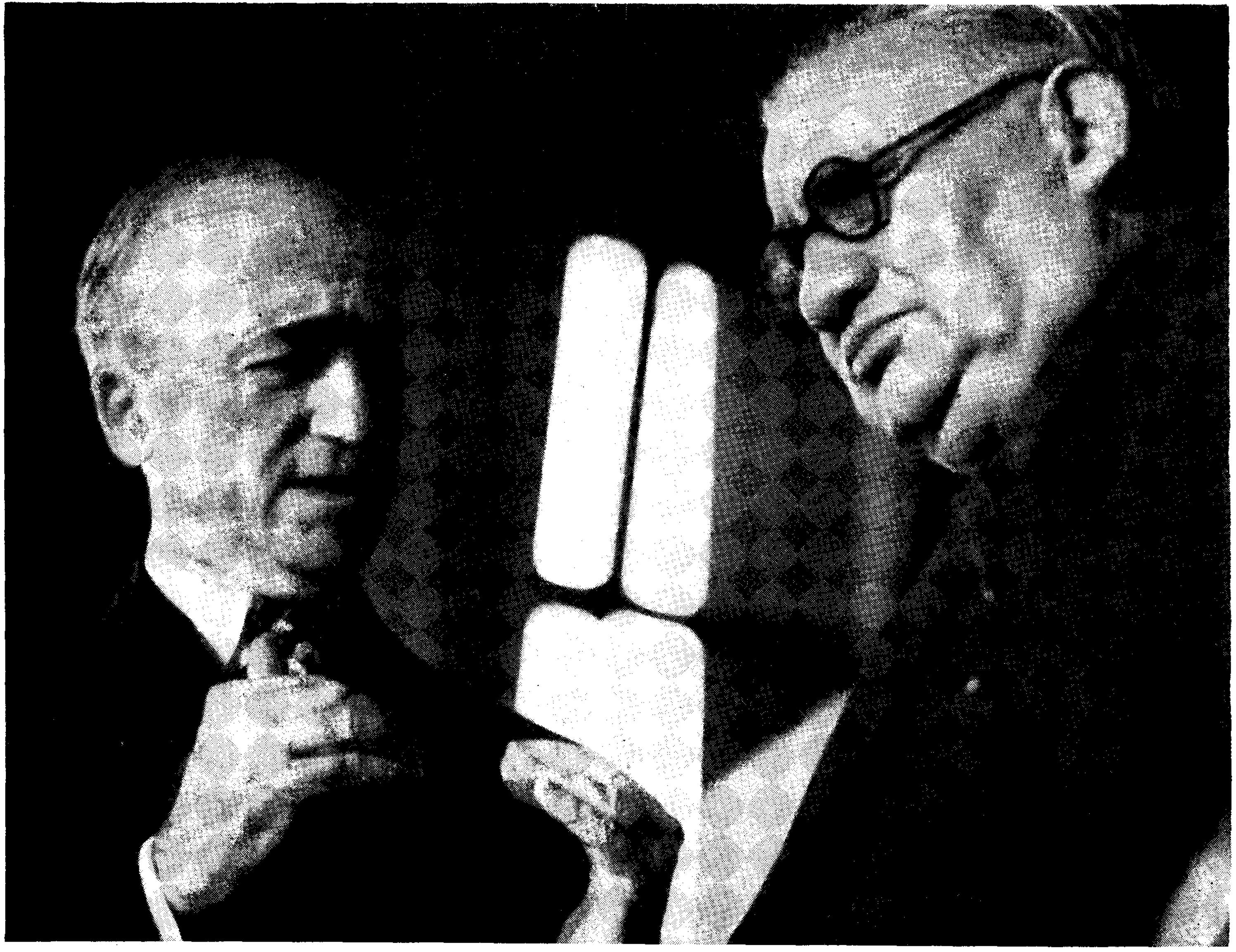
(*Continued on page 72*)



BLACK STAR

Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov was an important figure in the wrecking of the first important peace conference. The diplomatic impasse centered around his insistence that peacemaking policy was a job exclusively for the Big Three powers

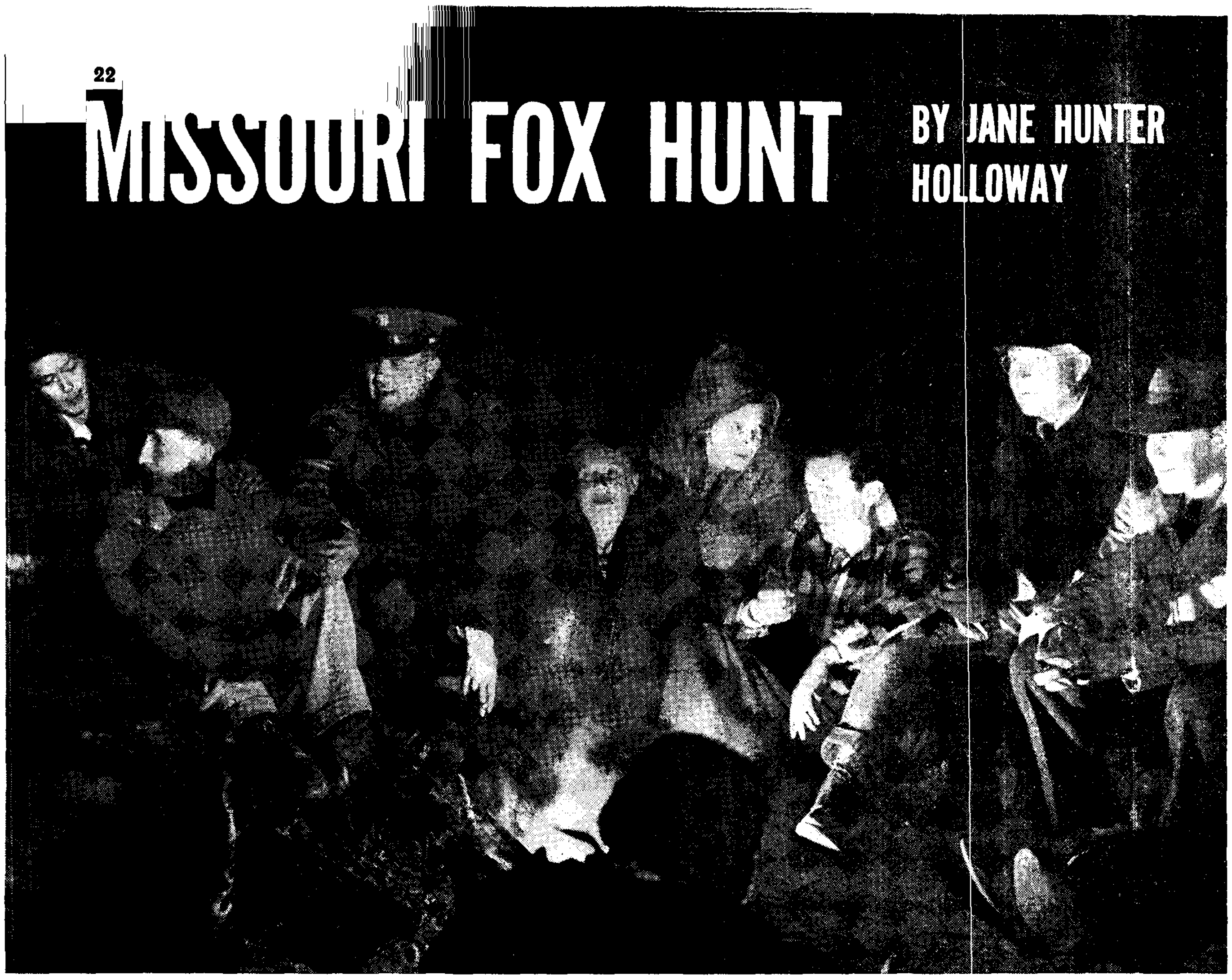
BLACK STAR



In an atmosphere of deep gloom, America's Byrnes and Britain's Bevin talk over the failure of the conference

MISSOURI FOX HUNT

BY JANE HUNTER HOLLOWAY



Everybody has fun when Missouri hunters chase foxes. Even the fox has a good time, for there is no "kill" or depriving him of his "brush"—though he may suffer from sore feet

CHARLES W. SCHWARTZ

There is probably no smarter varmint than the fox, and to catch him a hound must be just a little bit smarter. A dumb hound hasn't a chance in the world

ON ALMOST any evening, summer or winter, if the weather is not too bad, there are very special sounds in the hill and valley country of Missouri. They're made by hound-dogs, and to the people who know what the dogs are singing about, the sounds combine to make mighty pretty music. The concert begins when the hound-dogs pick up the trail of a fox, and it usually ends about four or five o'clock in the morning, as dawn creeps over the fields and into the hollows. By that time, everybody is tired and happy, and maybe a little dizzy from too many internal applications of snake-bite medicine. This popular specific, an important item of the fox hunter's equipment, may be either "good old corn" or store bourbon. The two remedies are equally efficacious.

For more than a hundred years, folks out in central and southern Missouri, in the Ozark country of Arkansas, and in Mississippi and some sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, have been breeding and raising foxhounds, paying as much attention to their "singing" qualities as to keen nose and speed. Some folks say that the way Missouri hunters use these hound-dogs to pursue foxes is a lazy man's way of hunting. Well, maybe it is. A Missouri fox hunt has none of the traditional gay trappings of the sport. There are no red coats, no "yoicks," no highly trained jumping horses and, above all, no frantic struggles to be in on the "kill." There is no kill—the Missouri fox hunter looks upon the fox as a personal friend, and wouldn't dream of killing one. And as for getting a "brush," the man who pulls the tail off a fox had better be able to run faster than the hunters and the dogs, or he's in for trouble.

The Missouri hunter carries neither a gun nor a club. He goes into the field accompanied by a pack of hound-dogs and carrying a flashlight, hamburger, matches, coffeepot and makin's, refreshments and snake-bite medicine. The only exercise involved is getting out of a truck or a car, getting a fire started and sitting on a hilltop. The dogs start a fox, and the hunters sit around the fire, making coffee, roasting hamburgers, eating, drinking, talking, protecting themselves against snake bite, and listening to the dogs. What the Missourian really goes hunting for is to hear the music of the dogs.

The variety of voices that interpret the goings-on of the hunt are a good topic of conversation around the fire. Usually folks start gathering in the early evening. A pack of dogs is released on a likely hillside, and it may take a few minutes before they jump a fox, but the moment the chains and leashes are released, the dogs know they are out for some fun. From that moment on, they are struggling to get out in front and catch the first fox scent. When the trail of the fox is hit, the lucky dog "sounds." It may take a little while for another dog to hit the trail, but as the pack comes in, joins and takes up the cry, every hound starts singing his own song.

It may have been a high chop-mouth dog that hit the scent first. In that case the sound is a high bark and howl that goes up and down with rapidity. A squall-mouth dog gives a heavier, longer cry. A goose-mouth dog sounds like a frightened old gander. Then there are the horn-mouth, the turkey-mouth and the squealer. The music a dog makes tells just where he is running in the pack. A dog in the rear of the pack may have a frantic sound to his cry, but the leaders may lose the trail and a straggler may pick it up, and then his cry changes to a happy, excited, boastful sound.

Sergeant Bill Kennedy of Columbia has a dog he calls a "splatter-mouth." Bill says when that dog "really gets stretched out and right after a fox," his voice just cuts loose and goes all over the country. "He sounds just like one man was holding him and another man was beating him."

Fox hunting in Missouri is organized, and there is a state association, although it was not very active during the war. The big meets, where scores of enthusiasts from all over the state used to gather for two or three days with their favorite hounds and tall stories, were mostly postponed.

These gatherings were as important and as colorful to the hunters as were the county and state fairs to rural people and small-town merchants. Swanky station wagons, trucks and rattling Model Ts would bring the dogs and their proud owners, equipped with bedrolls and blankets, and pitch camps for long nights of hunting.

Fox hunting in Missouri fashion is a democratic as well as an economical sport. Almost every farmhouse in the fox country has from one to four of the often languid-looking dogs about the place. Fox-hunting enthusiasts, however, are not limited to the rural people of the countryside. The president of the Four County Association is Alfred Rees, a contractor of Columbia, Missouri.

Members of the association and other leading enthusiasts include Sergeant Kennedy, stationed at the University of Missouri, Willard Goldsberry, a realtor, and Mrs. Farris Elzea, wife of a prominent Missouri dentist. Others who follow the nocturnal sport include college professors, bankers, merchants and many of the local Negro population.

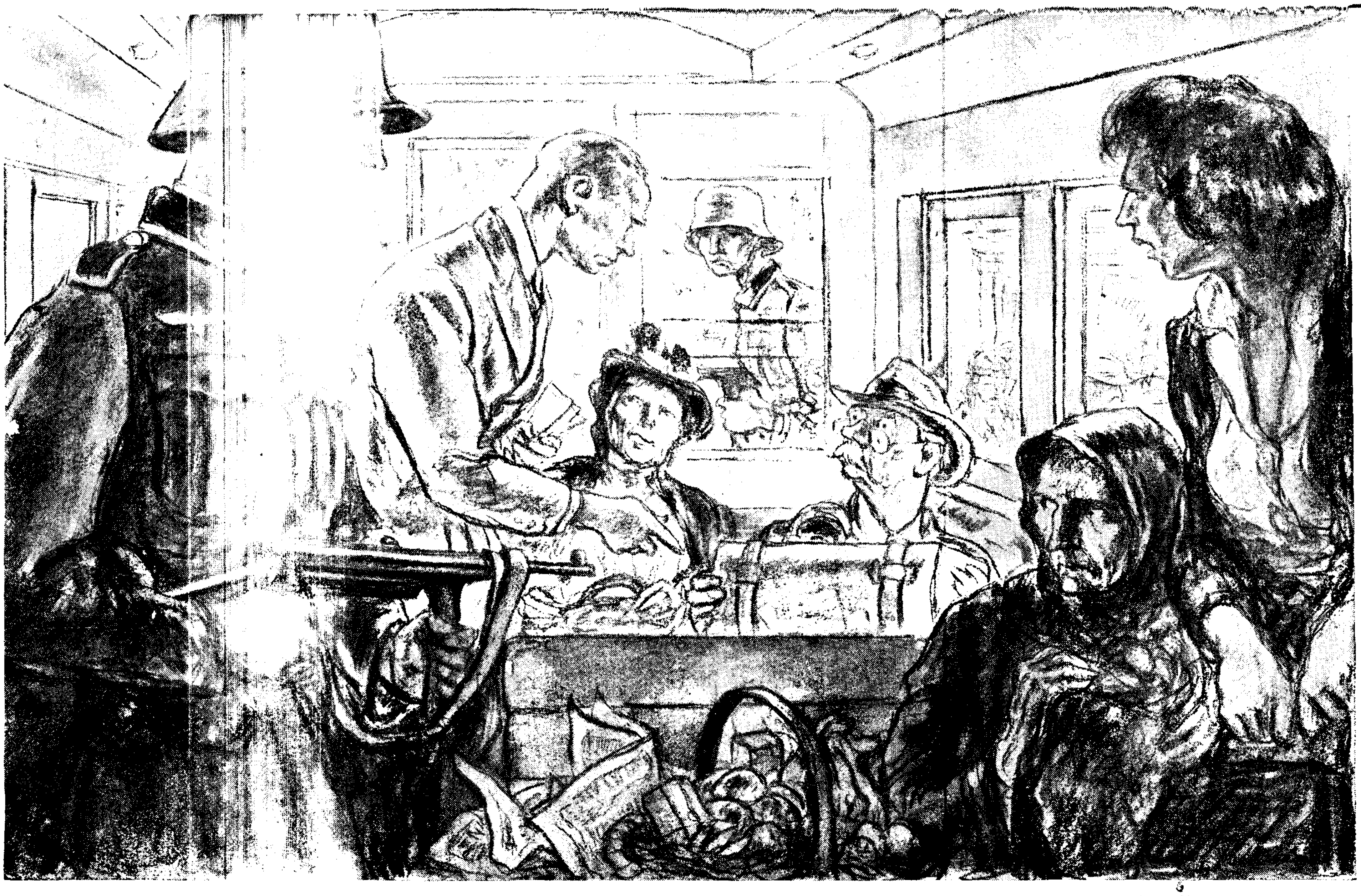
Sometimes a pack will run for miles. When it finally begins to look as if the dogs never are going to turn the fox and come on back, someone will get out a cow or sheep horn and give a blow or two. Usually about that time will come the distant sound of a hound, maybe 'way south of where the hunters thought they were running. Before long, the whole pack of them comes running hell-for-leather right up a draw near where the hunters are sitting. Sometimes the fox will skirt the fire or cross in a patch of moonlight so near that one could toss a chip and hit him. The dogs are slowed down by then but they still keep the fox going.

Fox hunting isn't limited to any particular season. The dog and the fox seem to like to run almost any time of year. If it is too cold, a dog can't carry the scent, and the frozen ground or ice is hard on his feet.

In the early spring when the foxes den up and have their young, everyone declares "time out" to give the pups a chance to get a good start and grow strong so they will be ready for the fall hunting. ★★★

The true fox hunter's weapons are a flashlight, a coffeepot with makin's, and hamburger—all he can get. Here a group of hunters are starting out with their dogs and equipment

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY TOWNSEND GODSEY-PIX



The [illegible] looked at the papers, but fixed his eye on the perspiring bookkeeper and shouted, "What's in that brief case?"

BY RICHARD C. HOTTELET

THE trolley car did not start again, though it should have. The easy stop with its slight jerk had been followed by the quick scuffling of feet and the bumping of bundled, basketed women getting off. And someone had gotten aboard. So the trolley should have clacked its way ahead again on the usual rising note of departure. But it didn't.

The middle-aged little man with the glasses who had been reading his Brussels newspaper in the rear seat, flicked his eye past the edge of the paper to the left, out the big glass window, and at once saw an SS man with a gun. His head did not move, but the newspaper crackled as he held it tighter. An electric needle touched his heart. And on his lap the brown brief case with the radio transmitter inside shifted slightly as his right knee moved up just a fraction.

The next instant there was a shout from the front platform: "All of you, stay in your places. Everyone, stay in the car!" And with a sputter of protest and question trailing behind them, their faces still turned front or rear, the women sidled back to their seats inside the trolley.

The little man had lowered the newspaper and looked around sharply as soon as it seemed proper. His hands were tense and the white knuckles were pressed down on the sharp corner binding of the brief case. The situation was clear—the Germans had stopped the car and were searching it. And they were going to catch him like a fool, like a ninny, with his radio transmitter on his lap. After barely thirty-six hours out of London.

The little man sat still on his hard wooden bench. He was in the second car of a double trolley. Whoever was doing the investigating was still up in the front car. He peered ahead to see what was going on. But he could see only indistinctly through the two panes of dusty glass into the car ahead—could see only motionless figures sitting and standing on either side of a tall one that seemed to bob right and left at intervals. On the front platform of his own car a green-clad figure stood in the open exit. He turned and looked over his right shoulder. There was another green-gray figure there on the rear platform.

The car had been running along the broad Avenue des Arts—one of the large, tree-lined boulevards that draw a cool, green ring around the center of Brussels. There were no people within fifty feet. Only those German soldiers with their guns. He looked back over his left shoulder and clockwise around again over his right. There were three Germans evenly spaced along the left side of the trolley. Probably the same number over on the right—all in all he guessed there must be ten of them. A routine security patrol. The men with the guns wore the black-collared uniforms of the SS, and on their left forearms the little black diamond patch with the silver embroidered SD. It was the *Sicherheitsdienst*. Filthy customers, all of them. And he was stuck there like a fly on flypaper; there was absolutely nothing he could do.

Still, he had five or ten minutes before discovery. He might at least think. For that reason he relaxed. He had been sitting there for minutes in a state almost of cramp, and now he deliberately relaxed limb by limb. He felt a little better as his shoulders sagged, and he felt the knots go out of his arms and legs. But his breath kept coming in short, sharp, secret gasps.

Up in the car ahead, the Gestapo man would be examining people's papers. Well, if that were all it depended upon, he would be perfectly safe. His own false identity documents and ration cards were perfect. . . . But all the perfection of his disguise, his papers and clothes and the autobiography he had memorized—the accumulated skill of the British Secret Intelligence Service in transforming a normally rather distinguished-looking technical expert into a seedy inconspicuous bookkeeper with soup-stained tie and ill-fitting spectacles—all was useless under the crushing weight of evidence on his lap. He had only to open the brief case and he was arrested, tried, convicted in that one motion. And perhaps between that and his execution would come torture. The electric needle touched his heart again.

This is about a man who, watching his pursuers approach step by step, saw every chance of escape shut off—yet knew he must act the clown in the face of death

He was no hero—and if he had had a few romantic notions about his job, had sometimes lain awake in bed to enjoy the sensation of being a very special and dramatic character in the center of a humdrum world, he really had few illusions about it. He had not been ordered to go on this mission, nor had he volunteered; he and the job had just come together because he was the best man for it. It was he who had worked out the coil that gave this small transmitter unheard-of range. But there were still bugs in it. The two they had sent out before had not worked—various things had gone wrong that were beyond the knowledge of the people on the spot.

But this time it had to work; if everything went right, if accurate information came out in time, there was the chance of tripping the German army in its flight back to the Siegfried Line. And, besides being a Belgian and knowing the country, he was the one who could get the best out of his transmitter.

There had been no prospect of any unusual danger, as far as anyone could predict. The one thing he had been warned very strongly about in London was against identifying himself with his brief case. To be caught with it, he had known from the beginning, was death.

And now, here he sat with the brief case on his lap, his mind racing. He deserved to be caught, he deserved to have his fool head beaten off his body. Why on earth hadn't he taken the cursed thing out onto the platform when the crowd in the car had begun to thin out after a few stops? He could have stood it in a corner, where it wouldn't have been kicked around. And it would then have been just an anonymous radio transmitter when the Germans came to open it. It would have had no connection with the pudgy little man, sweating in the August heat, who sat inside the car. But here, on his lap, what could he say about it?

The little man pressed his lips together, lifted off his hat and mopped his head. It had been about ten minutes since the trolley had stopped, and it struck him there was a strange silence in the car, broken only by an occasional mutter. Even if he were to get up and call on the people in the car to break out through the window and doors together and scatter so that at least some should

(*Continued on page 29*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

VETERANS' NEW DEALER

BY BILL DAVIDSON

IKE VERN—PIX

Omar Bradley, the man who helped smash the Axis New Order, is now building a new order in the Veterans' Administration. Here's what he's doing

Gen. Omar Bradley finds it easy to laugh with G.I.s as he does here with North African veteran Frederick Davis

ONE day last July, the President reached deftly into his hat, produced a quiet, victorious soldier named Omar Bradley, and made him head of the bruised and battered Veterans' Administration. Since then, no important voice has been raised to deny that this wasn't one of the neatest tricks of the period. When he heard the news, Bernard Baruch observed, "A new vista has opened up for the veterans."

The story in Washington is that the President began canvassing the capital last May "for a general who loves the enlisted man." When enough people had informed him that the number of such generals could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and named the same five men every time, the President made his decision, and sent a cable off to General Bradley in Germany. Bradley cabled back, with characteristic informality, "This certainly is not job would go out looking for. Know nothing about it. But if President wants me will do best can."

There is no doubt that, despite his West Point background, Bradley is one of the most human and least rank-conscious of the generals. When a general's own M.P.s praise him, that's the trial by fire, because many generals have a bad habit of making their M.P.s do all sorts of exasperating ceremonial chores—especially when it's raining—simply to show off. According to General Bradley's M.P.s at St. Sauveur Lendelin last summer, "There just ain't nothing cheap about the old man."

Unlike most very senior officers, Bradley never got into the habit of viewing enlisted men as members of a lower social order. His lack of class consciousness often shocked visiting brass.

At Fort Benning, for instance, the general's chosen hunting companion was a master sergeant named Thomas Tweed. "If the politicians run me out of Washington," Bradley wistfully declares, "I'm going to try to get Sergeant Tweed's job at Fort Benning." The general shot skeet with the enlisted men of the 29th Division in England, threw a football around outside his command post at Verdun with Sergeant Alex Stout, his driver, and two other generals. When he landed on Omaha Beach in Normandy, he took off his field jacket, stars and all, and gave it to a shivering soldier whose LCVP had been dunked coming into shore. "Here, son," he said. "I can get another one of these. You can't." Coming off the beach on D plus 1, he refused to commandeer a jeep or a car to get to Fifth Corps headquarters. He went out on the road and hitched a ride on a truck.

This is the sort of thing, of course, that every dutiful publicity man says about his boss. In the case of Bradley, however, there are too many such stories to be mythical. Everyone who was in Europe during the campaign knows they are true.

But Bradley didn't accumulate four stars and win historic battles with modesty alone. His executive ability is exceptional. On the evidence of the record and in the opinion of his military colleagues, he is easily one of the finest administrators and field commanders the Army has ever had. He doesn't lose his head under stress, is not subject to depression and makes difficult decisions easily and quickly.

When Von Rundstedt launched his surprise offensive into the Ardennes Forest last winter, Bradley was visiting General Eisenhower at Versailles. Ike's operations officer gave him the news. "It looks," said Bradley, "as if the other fellow has started something." To him, the enemy always was "the other fellow." He climbed into his car and drove back to his headquarters in Luxembourg. "This is going to shorten the war," he said quietly after he had looked over the situation maps. At the time no one believed him. But then, nobody knew what Bradley would do.

No Margin for Error

With perfect composure he ordered Patton's army up north to Luxembourg. He ordered the First Army south and turned its tactical control over to Montgomery—principally because his communications with the northern armies were threatened by the Germans. He arranged with Eisenhower to assign Devers' Sixth Army Group to a portion of the Third Army sector. He arranged to have Simpson's Ninth Army take over part of the First Army sector. After these swift and drastic dispositions he called a press conference.

The correspondents were nervous and dismayed. Some were so shaken that they foresaw another Dunkirk. Outside, it was bitter cold. Snow rattled against the windows. The Germans were ten miles away and shells were falling in the city. But Bradley, calm and confident, spoke about the desperate situation in which Hitler, whom he always called "that man," found himself. He carefully explained how three of his best divisions were holding the shoulders of the bulge, and that the Germans were throwing all available strength at the shoulders to break them down and widen their break-through. "The 1st Division and the 30th hold the north shoulder at Monschau," he said. "The 4th Division holds the south shoulder at Echternach." Details followed.

When he had finished, three troubled reporters asked simultaneously, "But, General, what happens if the Germans break down those shoulders?"

Bradley looked startled, as if such a possibility had never occurred to him. Then he said just two words in his Missouri farmer's twang: "They cain't."

Immediately apprehension subsided. We left the press conference convinced for the first time that everything was all right. Bradley's "They cain't" was equivalent to *Ils ne passeront pas*—the famous "They shall not pass" of World War I.

Bradley, the Veterans' Administrator, has already demonstrated that in this job he is the same fast-moving, confident, humane executive as Bradley, the Army group commander. Within four days of assuming office he had personally surveyed the principal newspaper, magazine, and official criticisms directed against the V.A. He concluded that the administration, through long years of dealing with printed forms, had lost sight of the men for whose benefit the forms were made. The administration had grown hopelessly impersonal.

He assembled the staff of his new command and told them, "We've got to look on veterans as individuals with individual problems, not as numbers in a file. Our job is to give the veterans service. And we must not forget that the service we give them they have earned by sweat and blood. It is a service they have paid for. We must realize that it is not a charity service."

Following this announcement, Bradley proceeded to make the acquaintance of his organization. He organized a survey to be carried into every Veterans' Administration facility from border to border and coast to coast. He borrowed from the Army and the Navy some twenty officers—the best available experts in administration, medicine, surgery, psychiatry, communications, procurement and supply, post exchanges, hospital messes, etc. These officers are now on temporary duty with the Veterans' Administration and are listed as "advisers." They have no stake in the administration. They are not permanently assigned, and they take no one's job. They are equivalent to umpires at a baseball game.

Teams Organized for Action

Bradley organized these officers into administrative and medical teams of six or eight men, each man a specialist in his own field. They are already at work. They travel by air all over the country, appearing at Veterans' Administration facilities without warning.

When an administrative team hits a hospital, it walks in, says "How do you do?" and then, before any window dressing can be done, each specialist scoots off to his own corner of the hospital to make his survey and report recommended changes. The mess officer goes directly to the kitchen to inspect the food served to patients, the special service officer examines the hospital's recreation facilities, the supply man probes procurement. Then, when the inquisition is complete the team moves on.

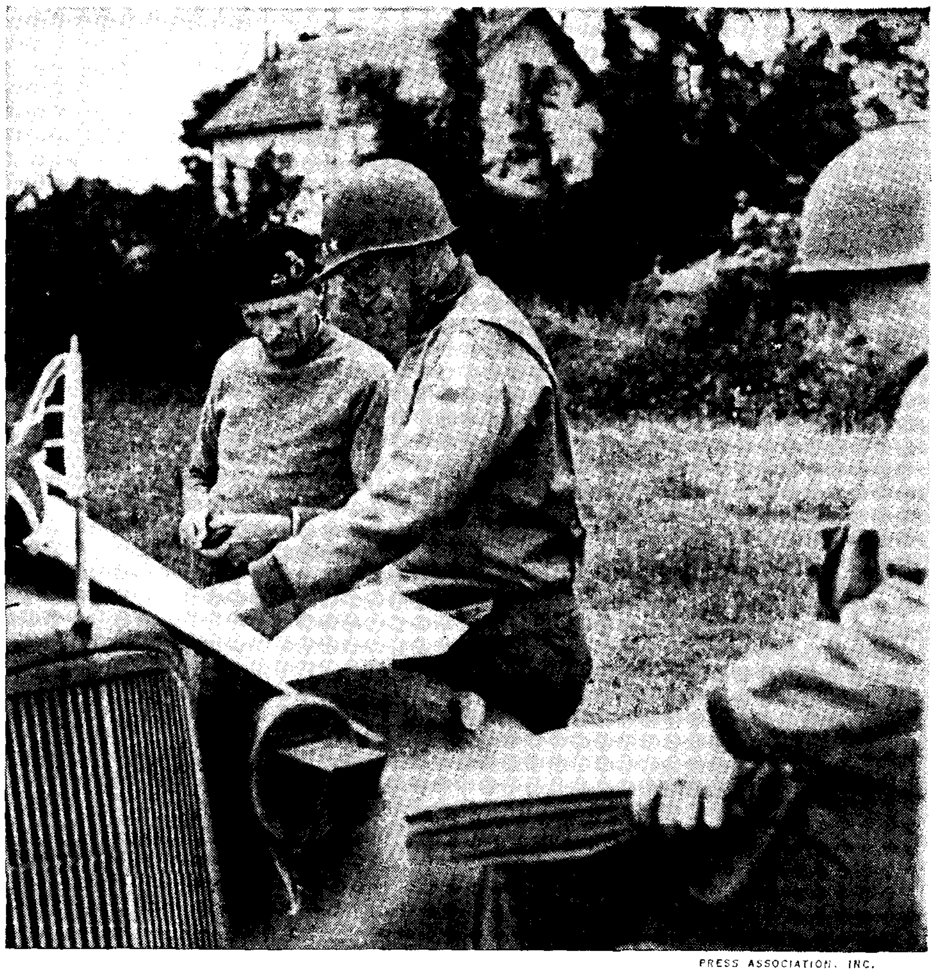
Upon the recommendations of his survey teams Bradley will base his reforms. He is not going to make changes just to appear busy, however. "When an Army captain takes over an infantry company, he doesn't walk in and fire the mess sergeant the first day," Bradley says. "But if he discovers, after a while, that the mess sergeant isn't feeding the company very well, *then* he throws him out and gets another man."

According to Bradley and his staff, numerous basic improvements are already indicated and will be made. Medical practice will be separated from administrative activities in all V.A. hospitals. Doctors and nurses will be relieved of most of their paper work so they can devote more time to their patients. Hospitals will be affiliated with neighboring medical colleges and civilian medical

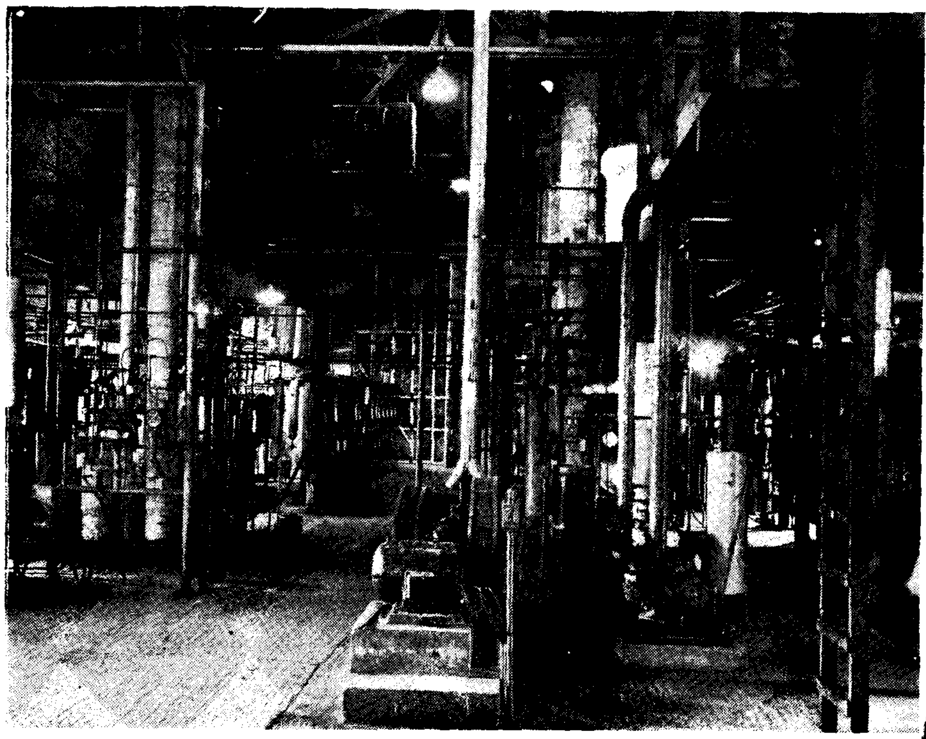
(Continued on page 78)

ACME

Bradley's innate humanity is well illustrated here as he puts a friendly arm around a French boy who had come to welcome the general to the town of St. Brice


PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

In North Africa and France, Bradley showed himself a masterful and imaginative tactician. Here he talks shop with British Field Marshal Montgomery



The pilot plant at Olean, N. Y., which proved that the process would work

P. C. Keith, a top chemical engineer, who invented the Hydrocol Process

ALL THE GAS WE NEED

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

NORTHEAST Texas is an area of cutover pine lands. There is a sweet potato patch here, and a peanut patch there, and a generous sprinkling of sagging shotgun houses in which termites are about to win a final victory.

Until 1930 nothing much seemed to happen in the neighborhood. Then "Dad" Joiner punched a hole in the sterile red clay of Rusk County and brought in the world's richest oil field, the fabulous East Texas pool. Hell popped, as it does in Texas on the slightest provocation.

The area is about to write history of another sort. Within the next two or three months ground will be broken at Carthage, Texas, for a plant which promises once and for all to end a threatened oil shortage. This plant will convert natural gas, of which we have an almost unlimited supply, into gasoline, Diesel oil and a dozen chemical byproducts. In one swoop, oilmen say, it potentially doubles our supply of oil.

For years now, calamity criers have been telling us that the end of our petroleum was in sight. The plant at Carthage puts a new light on this gloomy picture. It will make synthetic gasoline at a price so low that it will compete with gasoline from petroleum.

The man who thought this plant up is P. C. Keith. The P and the C stand for Percival Cleveland, names particularly unsuited to this chunky 45-year-old Texan, transplanted to New York. Keith, who has the drive of a La Guardia and the energy of a freight locomotive, is one of the top chemical engineers of the world. He guesses that 50 per cent of the world's gasoline comes from plants in which he had some hand in design of equipment.

Two years ago, Keith organized his own company, Hydrocarbon Research, Inc., and set a dozen Grade A chemical engineers to work the problem. It was full of mental twisters. Years ago, chemists found how to make illuminating gas from coal. They blasted steam over incandescent coal. Hydrogen and oxygen in the water combined with carbon in the coal to make two inflammable gases, carbon monoxide and hydrogen. This is the gas you burn in your cookstove, unless you happen to live in a natural gas area.

In 1923 two German research men, Hans Tropsch and Franz Fischer, made a portentous discovery. They found that manufactured gas supplied basic materials for synthetic gasoline. Under heat and pressure, and in the presence of a catalyst, carbon monoxide and hydrogen would combine to make gasoline and water. In 1933, construction was started on a synthetic gasoline plant at Oberhausen-Holten.

By U.S. standards, this gasoline was ludicrously expensive and hopelessly bad. It cost 18 cents a gallon and had an octane rating of 40. Modern auto engines would not run on such gasoline. To make it suitable for tanks and other vehicles, it required expensive doctoring. These things made little difference to the Nazis. Germany built a whole network of these Fischer-Tropsch plants, and used them to supply a large part of her total gasoline requirements.

Blueprints are ready for plants which will use a new process for making oil and gasoline from natural gas. Oilmen say once they're in operation there will be no more oil problem

While building an oil refinery in Germany before the war, Keith visited a number of these plants. He came away with one strong conviction. The Germans might deserve their rating as top scientists, but they were bad engineers. If American engineering talent were expended on the basically sound German science, it might well mean endless cheap petroleum from the inexhaustible U.S. backlog of coal reserves.

At the same time, there was no immediate need for such a process. We were still finding oil more rapidly than we were using it. This changed in the late '30s. We began to use oil at a far faster rate than new fields were being found. Everything indicated that we would soon be at the end of our petroleum reserves.

It became apparent that we were going to have to find new sources for gasoline. Keith reviewed the problem. You could make all the gasoline needed from carbon monoxide and hydrogen—as the Germans had demonstrated. You could get these building blocks for synthetic gasoline from coal. But mightn't natural gas be a cheaper source?

Natural gas is made up of four gases: methane, ethane, propane, butane. Methane is the most plentiful of the four, representing about 90 per cent of all natural gas. This substance is also generated in marshes, sewers, human intestines.

Methane was particularly interesting to Keith for one reason. When it is burned in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, two gases result: carbon monoxide and hydrogen—the building blocks for synthetic gasoline.

The idea of making gasoline from natural gas had tantalizing possibilities. But for the process to be economically feasible, oxygen would have to be available in huge quantities at unheard-of low prices. Commercial oxygen was selling for three dollars a thousand cubic feet. At such a price, synthetic gasoline would be out of the question. A little figuring indicated that on an actual pound basis, oxygen would have to be cheaper than the sand which contractors use for construction purposes.

Until this problem was whipped, nothing could be done. With characteristic energy, Keith started searching for a means of extracting enormous quantities of oxygen from the air. In the end, he succeeded in working out a method of making it for the unheard-of low price of 5 cents a thousand cubic feet.

This was the first hurdle. The next one was even more formidable. Carbon monoxide and hydrogen combine to make gasoline and water in the presence of a catalyst—a chemical agent which promotes a chemical reaction without taking part in that reaction. When this reaction takes place, tremendous quantities of heat are generated. How to get rid of it?

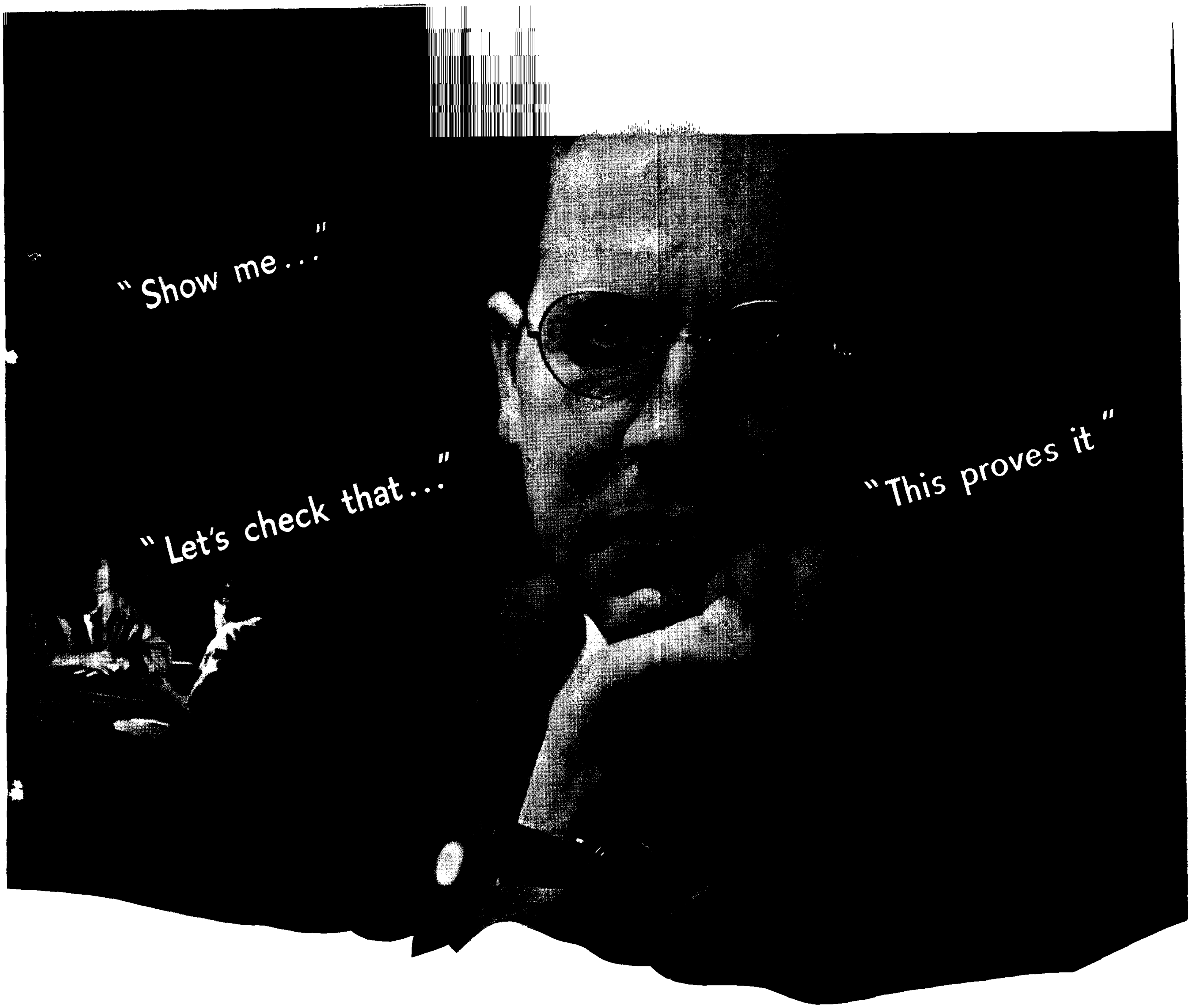
Good engineering came in here. The reaction chamber would be honeycombed with water tubes. Circulating water would absorb the heat, and be converted into steam to generate power. This power, in turn, would be used to run compressors and other equipment in the oxygen plant. Without this free power, it would not have been possible to manufacture oxygen at 5 cents a thousand.

Sum up things to this point. You burn methane with oxygen and get carbon monoxide and hydrogen. Then you react these gases to get gasoline. Keith named this series of reactions the Hydrocol Process, and the time had arrived to see whether it worked as well in practice as it did in theory. This called for a pilot plant.

Keith needed $1,250,000, and three oilmen stepped forward with funds: J. S. Abercrombie, R. T. Wilson of La Gloria and D. A. Little of Magnolia. The plant was built at Olean, N. Y., near the Pennsylvania gas fields. It performed exactly as planned. Oxygen and natural gas went in one end, and a trickle of gasoline came out the other end—ten gallons a day. In addition, smaller amounts of other things were produced: wood and ethyl alcohol, Diesel oil and acetone, the solvent for photo film.

As soon as the pilot plant was operating successfully, engineers of Hydrocarbon Research, Inc., went on to build a larger demonstration plant. This plant produced ten barrels of gasoline a day. It also supplied cost figures which proved conclusively that

(Continued on page 32)


"Show me..."
"Let's check that..."
"This proves it"

He's your representative at Kodak

EVERYWHERE in the big buildings where Kodaks are engineered and made, you'll find *Experts in Quality Control*. They are responsible only to the plant manager. They're paid to be critical . . . paid to doubt . . . paid to represent *you.*

Their laboratories are equipped with exacting and expensive "fault finding" instruments . . . one of which, for example, magnifies tiny parts one hundred times for accurate examination. An error may measure only a ten-thousandth of an inch—but the faulty part never enters the Kodak you buy.

Quality Control represents just a small fraction of the cost of your Kodak. Yet in a very real sense, this "critical fraction" is the most important part of the price.

Kodak precision in manufacture has resulted in thousands of Kodaks and Brownies performing "as good as new" after a generation of use. And the methods that make this record possible are now more exacting than ever before.

"Postwar" Kodaks have been with the Army and Navy as precision tools of Military Photography. Designs and specifications for other postwar Kodaks, in a wide variety of models and prices, are an outgrowth of their performance.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Serving human progress through photography

WHEN THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING FILLS THE AIR...

It's Maxwell House Coffee Time!

This richer, finer coffee adds a final, festive touch

● This year—especially—Thanksgiving is a red-letter day. A day of rejoicing... of reunions... of "home again" dinners, lovingly prepared, pleasantly lingered over. And as the fragrance of spicy pies and puddings scents the air, the mellow richness of Maxwell House Coffee adds its own very special good cheer to the occasion. There's a warm welcome in every friendly cup!

It's a coffee worthy of the gala dinner. Expertly blended—it combines many fine Latin-American coffees for *extra* flavor! Manizales for *mellowness!* Bucaramangas for *full body!* Medellins for *richness!* Still other choice Latin-American coffees for *vigor!* It's Radiant Roasted too—to develop the maximum flavor goodness!

No wonder more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world! In victory bag or handy vacuum jar, it's truly "Good to the Last Drop!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WATCH FOR THIS EMBLEM: Men and women who are honorably discharged from our armed forces will wear this button. It stands for honorable service to our country. Recognize it! Remember it! It's a badge of honor!

REGULAR GRIND
MAXWELL HOUSE
Coffee

A Product of General Foods

★ ★ GOOD TO THE LAST DROP! ★ ★

It's Maxwell House Coffee Time on the air too... with George Burns and Gracie Allen... NBC, Thursday Night

Soft Answer

Continued from page 23

escape—even if he could communicate the terrible urgency, the vital importance of helping a patriot escape—they would not respond. He felt like kicking himself. Respond—nonsense. This was a time for clarity, for the hair-sharp weighing of possibilities—not for floundering around among pipe dreams.

Let him get back to earth for a moment. Maybe the Gestapo man up ahead was not searching bags and bundles. His papers were in order. Best to wait and see how acute the danger was, and what form it took.

He did not have long to wait. He saw a movement in the car up front, saw a man get out the back and swing aboard the front platform of his car. He peered ahead through his glasses—everyone else leaned forward slightly to see—and strained to listen. The door to the front platform was open, but sound and movement were indistinct among the four or five women who stood there.

There was the sharp sound of a man's voice, then a low mumble, and some fumbling among packages. And it was repeated until the man came in through the door and turned to his left toward the people in the first seats. He looked his part. His short-cropped blond head was bare and bony. He was tall, with a thin, hawk-nosed face. The black boots and riding breeches he wore fitted him well, but the dark brown civilian jacket was obviously not his, and he looked, and clearly felt, out of place with a white civilian collar and a brown tie. The general impression was of a hatchet man brought in from the field for a special job.

THE voice was in character, rough and clipped. In none too good French he snapped at an elderly woman to produce her papers. She fumbled in her pocketbook and produced them. The German flipped through them, and turning to the woman, growled, "What's in the bag?" With quavering voice she answered: "A pair of wooden soles to make shoes, a length of cloth, two pounds of apples." The German took the dusty old black bag, with its faded and soiled embroidery, held it half up with one hand and delved into the limply hanging mouth with the other. Then, testily, he almost threw the bag back into the woman's lap, and returned her papers.

The little man in the rear seat felt himself go tense again. He had to think of something. He couldn't just sit there and quietly be picked up in a random search among be-vegetabled housewives. If only he carried some poison. But no one had offered him any, and he had been ashamed to ask for fear of appearing melodramatic.

A thought suddenly struck him—if only he had other papers, documents making him a radio mechanic or a radiotherapist, he could explain away the radio set on his lap. He could say he was experimenting with a new, high-frequency cure for rheumatism.

He slumped slightly. Off the beam again. Nobody could alibi this kind of radio. It was simply no use. He almost felt like getting up and shouting at the German to get it over with and take him away. He just sat, a pudgy little lamb on its way to the slaughter, sweat pouring off him, limp with fright.

The German was working his way down the car. It was the same routine for everyone. Young women, old women, middle-aged women—with paper bags, string bags, baskets and oilcloth bags, containing apples, plums, peaches, beans, peas, cabbage, shoes, brushes, brassières, pots. There were also a couple of travelers with suitcases of clothing and books and a bottle of cognac, and brief cases with newspapers and lunch.

And at every one the German barked the same questions, and made sure himself that the answer was right. But the bark became sharper. And there was a noticeable tint of red in the thin, pale face. Though he would have been at home in a concentration camp, it was plain that he felt ill at ease doing this sort of thing in a streetcar. And as he made his way down the car, some of the answers he got from the women began to be snippy. He handed back a bag to a matronly woman with a round face and a shrewish eye, and she snapped, "And what did you expect to find?" When the newspaper in which a pound of peas was wrapped came apart and showered the contents on the floor, the pert little woman under investigation took full advantage of her demonstrated innocence to complain loudly that times were bad enough without hard-earned food being scattered on the floor. The German scowled and flushed deeper, and plunged into the next bag more viciously.

IN FRONT of the little man sat a gray-haired woman in black who took no trouble to conceal her contempt. The little man thought he heard something like ". . . think they'd have better uses for men . . ." But with danger all but upon him, he was trying too hard to muster what strength he had for the final ordeal. He looked up at the German, but away again quickly lest fear should show in his eyes. Again he pressed his lips tightly together. He was no hero—but then he was no coward, either. It was just the prospect of so useless, so casual a discovery and death that shook him. How much better to go out in some sort of fight, in getting his information through. . . .

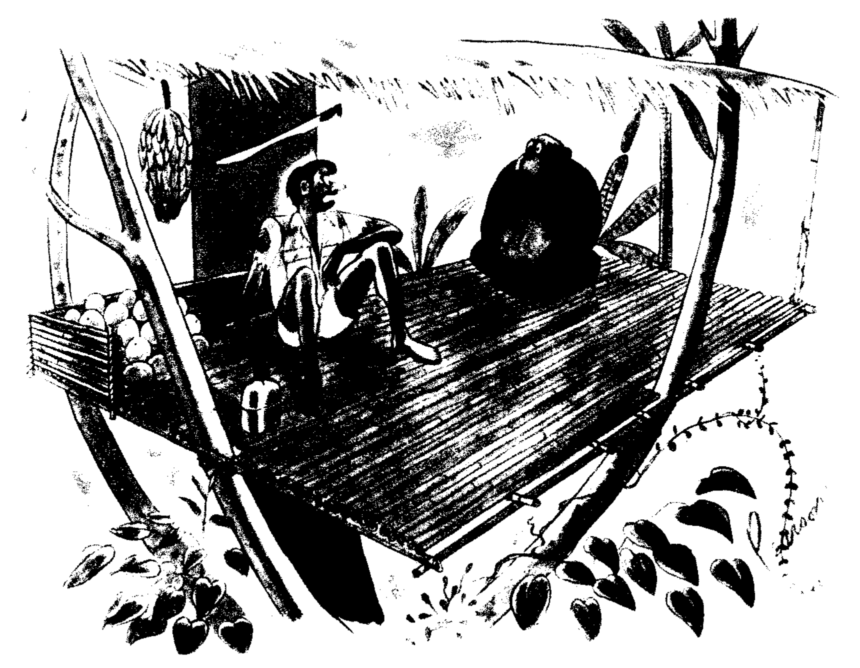
He came to with a start. The German was growling at the woman next to him. She had her papers ready. Her shopping bag lay on her lap. She was one big sneer, and as the German asked about the bag, she lifted it off her lap and almost pushed it in his face while she glibly recited: "Two pounds of peas—18 francs; a pound of onions—12 francs; a pound of butter, black market you know—575 francs; a loaf of this filthy bread—32 francs—and that's all I could buy." The German winced as he examined the bag and looked at her with hate as he dropped it back in her lap. His face was white with rage.

The little man had his papers ready and held them out. The German hardly looked at them, but fixed his eye on the perspiring bookkeeper and shouted, "What's in that brief case?" The little man turned to face him and goggled at him mildly through his glasses. His voice was unsteady. In so placid and harmless a man it could not be panic. It was obviously mirth. "A radio transmitter," he said, quietly.

The German turned purple. His hand reached out for the brief case, but suddenly snapped back. He straightened up, turned on his heel and stamped, shouting in German, off the car.

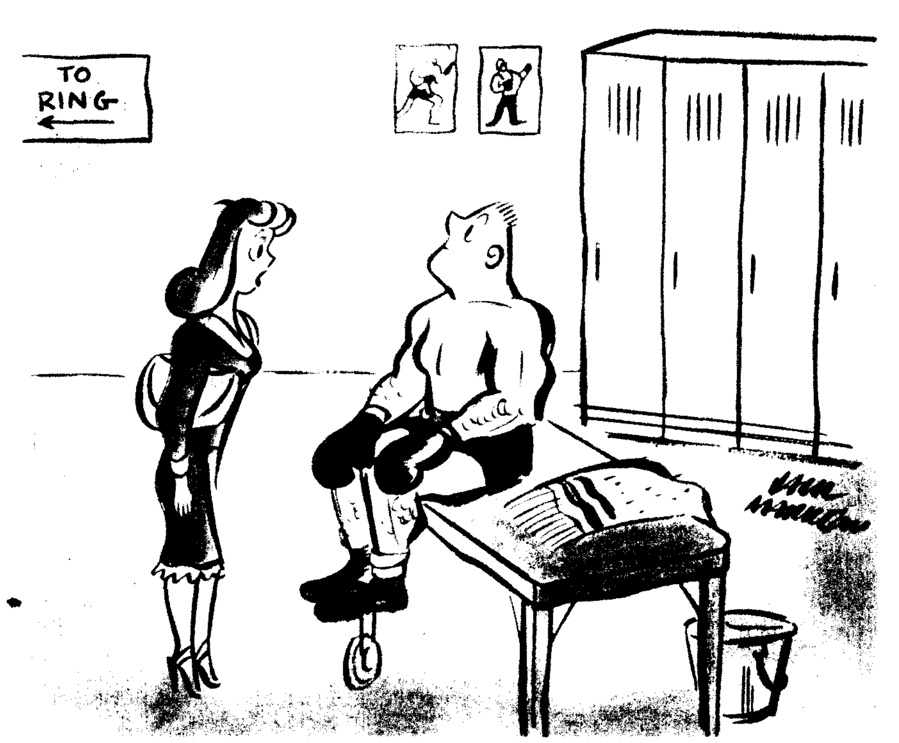
The trolley clacked its way ahead again on the usual rising note of departure.

THE END



"Then someone wrote that she had gone off with a sailor. . . . But I suppose I'm boring you with all this"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON



"Sure, I'll meet you at the Astor after the fight, but how will I recognize you?"

COLLIER'S — JACK MARKOW

FLIGHT FORUM

WEBSTERS DICTIONARY

Luckily, English is now the first language of the world. Formerly, tourists picked up "French Self-Taught" on the way to the pier and had a 14-day crossing to memorize such phrases as "How much?" and "What is there to do in this town?" Now, you leave New York in a Lockheed Constellation and reach Europe in 11 hours or Asia in 20. Scant time for study but even the fakirs fake in English nowadays.

• • •

Seven airlines are now putting Wright Cyclone-powered Constellations on world routes. This transport, on its first public flight, breezed from Los Angeles to Washington in 6 hours, 58 minutes. An engineer aboard swears such record speed really saves cash. He lost $18 at poker en route but says a slide rule proves the loss would have dragged out to $63 on a smaller plane and $217 via surface means.

• • •

That record was a non-stop flight. Regular transcontinental Constellation schedules, with descents and climbs to make two or three stops, will be about ten hours. You can leave Manhattan at noon, however, and arrive in San Francisco at 7:00 P.M., due to picking up three time zones. Time zones work against you coming East, but helping westerly winds make most eastbound flights faster in true air speed.

• • •

This plane changes the Air Age from fantasy to fact. It cruises at 300 miles per hour with 55 passengers. It has luxury, in food and comfort. It sails high above ground storms. With all its performance, it is economical.

• • •

In the Constellation, you'll fly world routes long predicted. From Eastern cities, you can roll down to Rio in about 20 hours. You could paste a Raffles Hotel sticker to your luggage in Singapore 48 hours after leaving New York. Or cross the Orient to sample a twenty-boy curry while still feeling the arrak of Iraq.

• • •

It's a mighty plane, this Constellation. That's why seven lines, to date, have picked it as their choice of a world traveler. And seven lines power these planes with Wright Cyclones, the engines designed specifically for low-cost travel in the Air Age.

WRIGHT
AIRCRAFT ENGINES
DIVISION OF
CURTISS WRIGHT
FIRST IN FLIGHT

Wright Aeronautical Corporation
Paterson, New Jersey

On A Coral Isle

MARSHALL

To date, an enormous number of anxious young men dream of life on a Pacific Paradise with Adele Jergens, the Blonde from Brooklyn. Nothing will come of it

UP UNTIL four P.M. last week, 15,678 merchant mariners, coastguardmen, Marines, soldiers, sailors, Seabees and even civilians had written letters to Miss Adele Jergens, announcing that if they ever were cast away on a coral isle, Miss Jergens is the girl they would love to be cast away with. Since the odds against being cast away anywhere now are about 20,000 to one, Miss Jergens remains calm.

Adele is the girl who plays the Princess of Bagdad in a movie titled Thousand and One Nights, adapted by Mr. Richard English from an original script by Betty Lou Scheherazade. Columbia, which produced the picture, paid Mr. English but was unable to locate Miss S. after a wide search. She can get her check by writing to Harry Cohn, at the studio, perhaps.

Miss Jergens is perhaps the only star who has been both compared to Venus de Milo and has made a scientific study of what might happen were she cast away with someone on a South Seas isle—a study surely reaching new heights in uselessness.

However, the darnedest things happen and, being a young woman of forethought, it occurred to Miss Jergens that she ought to work out in some detail just what might be expected to happen were she marooned with any of the 15,678 young men who apparently were just living for that event. Since a lot of people probably are letting their imaginations rove around on this subject, it is only fair to clear up the whole mystery in a scientific, cold-blooded manner.

Millions of Americans get their ideas of coral isles from three sources: cartoons, movies and books. In the cartoons, coral islands are always depicted as being eight feet wide and supporting one palm tree which, in turn, usually is supporting the male castaway. The female castaway is usually in Pose A or Pose B and, since incongruity is the soul of humor, both castaways are thinking about something else, like postwar plastics or 100-octane gasoline.

Just a cut above the cartoon lookers—who must have their pictures stationary in order to absorb them—are the moviegoers, who can understand pictures even when they move, something detractors of human progress once said never could be accomplished. Moviegoers' ideas of coral islands often include quite a stretch of sand and three palm trees, waving. The chief's daughter moves, too, often very entrancingly, and is always lovely. (It turns out in the end that she is practically white.) She spends her time weaving gardenias into her hair, diving into jungle pools and saying "No" in the soft, liquid, native tongue until the last reel, when she says "Yes" in the s.l.n. tongue.

The Idea That Was Too Corny in '98

A little higher in the educational scale than moviegoers are people who can read, and these get their notions about South Sea islands from books and Sunday supplements. In the books the hero always is a castaway sailor, and the heroine is the native chief's daughter. The notion of having a captain's daughter tumble overboard onto a coral island and fall in love with the chief's son was rejected by the Authors League in the fall of '98.

This brings us right back to Miss Jergens—and about time, too.

"How would it be," we asked, "if you were cast away on a coral island with some young man?"

"It would depend," answered Miss Jergens.

"On the young man?"

"Well, some. But mainly on whether he was a cartoon gazer, a movie follower or a book reader."

"Then—you mean . . ."

"Well, if he was a cartoon addict, we would just sit there and think up gag lines, like: 'Go easy on the vermouth,' or 'I wonder what it'd be like to be on a desert isle with Adele Jergens.'

"If he was a moviegoer, we could discuss the art of the motion picture. If he was a booklover, we could read books about the South Seas and learn a lot of new words in Polynesian."

"It all sounds kind of dull," we said.

"You've no idea how nice it would be to be dull for a little while," said Adele. "No wolves, no crowds, no excitement. Just a nice, dull boring life. No getting up at six and rushing to the studio."

Adele thinks that it's very hard to be cast away

The beauteous Adele Jergens has made a scientific study of what might happen were she cast away with someone on a South Seas island

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

"A bird couldn't end his days in better company"

THERE'S no more gracious accompaniment to a fine fowl—or tribute to your guests—than Calvert Manhattans this Thanksgiving!

The secret of their glorious flavor is this: Calvert is so smooth and mellow it just can't be imitated. It's *the real thing* in whiskey!

For we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America...and no one has *yet* matched the marvelous Calvert blend.

So this Thanksgiving, why not serve and enjoy Calvert? But make sure you get Calvert... if you want *the real thing.*

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

It's the Real Thing

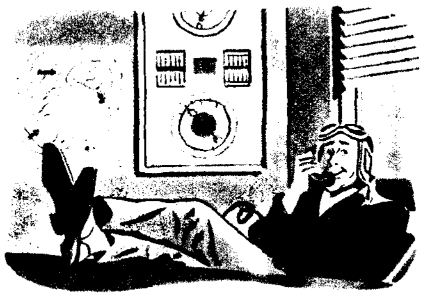
CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof – 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof – 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

My love letters are high, wide and smoky—

1 I'm one painter who *likes* being watched while he works! I paint with smoke at 12,000 feet and consider an audience of a million just a fair crowd. One morning I paste three signs upstairs for my best customer, a pop company.

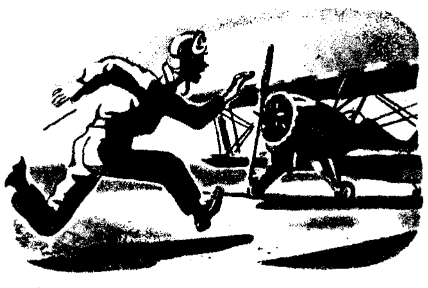
2 Back at the port, I walk into the razzing of my life. I've pulled the worst boner possible in this business. I've written my signs right side up and of course on the ground they read backward. My blushes could have given transfusions!

3 Mr. Soda-pop himself phones me. "Crazy?" he screams. "Yeah," I mumble. "Coffee crazy. I had some last night and couldn't sleep. I was a little dopey this morning." "Then drink Sanka Coffee," he snarls, "or I get a new skywriter!"



4 "What's Sanka?" I ask my biggest contract. "Coffee," he answers, "with 97% of the caffein removed. Drink it myself. Used to have the same trouble about sleeping." On the way home I buy a can.

5 The little woman brews a potful for dinner. And blow my cylinders if it didn't *look* like coffee, *smell* like coffee, *taste* like coffee! *It was coffee!* Rich, wonderful coffee. Repeat—*rich, wonderful coffee!*



6 I hit the pillow, and WHAM, I'm asleep. How about that? Next day I wake up fresh as a daisy and, brother, I'm a Sanka fan! So I go up and write "SANKA." Free! For nothing! And it reads right from the ground!

SANKA
COFFEE

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Real Coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

permanently any more. First thing you know, a Navy Catalina comes over and throws food, cigarettes, radio transmitters, rubber boats and instructions for dealing with pythons at you. A guy can't get away from it all, these days.

Seeking to find out how Miss Jergens might react to life on a coral island, your reporter discovered that she dislikes squash and parsnips, and loves spaghetti and salads. This means she probably would have to live on hearts-of-palm salads, as squash, parsnips and spaghetti are seldom found in the South Seas, although probably they could easily be dropped by rescue planes along with everything else.

However, you could play baseball with Miss Jergens, using coconuts and sticks of driftwood. She spent her formative years playing sandlot ball with the kids and was known around Rockville Center, Long Island, as "Strikeout" Jergens.

A Miss with Many Monikers

Every movie star acquires titles, many of them dreamed up by press agents. In her career, Adele has been successively Gotham's No. 1 Show Girl, Miss Blonde of the New York World's Fair, the Girl with the Million-Dollar Legs, and The Eyeful. After appearances in France, England and Brazil, she gained several new titles, many of which she means to have translated some day when she feels low and needs a bracer.

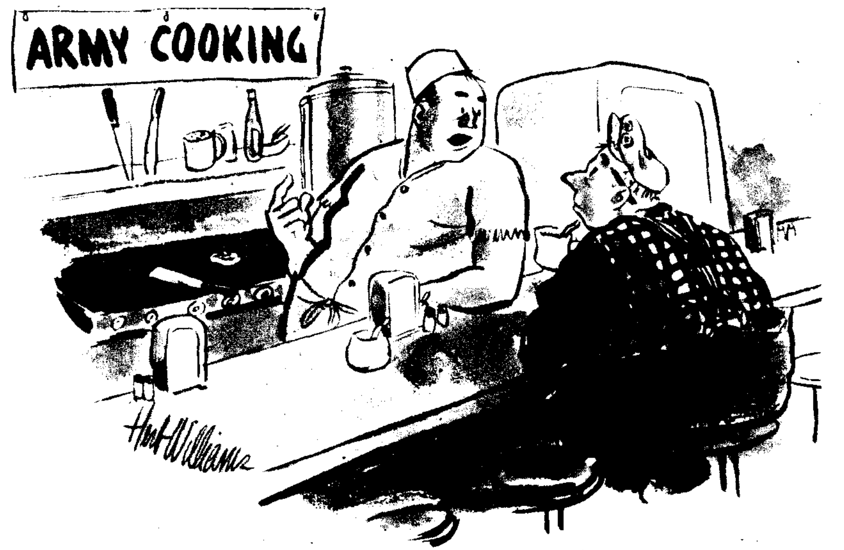
Miss Jergens is a Brooklyn and Long Island girl with deep brown eyes and light blond hair. She stands 66½ inches high and weighs six point four per cent of one ton. Some slight misunderstanding has got around because she once understudied a Miss G. R. Lee, a writer of mystery stories who eked out an existence in a fantasia called Star and Garter by taking off her clothes in a very suave and dignified manner.

Miss Lee once stopped taking off her clothes to go back to her writing, and during this interim Miss Jergens understudied her. Thus the legend has grown up that Miss Jergens once was a clothes taker-offer. This is not so, because Miss Lee never allowed her understudies to take off their clothes or even to wear clothes resembling those of Miss Lee. She's funny that way.

Miss Jergens wore her own clothes, stood there and looked pretty. This was when a talent scout from Hollywood should have seen her and signed her up. Curiously enough, this is just what happened. Before she knew it, she was living at the Plaza Hotel in Hollywood with mother, and minus swimming pool, den, rumpus room, bar, velvety lawn, master suite, four maids' rooms and paddock, which is the minimum layout for movie stars.

Maybe the 15,678 people who want to be cast away on a coral isle with Adele had better give up the idea and stage a rally in the Hollywood Bowl or Central Park instead. Because 15,679 people on a small island might be kind of stuffy in the long run.

THE END



"The way I figure, after a while newly-married guys will start dreaming about this the way they've been dreaming about home cooking"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

All the Gas We Need

Continued from page 26

synthetic gasoline could compete with petroleum gasoline. Work started on engineering drawings for a $15,000,000 commercial plant to be financed by half a dozen oil companies.

This plant will produce 5,000 barrels of gasoline and 1,000 barrels of Diesel oil a day. The gasoline, incidentally, isn't the 40-octane gasoline made by the Germans. It ranks a little better than 80-octane—right with the premium fuels you are purchasing today.

In addition to gasoline and Diesel oil, the plant will turn out 200,000 pounds of crude alcohols a day. These valuable chemicals will be used as paint and lacquer solvents, in the manufacture of photo film, and in a hundred other manufacturing processes.

Engineering drawings for the Carthage plant are about finished. This little town is forty miles southwest of Shreveport, Louisiana. It is in the heart of the Carthage gas field, which adjoins the vast East Texas oil field. Ground for the plant will be broken in February and it will be in operation some time next year.

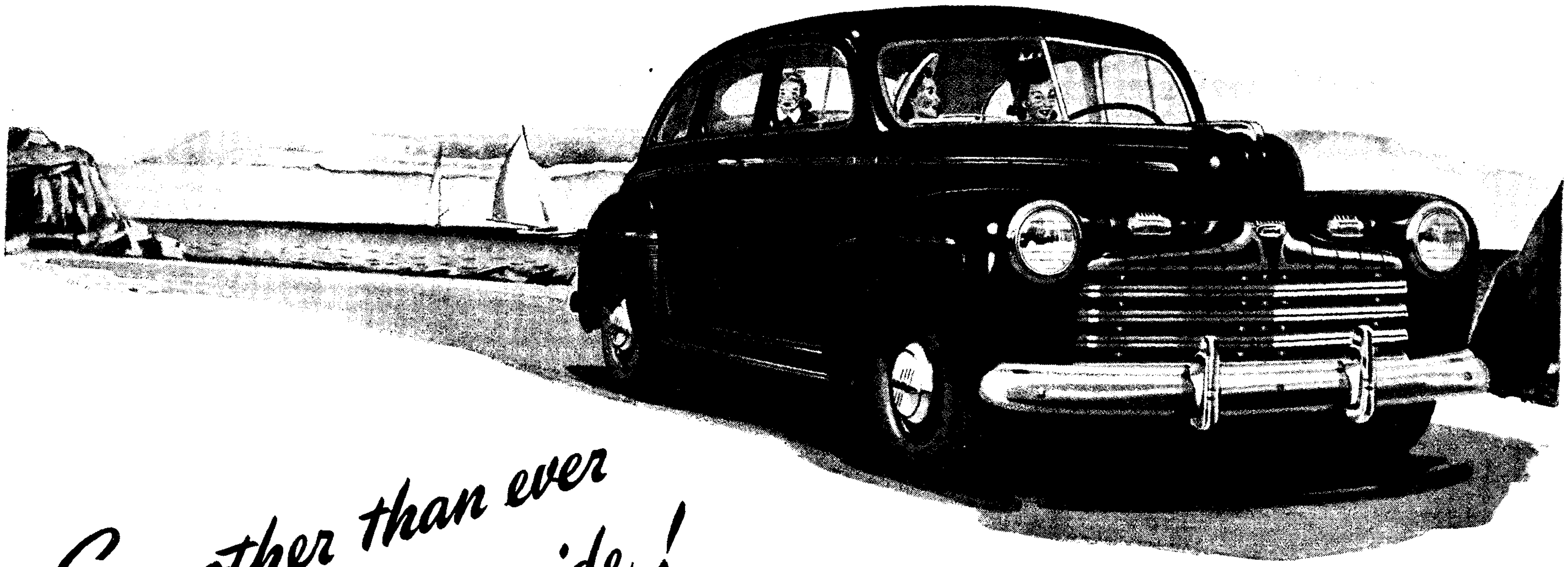
The plant will use 65 million cubic feet of gas a day, and 40 million cubic feet of oxygen. If it leads the petroleum industry to natural gas as a source of gasoline, won't we soon exhaust our supply of natural gas? Not necessarily. We have been discovering this fuel far faster than we have been using it. There is a visible supply of over 100 trillion cubic feet and a likely reserve equally as large.

Ton for ton, we have more natural gas than petroleum. Current consumption is running at the rate of three trillion feet a year, hence we have a visible supply of natural gas which will last sixty-six years.

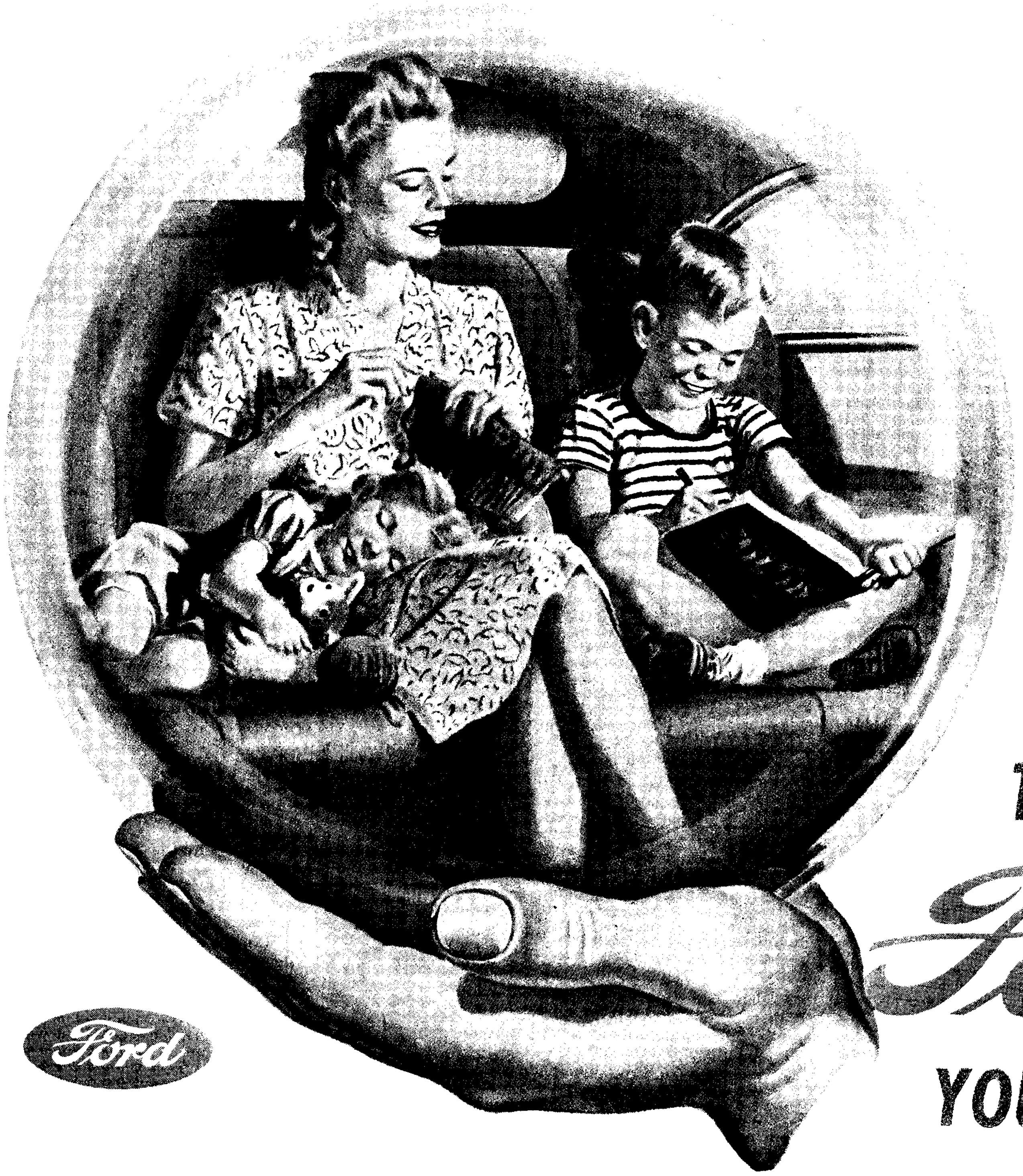
Keith feels that long before we reach the end of natural gas supplies, we will turn to coal as a source for gasoline. This gasoline costs the Germans and the British 18 cents a gallon—at the refinery, not at service stations after taxes have been added. It could be produced in the United States today at 10 cents a gallon. Further technical advances will lower even this price.

For these reasons, Keith feels no alarm whatsoever at the prospect of running out of petroleum. In the final analysis, gasoline can be made from anything which provides carbon. "If you are not worried about costs," Keith says, "we can make gasoline out of hay or corncobs—or even water lilies."

THE END



Smoother than ever – it's a *new* ride!



This new Ford car—so big and smartly styled—offers more new developments than most pre-war yearly models . . . New multi-leaf springs—long and slow-acting—give you a velvety ride that's smooth and level . . . Brakes, too, offer major new advancements. They're oversize, self-centering hydraulics for "cushioned stops"—quick but quiet. Less pedal pressure needed . . . Under that trim, broad hood there's stepped-up power—and with it a new thriftiness in gas and oil . . . Inside, new luxury awaits you. Colorful fabrics and trim in pleasing two-tone combinations. Seats that are wide and deep . . . Take your choice of two great engines. The V-8, increased from 90 to 100 horsepower; the 90 horsepower Six . . . Yes, everywhere you look, you'll find advancements in this youthful new car . . . Ask your Ford dealer about the smartest Ford cars ever built.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . THE FORD SHOW . . . CBS, Tuesdays. 10-10:30 P.M., E.S.T. THE FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR . . . ABC, Sundays. 8-9 P.M., E.S.T.

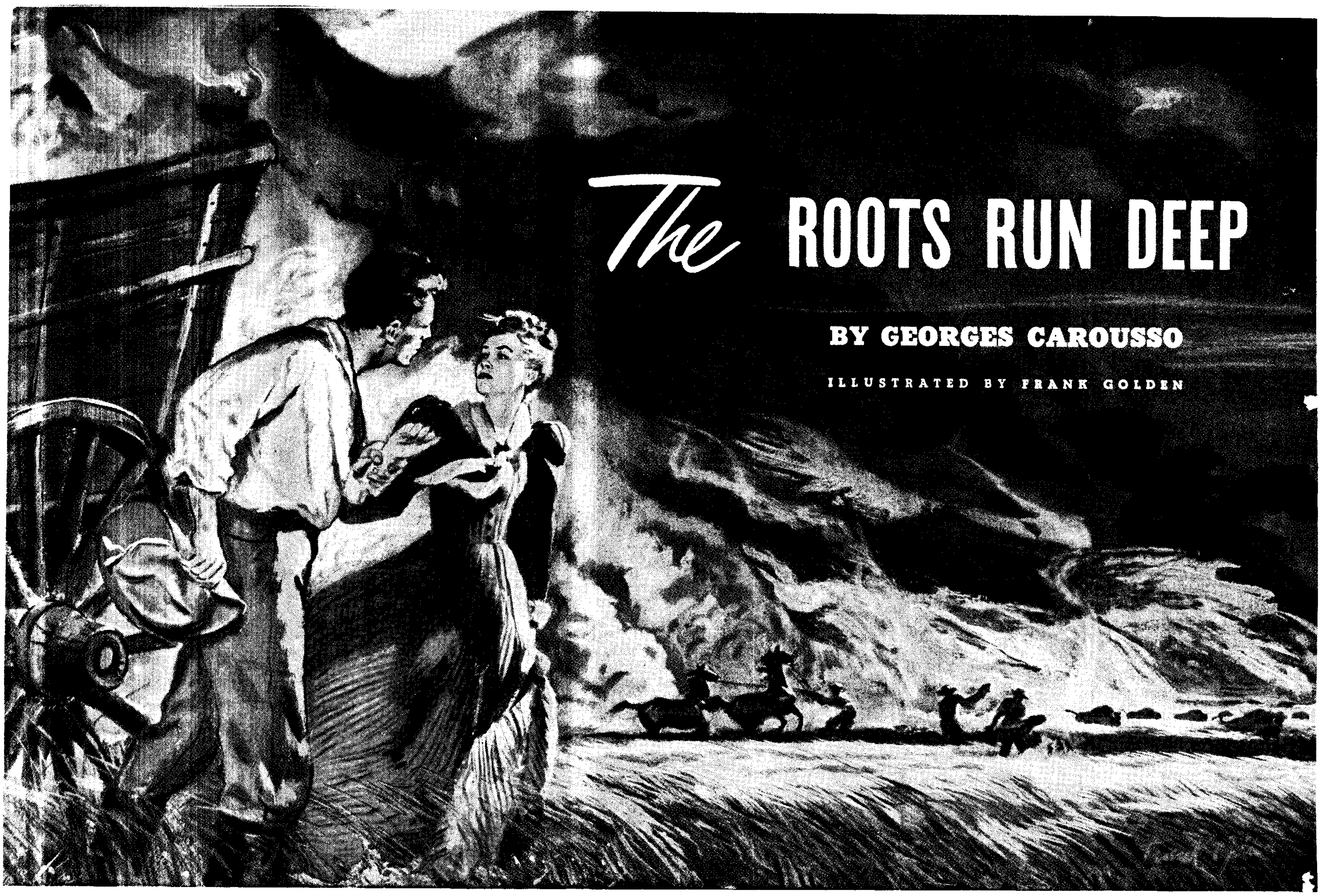
Ford

THERE'S A Ford IN YOUR FUTURE

The ROOTS RUN DEEP

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN



Nathan returned from the war to find his wife a stranger. But Elvira knew she had to turn against him before they again could find a common bond

THE sun was setting when the rider reached the river. He stopped and looked at the clump of cottonwood, at the cutbanks, and the shimmering curve where the river turned slightly westward, but he was not sure that he recognized any of them. It had been a long time, three years almost, and the river and the trees were unfamiliar. I should recognize my own river, he thought. But he didn't. He wasn't even sure whether he should turn upstream or downstream to reach his home. He was tired, terribly tired. For a moment, he thought of stopping here and spending the night under the cottonwoods, but the urge to go home was too strong in him, and he forced the horse down the bank.

The horse stopped for a moment and let the cool, muddy water swirl around its legs, then felt its way slowly across. It was a deep ford, and the water crept up to the horse's belly and soaked into the man's thin torn cavalry boots, but he was too tired to take his feet out of the stirrups. It did not come up high enough to run inside the scabbard of his saber, but he took the carbine from its saddle boot and cradled it across his arms. When the horse neared the opposite bank and felt firmer footing, it plunged forward, and the glistening shower of water left dark spots on the dusty, trail-worn gray of the man's Confederate uniform.

He turned upstream, because he had to turn either one way or the other, and followed the flat bank, and then, around the river bend, he saw the lightning-struck tree, and the whole picture around him suddenly became familiar. He turned away from the river into the hazily rolling prairie. Home was over there. He did not hurry. He did not force his horse.

He slouched in the saddle, a lean tall man stooped with exhaustion, his head bent so that the wide-brimmed hat shaded his eyes from the red glare of the setting sun. His cheeks were taut and hollow beneath the high cheekbones. The dust-cracked lips curved a little in a grimace that might have been a smile but was not. He moved slowly through the golden haze of dust and pollen rising from beneath his horse's hoofs, riding wearily into the sunset.

Once, he turned his head and looked behind him, and saw the purple, soft night stalking at his heels, and the golden dust of his passing growing dark as ashes as it settled on the darkening prairie, and he felt a shiver along his spine.

He came to an opening in the prairie, where the ground had been plowed and corn was growing in even green rows, and he looked at it in surprise,.and turned his horse and skirted the field. He saw his home, then, the half dugout, nestling against the side of a low hill, the small corral, the sheds, the bleaching skeletons of the two wagons that had brought him and Elvira across the plains from Virginia six years ago.

In the corral, a horse whinnied, and his own answered, and someone came out of the sod house and walked out a little way to look at him.

It was a woman. He could not see her face because the rim of the sun was in back of her, but he knew the shape of her head with the two thick braids wound tightly around it, golden-edged with the sun halo, the head tipped a bit to one side.

The picture of her had grown so dim that sometimes fear had swept over him that he would not recognize her when he saw her again, and now he could see her even with her face in the shadow, just by the outline in the sun and the slight, waiting tilt of her head. He dismounted and stood beside his horse, and she came slowly toward him, fearfully almost. She held out her hand as if to touch his arm, but didn't.

"Nathan . . ." she whispered.

"I didn't expect to find you here," he said. "It's been a long time." It wasn't what he had planned to say to her. He had thought the other words over so many times that they had grown old and tarnished, and now he couldn't say them to this stranger.

"Nathan . . . they told me you were in a Yankee prison. They told me you were dead."

"I was," he smiled faintly. "And I'm not. I don't know sometimes which is worse."

She stepped back a pace and leaned forward to study his face. She started to say something and stopped, then she moved toward him again and her hand rested lightly on his arm.

"It was bad, Nathan, wasn't it?" she asked softly.

He dropped his arm from beneath her fingers and turned to the horse and began to unsaddle. "Yes," he said without looking at her. "It was bad."

SHE drew water for him out of the well while he was taking care of his horse, and ran into the house for a fresh towel. When she came out again, she stopped and stared for a moment, her teeth biting deeply into her lip. Then she shook her head quickly and laid the towel down beside the basin. He was stripped to the waist, and in the failing light she could see the gauntness of his body and the wire tightness of the muscles across his shoulders.

Across his upper left arm, a healing saber wound was dark with congealed blood. Other wounds across his body shone with tight silvery scars. She wanted to reach out her finger tips and touch them, but she did not dare. He had not held his arms out to her.

Nathan turned to her, his face twisted with impatience. "There's no time for arguing, Elvira! When that fire hits here, it will be too late then"

He had not touched her. He had not even mentioned her name—this man who was her husband, this man whom she had loved above all men and followed halfway across a wild continent to be at his side.

"Where is Tommy?" he asked, his words half muffled by the water.

She leaned back against the door to steady the shaking of her knees.

"He died the winter after you left."

She saw his gaunt body stiffen. "My son . . ." he whispered, so softly that she could hardly hear him.

"It was pneumonia, Nathan. The snows were terrible that winter."

He did not say anything. He stood with his back to her, gazing into the twilight.

"I wrote to you," she said. "I never got an answer. I heard you were in a prison camp. Last year, Cy Foss came back wounded and said he thought you were dead."

"Why didn't you go home?" he asked. "Back to your folks?"

"Home? This is my home, Nathan. You told me you would come back. You told me to wait."

He turned and looked at her, his eyes expressionless, the twist of his thin lips almost but not quite a smile. "Nathan," she whispered, but if he heard her, he gave no sign. He struggled into his tunic, his left arm stiff and slow to move, but the invisible wall between them held her back from helping him.

"We're going back to Virginia," he said. "There's nothing to hold us here."

She turned from him slowly, and her eyes passed over the purple expanse of prairie;

(Continued on page 62)

Men who know cards... know Bicycle

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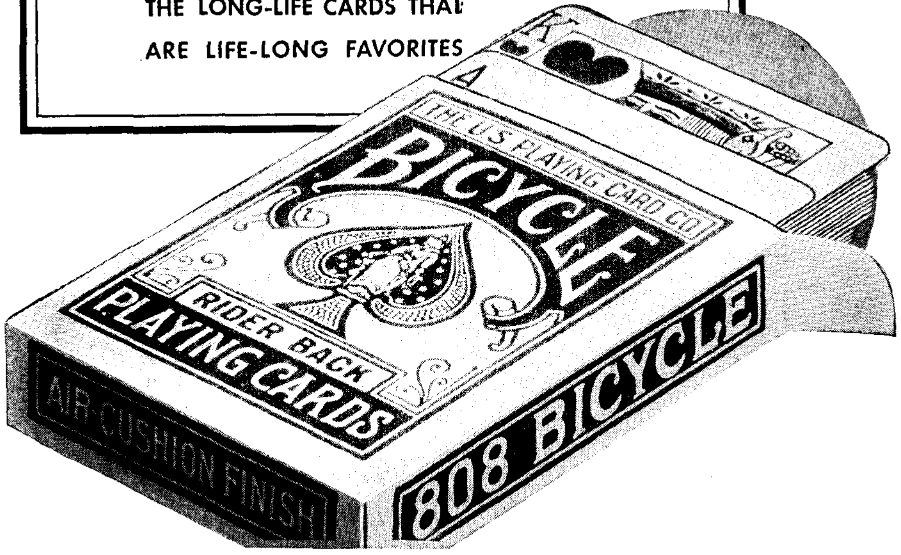
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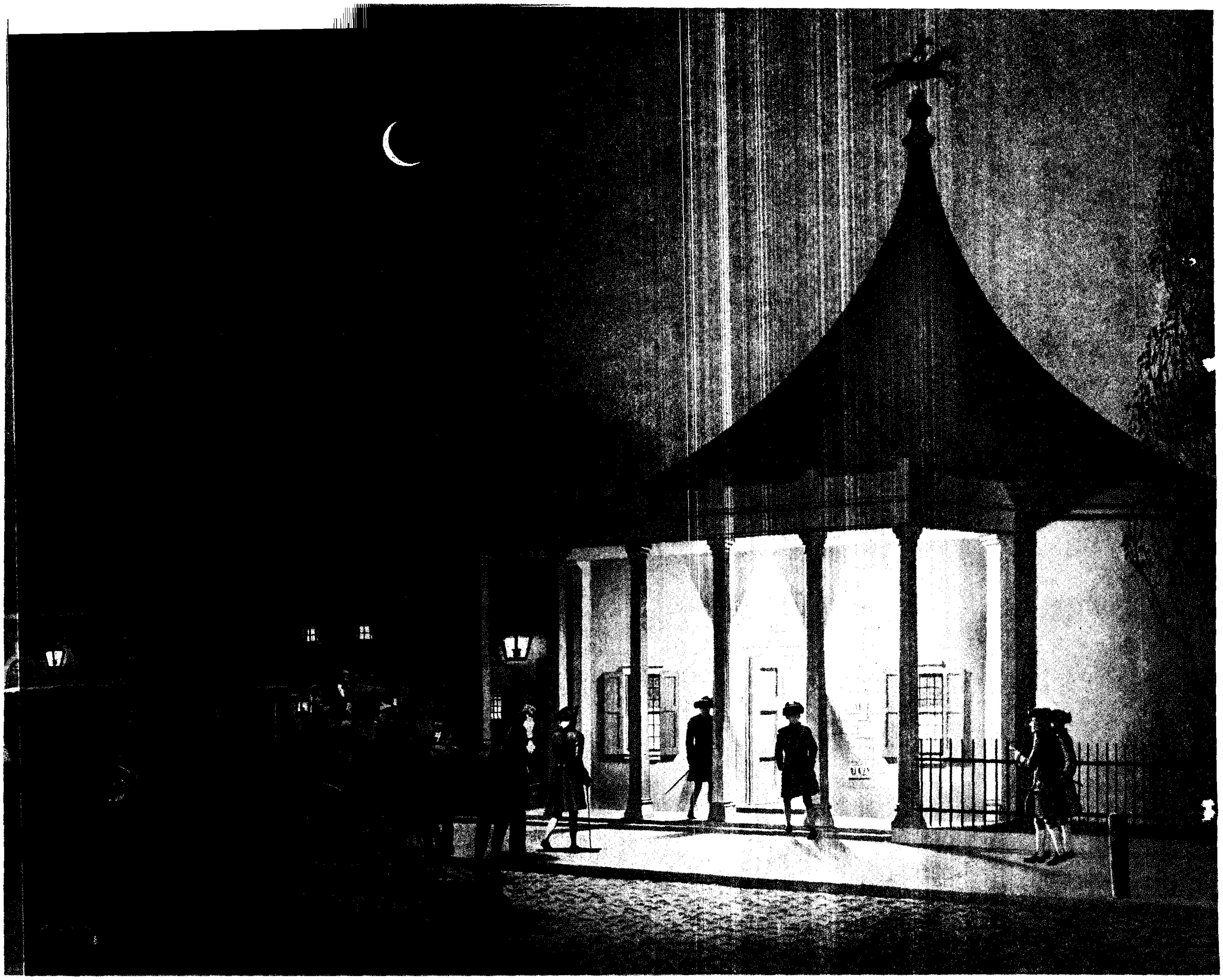

Ricketts' Circus, Sixth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia . . . circa 1798*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

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Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

"In the evening they (released American prisoners from Algiers) . . . were taken to Ricketts' Circus and a subscription taken up for their relief."

News item, 8 February, 1798

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*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Bitter Harvest

Continued from page 17

of you, Luke," she said sharply. "But before you start pounding the drum, maybe you better show me your credentials."

"What does that mean?"

"You can give me a ticket for speeding. And I'm polite enough to sit here and listen to your opinions. But don't ever say you're sorry for me until you've got something I haven't got."

He smiled. "So it's a question of having something."

"To me it is. And I don't like fly-by-night cops telling me I'm a fool. What do you plan to amount to, since you know so much? Tell me that, before I waste any time listening to the rest of it."

The counter girl came with his coffee. He poured sugar into it. "That's fine," he said. "Well, I'll have peace of mind for one thing. That's more than Fritzi will ever have. I'll enjoy what life I've got. And eventually I'll settle here in the desert and buy a ranch."

She nodded. "I heard about the ranch," she said. "You mentioned it once to Pop and he told Fritzi. It gave them a good laugh."

He smiled. "There's nothing wrong with a good laugh."

"What kind of a ranch can such an honest cop afford to buy?"

"A little one. The old Halverson place across the hill from my bungalow is up for sale now."

She looked at him slowly. "Yes," she said. "That's just about your speed all right, Luke. Something Fritzi wouldn't use as an outhouse. A little two-by-four soapbox, second-rate, run down—"

"It can be built up again."

She drank her coffee. "Then spend your energy building it up instead of telling me how to live my life. I get enough pushing around at home. I'm going after bigger stakes than the old Halverson place."

Her voice trailed off suddenly and Luke glanced up into the mirror again. Then he frowned slightly and lowered his cup into his saucer with a click. Paula was gazing at a stranger who was standing at the tobacco section in the front of the drugstore. As he threw a quarter on the rubber change mat, the man's body was half turned so that Luke saw his profile clearly.

A shock of white hair rose in a breaking wave over his dark face which was not young, but which was too young for his hair. An expanse of dark forehead, heavily lined, rose above his glistening black eyes. His nose was long and straight, set evenly above full lips which were neither smiling nor relaxed. His tall slender body had a restless, almost feline quality of caution. As the girl gave him his change, he turned and walked out of the store.

Shifting her glance in the mirror, Paula saw that Luke had been watching her. "He's a strange customer," she said, her anger apparently forgotten. "I wonder who he is."

Luke lifted his cup again. "You can smell them out, can't you, Paula? That was one of your 'having something' boys. Eddie Benedict."

"Eddie Benedict," she repeated.

EDDIE BENEDICT had gained his notoriety as the owner of a gambling syndicate which operated throughout the Southwest, centering around his famous Silver Palm night club in Nevada. There were rumors of other activities, too, never proven.

"Big Chief Bad Medicine himself," Luke said quietly.

"You weren't here three years ago—" Paula began.

"When his wife was killed running into the state bridge the other side of Chuckawalla?" Luke said.

"Yes. I didn't see him then. There was a lot of excitement about it."

"I imagine," Luke said wryly. "I was detailed to the case down in the county seat."

"He was right behind her, driving the same road in another car, wasn't he?"

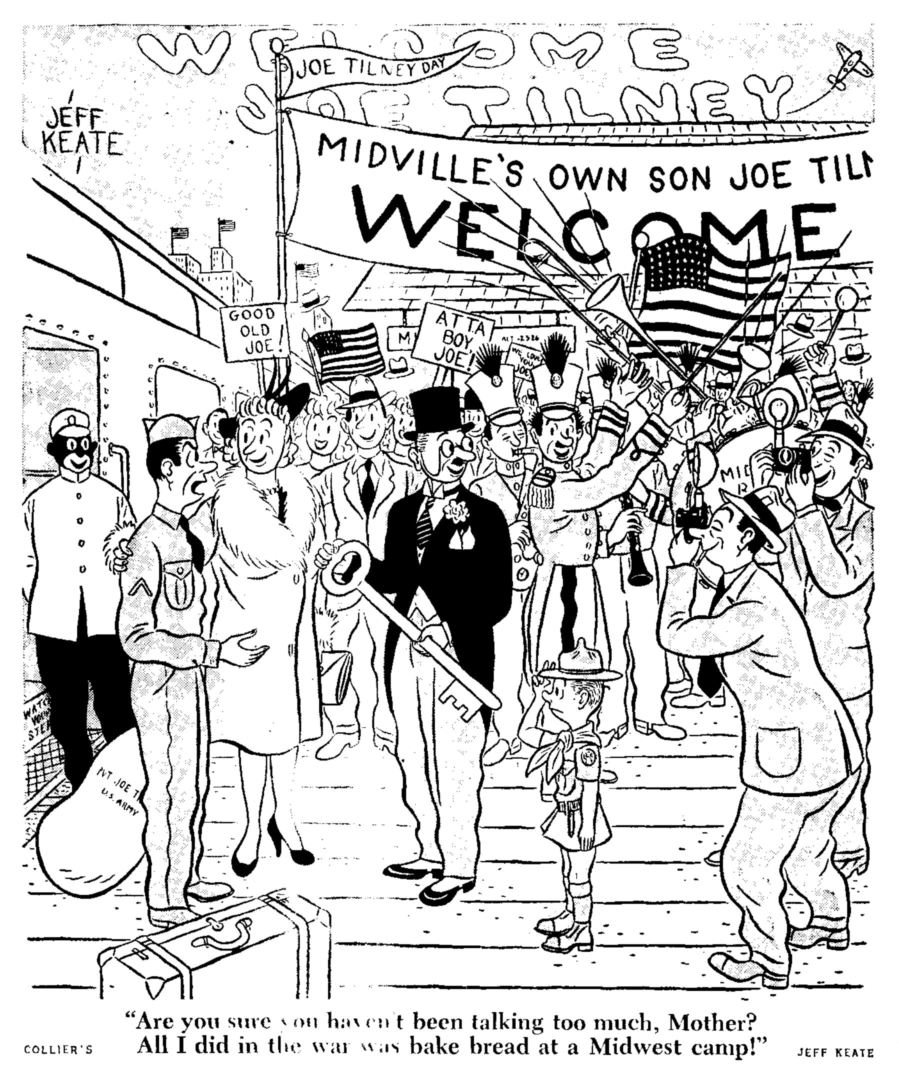
Luke nodded.

"I wonder what he's doing in town again."

"He's not selling washing machines," Luke said. "And if I were you, I wouldn't get interested."

"I forget why he was behind her in a different car," she said.

Luke fished change from his pocket and slapped it on the counter. "He never got around to saying. Claimed it was a family matter." He got up. "Well, Paula, I'm late;



"Are you sure you haven't been talking too much, Mother? All I did in the war was bake bread at a Midwest camp!"

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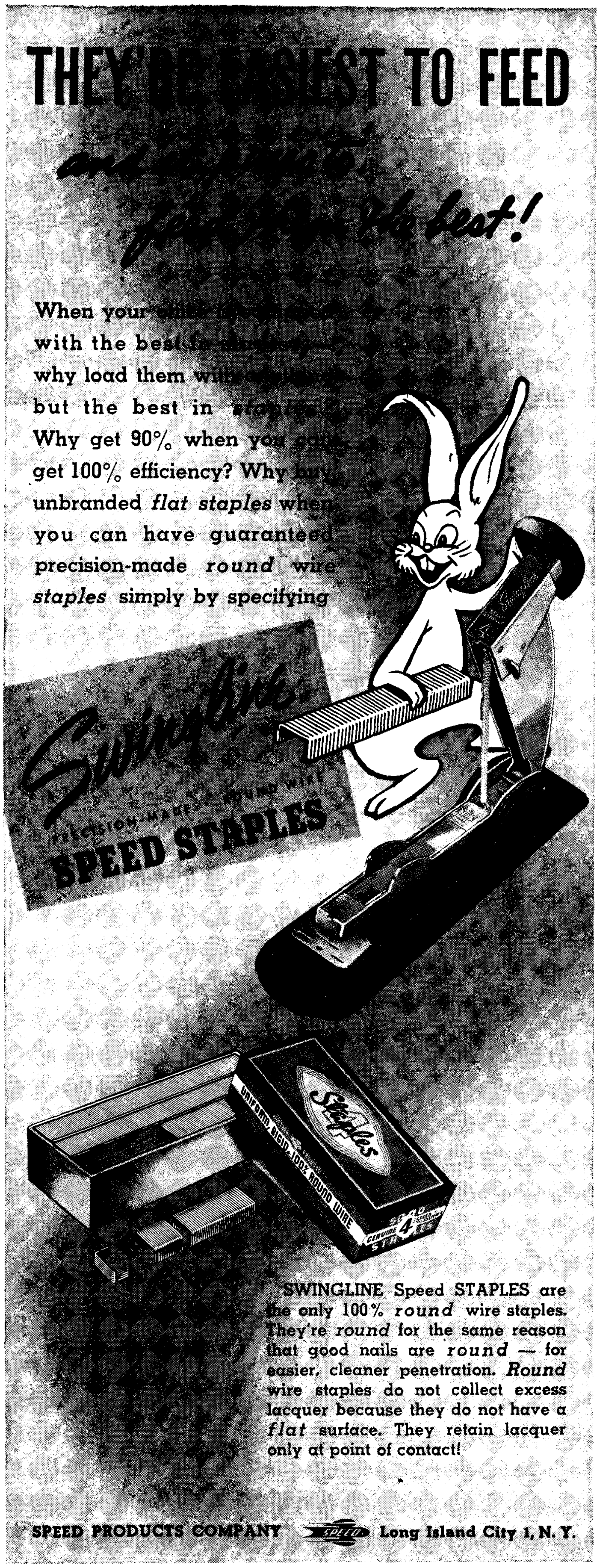
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SPEED PRODUCTS COMPANY Long Island City 1, N. Y.

I've got to run along. Take it slow on the way home, will you?"

She nodded absently.

Ten minutes later, Paula left the drugstore. She swung wide in a U-turn about the highway, went right into a side street, and geared into second as she began the climb past the grammar school, the high school, the Methodist and Catholic churches, the firehouse and the sheriff's office.

Continuing up the hill, she drove left past the trim, modest residential district and nosed the car up a steep incline toward a white-pillared mansion.

AGAINST a background of rolling desert country and Western sky, Fritzi Haller's house stood out violently and unashamedly for what it was—a colonial-style mansion, designed on a grand scale for the green fields and hills of Virginia or the Carolinas. Fritzi had been raised a greengrocer's daughter in Baltimore, and she had dreamed of building this house since her childhood. The desert soil had rebelled against tons of Fritzi's imported earth, and the ravenous appetites of desert jack rabbits had been whetted but not appeased by two seasons of roses, bleeding hearts and hollyhocks—so that Fritzi's original dream had retrenched to a line of rose bushes outside her bedroom window. The rest was planted with a dozen varieties of cactus, pale silver bushes of desert holly, smoke trees and twisted Joshuas.

Paula wheeled to a crunching stop on the gravel driveway which flanked the right side of the house and led to the garages in back. She saw that Fritzi's two cars were still there beside the judge's new one. Then she opened the screened back door and let herself into the kitchen.

Mary, the cook, was peeling potatoes over the sink. She was a small, black woman whose presence was one of Paula's earliest memories; she had been with Fritzi since the New Jersey speak-easy days. Now, she was old and wrinkled and her ankles turned over so that she walked almost on the side of her feet. She had become very nearsighted.

As Paula stepped into the kitchen, Mary turned and peered at her over a half-peeled potato. "Is that you, Miss Paula?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Your mother's been looking for you, Miss Paula. She's in the parlor now with the judge. She said she wanted to see you as soon as you came in."

"Thanks, Mary."

Paula sat down on a shining porcelain vegetable table and swung her feet thoughtfully. She seemed about to ask a question, but as Mary turned back to the sink, Paula slipped from the table and walked along the hallway leading to the front of the house.

Outside the parlor door, she paused with her hand on the banister of the main staircase. Judge Lindquist's silvery voice, raised in righteous defense, floated out to her.

"I tell you, my dear, I had no choice. I *had* to send that man up for a hundred and sixty days."

"Why?" It was Fritzi's voice, husky, annoyed.

"Do you realize the people in this town expect me to be their conscience?"

Fritzi laughed rudely. "Go on."

"He was obviously running a bookie joint in the back of the barbershop. And there isn't anybody in town who didn't know it."

He was using his public-speaking voice now. Recognizing it, Paula knew he was good for another ten minutes of defense. But Fritzi was impatient. She cut in quickly. "Listen to me, Berle. For ten years, you've been doing what I tell you to do. You can be the public conscience for somebody else, but not for me. I want the real reason for sending up my bookie."

He sighed. Paula could picture him squirming, fixed by Fritzi's steady gaze. He knew he was defeated. When he spoke again, his voice was tired and petulant. "There's an election coming up. I have to be careful."

This time Fritzi's laughter was longer, louder. But when it stopped, it left her voice unamused. "What's gotten into you, Berle? I think you're getting old. The election is six months away yet."

"There's public feeling, Fritzi. It isn't the same as always."

"You let me worry about public feeling," Fritzi said. "And stop sending my people up because of that election. I'm not playing games with you when it's costing me money. And—"

Suddenly, she stopped speaking. Absorbed in the conversation, Paula had leaned too heavily on the step. Fritzi's ears were excellent.

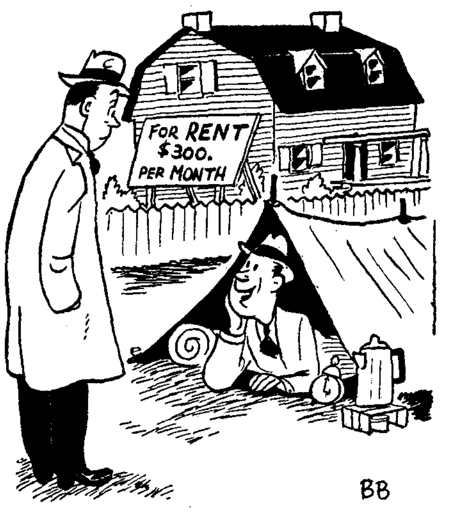
"Is that you, Paula?" she called. "Come in here. I want to see you."

Paula hesitated and the voice called again. She dropped her fingers from the banister and turned back.

She walked through the archway and glanced at the justice of the peace. He had regained his composure and was rolling a cigarette with the grace and swift dispatch of an expert. Meeting her eyes as his tongue slipped lightly along the edge of the cigarette paper, he bobbed his head without disrupting the mechanical perfection of the movement.

She nodded and then gave her full attention to her mother. Somehow, one always gave Fritzi Haller one's full attention.

Fritzi was reclining full-length on a great rose-colored sofa which was separated from the judge's chair by a cream-and-gold coffee table. Her slender figure was soft and young beneath the folds of a yellow hostess gown.



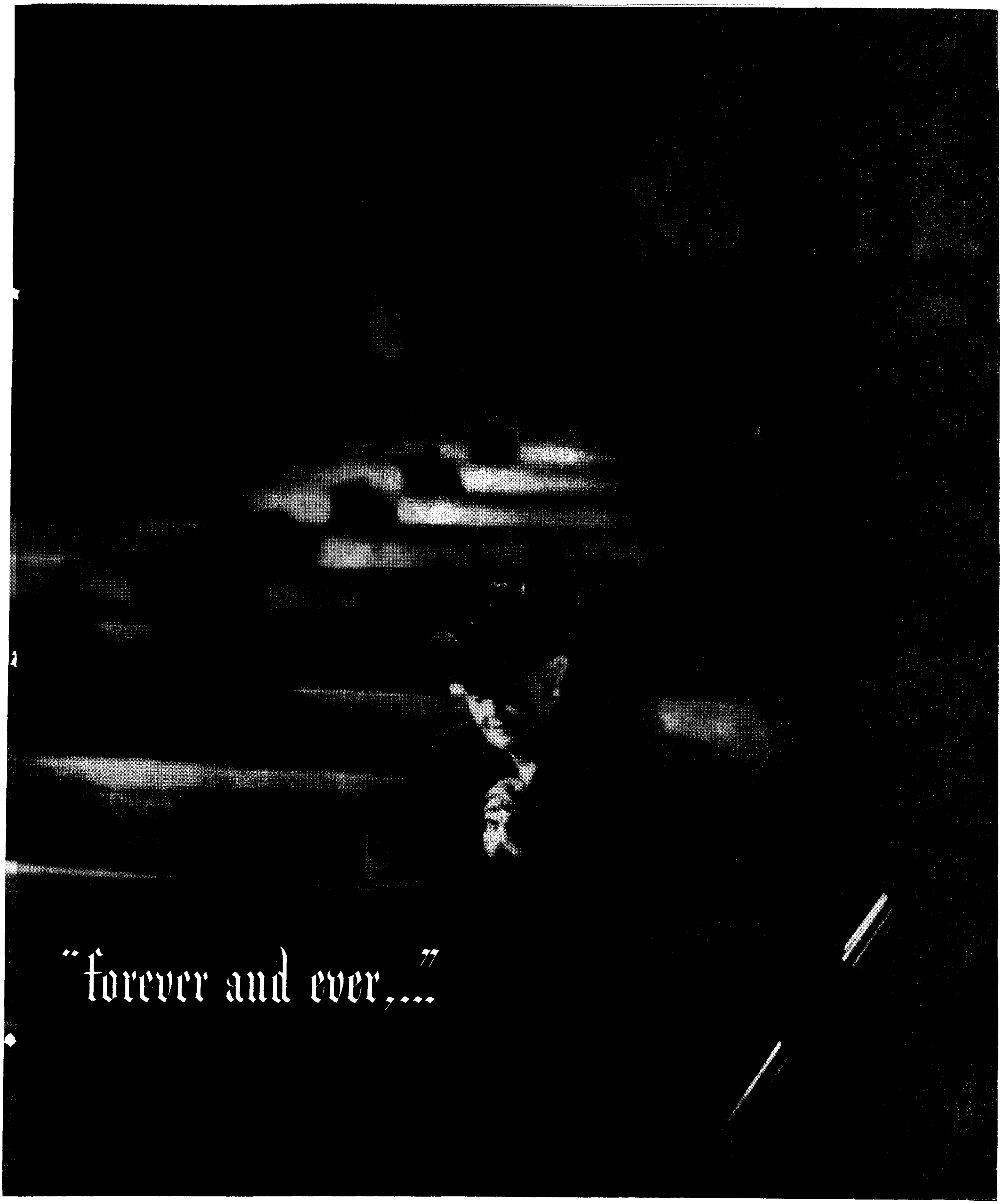
"I'm Going to Buy Some Victory Bonds Instead!"

In one white hand, she held a black cigarette holder and, as Paula came in, she had been leaning forward to refill it from the box on the coffee table. Now she paused in midmotion and looked up into her daughter's eyes.

"Where the hell have you been, sweet?" she asked in a lazy, full-throated voice. It was not a young voice. It was not a voice which went well with her form or her hands. It was a voice which was amused, exasperated, rough with life. And it went with her disconcerting face.

THERE was a certain vague similarity between the clear-cut features of the gray-eyed girl and those of the older woman. Paula's skin was tanned by the sun. Fritzi rarely left the house until evening and her face was powder-white. Fritzi's lips were full and rouged well with magenta. Her teeth were hidden by the fullness of her lips when she talked, but when she laughed heartily, dark head thrown back, they caught the light with small even pearly luster. Like her daughter's, Fritzi's hair was curly. But the main difference between the two faces lay in Fritzi's eyes. They seemed old with years of violent living and painful knowledge. Large and black, they seemed to be perpetually glittering with the first bright start of tears. They were remarkable eyes—capable of reflecting a dozen conflicting thoughts and emotions at once. As they stared now at Paula, they sparkled with queenly reserve, a little coquetry, slight annoyance and a full-blooded acceptance of the weakness of human nature.

"So the big baby finally came home. Don't tell me you didn't hear before this that



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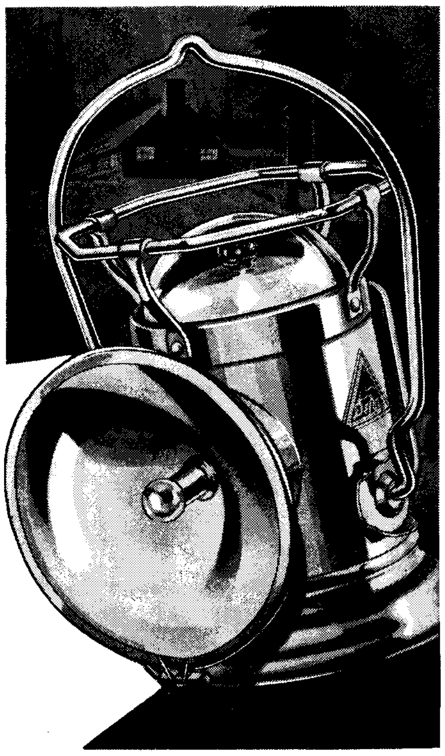

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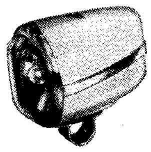

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I wanted to see you." There was amused disapproval in her tone.

So there was something wrong and it was going to be played this way, Paula realized. Fritzi's big, stupid baby girl. Deep down, under all the fights and quarrels, she loved Fritzi; she couldn't help it. But she knew her too well not to view her methods with suspicion.

Fritzi looked at her for a minute before she completed the act of refilling her cigarette holder. She patted the sofa lightly with the scarlet-lacquered fingertips of one hand.

Paula glanced down, seeing the dirt on her levis and the dust on her boots. "I'd better change my clothes," she said, "before I sit on anything."

Fritzi patted the sofa again and Paula knew she was not going to get away so easily. She sat down cautiously and waited. Satisfied, Fritzi redirected her gaze toward Judge Lindquist.

"Now," she said pleasantly, "tell me again what Paula said to you yesterday."

Berle Lindquist placed his glass of sherry carefully on the table before him. He had not expected this, Paula could tell, but she saw that she had made a bad mistake in talking to Berle. He would sacrifice anyone's interests to smooth conversation.

"Well, Berle?" Fritzi prompted.

There was no retreat. And now he was going to carry it through with an air. He tilted his silver-topped head and his eyes sparkled with amusement. "Let me see if I can remember. It certainly can't have been very important, can it?"

"Your faculties are beginning to fail," Fritzi said impatiently. She turned to Paula. "You told Berle you were coming to work for me at the Purple Sage. Suppose you start explaining."

Paula looked at her. It was too bad Berle was going to be in on this one. He hated scenes. She parried for time. "Should there be an explanation?"

"There should be, yes. For a lie," Fritzi said.

Paula stood up. "Wait a minute, Fritzi. Let's stop the name-calling. I said I was coming to work for you. So what?"

"What else did you say?" Fritzi asked with irony. "Did you tell him when you were taking over the business?"

"Now, Fritzi," Berle said hastily. "Paula didn't—"

Fritzi turned on him. "I think I know what my daughter said, Berle. And what she's capable of saying."

Berle sat back in his chair. "Now, Fritzi—"

"Will you stop saying 'Now, Fritzi'? I'm not a trained seal." She gave her attention back to Paula. "All right, Paula. In the past year you've damn' near driven me crazy, sulking for days, refusing to explain your fits of temperament, not answering when I speak to you—but this is the final straw. Telling it all over town that you're coming to work at the Purple Sage."

"I didn't tell anyone but Berle. And I do plan to work for you."

"Well, I don't plan to have you."

PAULA looked at her. "All right, Fritzi. Since you're doing all the planning, suppose you tell me what you *do* have in mind for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think I'm still in rompers? All you have to do is throw me a doll and that takes care of my day?" She nodded at Berle. "Since you brought up the subject, Berle, let's finish it. You and Fritzi and Pat have run this town since I was a kid. But Fritzi's the one who's cut socially, not you. Why, your own granddaughter, who went to finishing school on Fritzi's money, won't say hello to me if she meets me in the street. Between the two of you you've fixed it so I have nothing to do, so I haven't even one friend. I've got twenty-four hours a day on my hands. What do you expect me to do with them?"

Berle shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Paula, my dear. I'm sure Fritzi will find some way to solve—"

"I don't want anybody to solve anything for me," Paula said. "It's my life. I want to work it out my own way."

"You're not going to work it out in the Purple Sage," Fritzi said calmly. "I have my own manner of doing things, Paula. I've fixed harder things in my time. I'll fix this, too. But you'll have to stop thrashing around and let me handle it myself."

Paula stood for a minute in the center of the room. "Oh, no, you don't, Fritzi," she said very softly. "This is one time you're not handling anything."

She turned and before they could call her back, she left the parlor and went upstairs to her room. Locking the door behind her, Paula sat on the bright native serape which covered her bed, and stared at the wall. Prying off her boots, she dropped them to the floor. Then she lay back on the bed, hands behind her head.

FRITZI was a good handler. She had handled everything since the hot July day when the three of them, Mary, Fritzi and Paula, had driven into Chuckawalla, ten years before.

They had hated the sprawling, dirty town at first. Fritzi had been ordered to the desert for her lungs and in picking her own desert, she had made her own mistake. Once they saw Chuckawalla, sprawling, dusty and brown on either side of the highway, they planned to leave at once. But the heat, the journey across country by auto, the change of climate, had almost wrenched from Fritzi the last remnants of her lusty hold on life. They just made the local hotel before she collapsed.

For weeks, Fritzi lay in the Drake Hotel, with Mary looking after her, calling the doctor, pushing Paula out of the room when Fritzi had her coughing spells. Slowly, the summer passed. It was autumn before Fritzi made her way back to her old health. And then, as she grew well enough to think of leaving Chuckawalla, the blow fell.

The money Fritzi had made from the opportune sale of her New Jersey speak-easy six months before Repeal, she had put into the stock market. One day in early November, after a week of telephone calls to her New York broker, Fritzi faced the stark fact that she was stranded in the desert with two dependents, a thousand dollars and nothing else in the world.

She sat up in bed the entire night, following the arrival of her broker's last letter, staring into the darkness and flicking cigarette ashes into an empty milk bottle. Toward dawn, she got up quietly and stood for a long while at the window, gazing down at Chuckawalla with an appraising look in her eyes.

During the time that Fritzi had been in bed and Mary's thoughts had been completely concerned with her mistress, Paula had made a friend in town. He was sixty, the local justice of the peace, and his name was Berle Lindquist. Paula had met him in the drugstore down the street from the hotel and struck up a conversation which had proved so mutually satisfactory for a nine-year-old and a sixty-year-old, that after that, they met often by prearrangement and talked again over lemonades which Paula consumed and Berle bought.

All this, Paula had reported back to the hotel room. Fritzi had been faintly curious about the judge's interest in her child at first and then for a while, in the heat of her troubles with the stock market, she had almost forgotten about him.

Over breakfast the morning following her vigil at the window, however, she glanced guilelessly at Paula and asked: "Darling, this old flame of yours. This Lindquist. Is he a real judge?"

"Of course, he is," Paula said.

"Well, what I mean is: Is he the only judge in town? He handles all the law here?"

Paula nodded and Fritzi gazed at her thoughtfully. "Don't you think I ought to meet him, sweetie, just to see that he's all right? You're pretty young for a steady fellow, you know."

"Why, sure, if you want," Paula said slowly. "Next time I see him, I'll tell him."

Fritzi buttered her roll carelessly. "Well, now, honey. Maybe it would be better if we weren't so formal. It might get him primed in advance, if you know what I mean. You just get him some place where I can run into you accidentally, h'mmm?"

Paula nodded. "All right. If you think

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New Haven, *The Arena*	Dec. 3-Dec. 9
Hershey, Pa., *The Sports Arena*	Dec. 11-Dec. 19
Philadelphia, *The Arena*	Dec. 25-Jan. 19
Cleveland, *The Arena*	Jan. 21-Jan. 28
Buffalo, *Memorial Auditorium*	Jan. 30-Feb. 3
Toronto, *Maple Leaf Gardens*	Feb. 4-Feb. 8
Montreal, *The Forum*	Feb. 10-Feb. 17
Boston, *Boston Gardens*	Feb. 19-Mar. 3
Providence, *R. I. Auditorium*	Mar. 4-Mar. 10
Pittsburgh, *The Gardens*	Mar. 12-Mar. 18
Minneapolis, *The Arena*	Mar. 21-Apr. 9
Seattle, *Civic Ice Arena*	May 9-May 26
Portland, *Ice Arena*	May 28-June 9
San Francisco, *Winterland*	June 12-Sept. 15

10th Anniversary Edition

The Best of New York and Hollywood brought to you on ice!

that's the best way. You don't want me to tell him?"

"We'll just make it look casual." Fritzi said. "Like I said, get him somewhere at a certain time and I'll run into you accidentally. I'd really like to size him up."

"All right."

The next day at two o'clock, Paula and Judge Lindquist were having a soda together in the drugstore.

At precisely 2:05, Fritzi Haller ran into them accidentally.

SHORTLY after she had met Judge Lindquist, Fritzi sold her car, moved from the hotel to a quiet rooming house near the railroad yards, and opened up the Purple Sage. At first, she made little splash in Chuckawalla's puddle, and it looked as if the Purple Sage might die after having swallowed Fritzi's thousand dollars as a sort of splendid last meal. But Fritzi never lost her smile. She had taken the judge's measure.

A month after it opened, the Purple Sage's business picked up. In the back room, a roulette wheel had begun to spin.

Fritzi had represented her fortunes as being much greater than they were. Before they had spoken to each other half an hour, the judge knew that she had in mind opening a saloon in Chuckawalla. And being a man with an eye for making honest money, he was easily convinced that a small investment might repay well, especially when his money would mix with the gold of a large Eastern syndicate. He invested.

And when, three weeks after the opening, he discovered that there was no Eastern syndicate (Fritzi had never said there was, she had only hinted) but that the Purple Sage was broke and about to close, taking with it his investment, he was almost frantic.

At this point, Fritzi installed the roulette wheel. As the judge, because of his position, never entered the Purple Sage, he knew nothing about it for five weeks. Then word of it filtered through town until it reached his ears.

Furiously, he stormed down to Fritzi's rooming house and demanded an explanation.

Fritzi smiled up at him, and the look in her eyes made him uneasy. That dark expressive glance reminded him that no matter how he might deny knowledge of the gambling wheel, Chuckawalla would never believe him. He was a partner in the Purple Sage, though no one knew it yet—and Fritzi had it in writing. After a long, bitter silence, Fritzi brought out the saloon's books and sweetened this knowledge with the last month's profits. It was the real beginning of their partnership. By the end of another month, the judge had loosened up enough to suggest a faro table to accommodate the overflow from the wheel.

For the next year and a half, life flowed smoothly. The Purple Sage's reputation spread through the whole desert area, and cattlemen and railroad people traveled as much as a hundred miles to empty their pockets into Fritzi's till. The judge bought a valuable tract of land which he had coveted for ten years, while Fritzi moved from the rooming house to a rented place on the judge's street. She began driving a new automobile.

There was a shock to come. The old sheriff, who had been in such poor health for some time that he could scarcely bother with a town cleanup, died. The next week, Pat Johnson was sent up from the county seat to take his place.

It was a bad moment when Judge Lindquist looked up from his armchair and saw Pat's great husky frame filling his doorway.

Pat took off his ten-gallon hat and held out his hand. "Hiyah, Judge! Let's clean up the town," he bellowed heartily, and after a short conversation, during which he outlined his plans for cleaning up the town and promoting civic virtue, Pat jammed his hat back on his head and walked out.

Ten minutes later, while the judge was still talking to Fritzi on the phone, Pat walked into the Purple Sage. Fritzi hung up the phone when her bartender came to the back room to announce Pat's arrival. She inspected herself calmly in her wall mirror while the wheel was being hidden and then, when everything was in order, she walked slowly out to the bar.

"Have a drink?"

Pat was already sitting at the bar. "What does it cost me?"

Fritzi smiled. "On the house."

"Then I'll have a drink."

She settled herself on the stool beside him and took out a cigarette. He made no move to light it and she seemed not to notice.

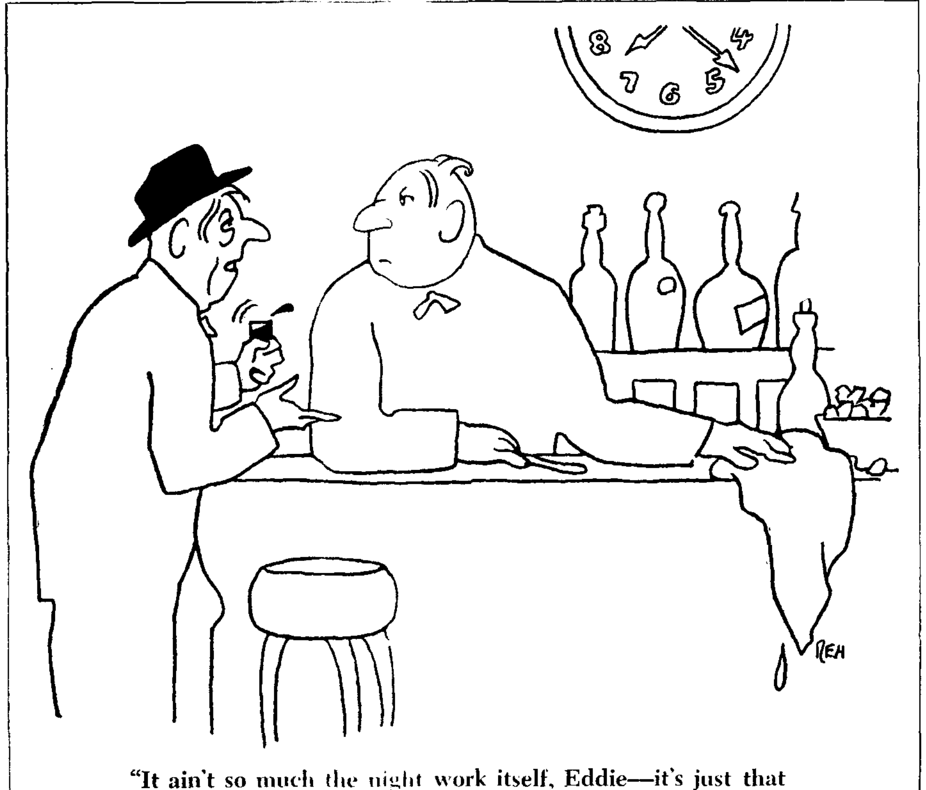
"What'll it be?" the bartender asked.

"Whisky. Just bring the bottle," Pat Johnson said.

With the bottle between them, Fritzi and the new deputy drank in silence for nearly an hour. At five o'clock when several railroad men came in, Fritzi suggested they go to the back room and Pat nodded in appreciation of this discretion.

At six o'clock they started on their second bottle. Neither of them showed the effects of the first and they were beginning to respect each other. Pat saw that Fritzi made no attempt to make him drunk or to hedge on her share of the drinking. And Fritzi knew that she was on trial.

At nine o'clock, Pat leaned back in his



"It ain't so much the night work itself, Eddie—it's just that I can't get used to having my hang-overs in the evening"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Strictly Personal

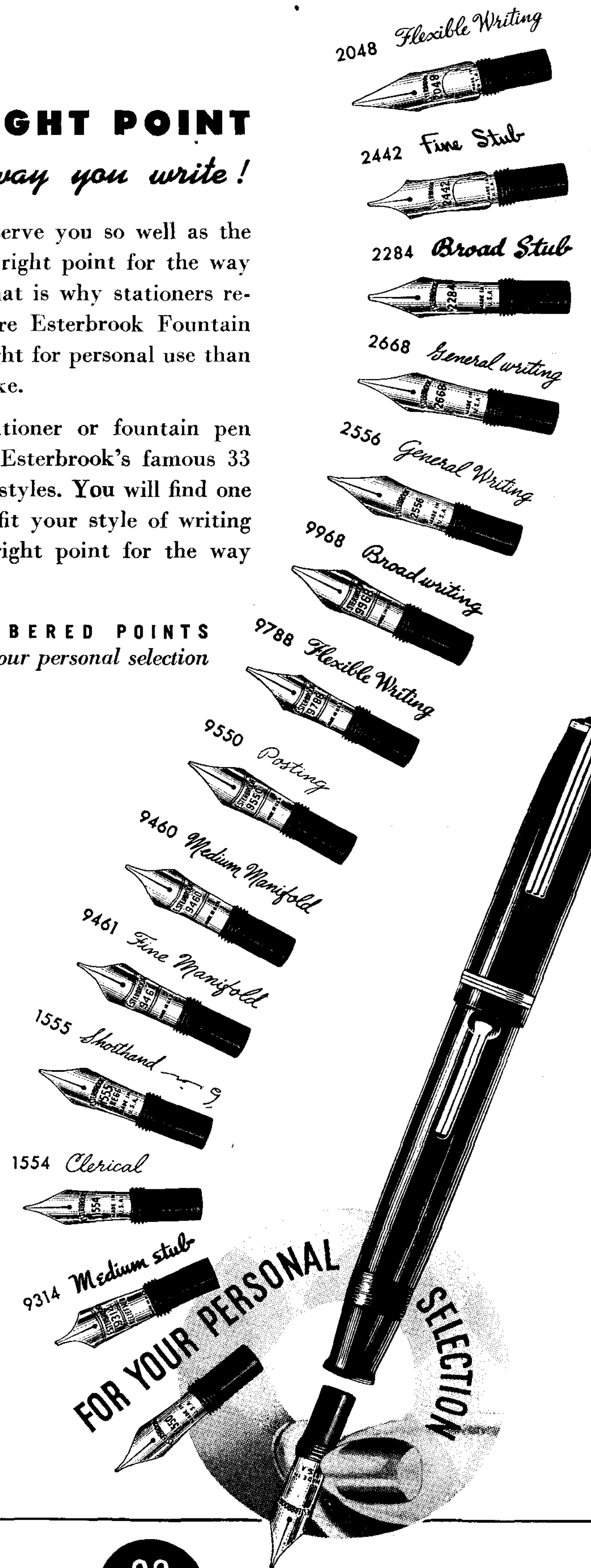
THE RIGHT POINT

for the way you write!

No pen can serve you so well as the pen with the right point for the way you write. That is why stationers report that more Esterbrook Fountain Pens are bought for personal use than any other make.

Ask your stationer or fountain pen dealer about Esterbrook's famous 33 Renew-Point styles. You will find one of these will fit your style of writing *exactly*—the right point for the way you write.

33 NUMBERED POINTS *for your personal selection*



33 NUMBERED POINTS

Esterbrook

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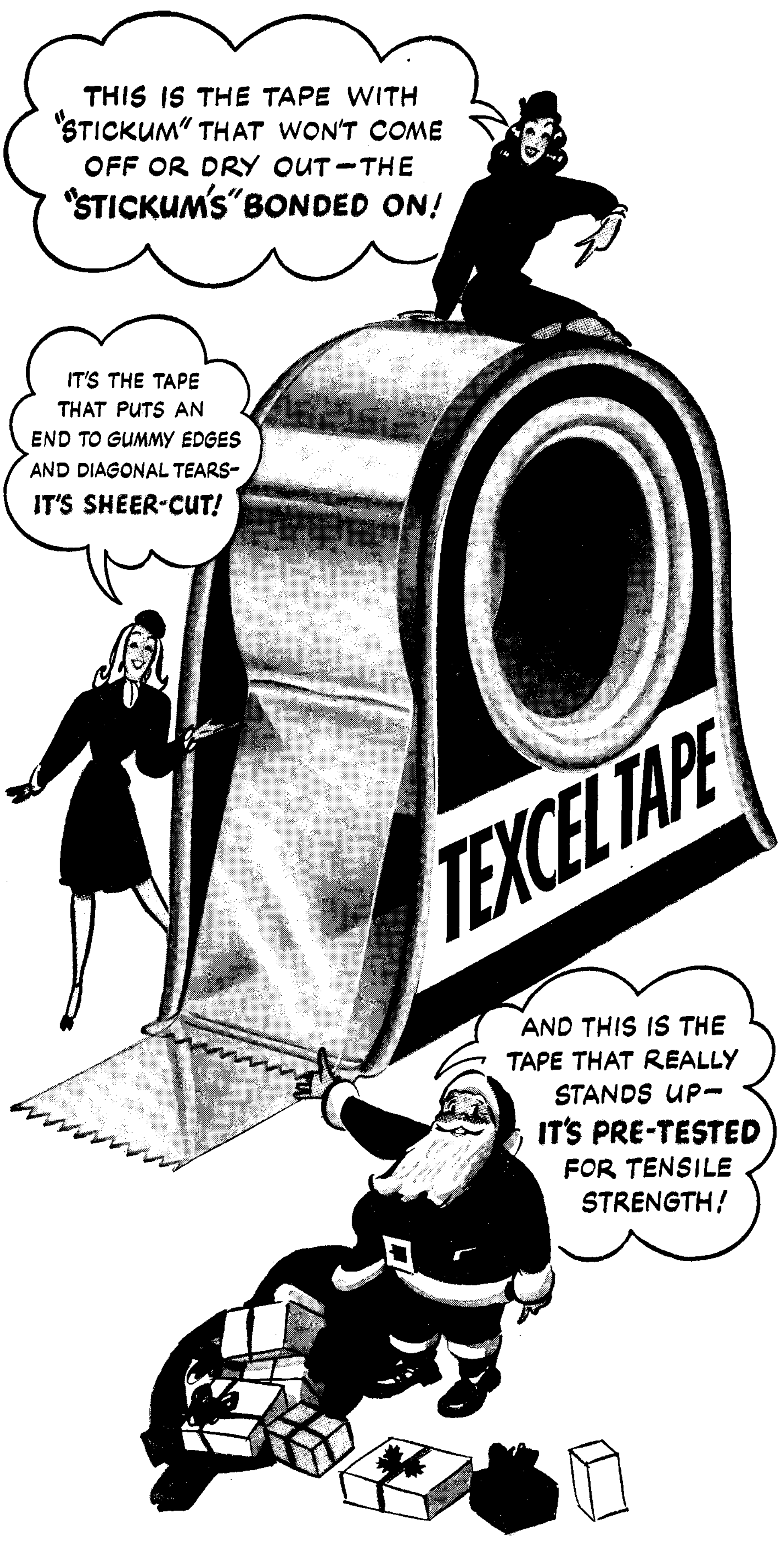
The tape that mends, wraps, seals a thousand household things.

Now at most stores. Buy some today!


THIS IS THE TAPE WITH "STICKUM" THAT WON'T COME OFF OR DRY OUT—THE "STICKUM'S" BONDED ON!
IT'S THE TAPE THAT PUTS AN END TO GUMMY EDGES AND DIAGONAL TEARS—IT'S SHEER-CUT!
TEXCEL TAPE
AND THIS IS THE TAPE THAT REALLY STANDS UP—IT'S PRE-TESTED FOR TENSILE STRENGTH!

Texcel Tape
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE—STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation, New Brunswick, N. J.

chair and yawned. "Hear you got a roulette wheel," he said.

"Got a faro table, too," Fritzi said.

He nodded. "How's business?"

"We aren't broke yet."

He stood up. "You're a smart woman."

She said nothing and finally he took a half-smoked cigar from his shirt pocket. "Now, I don't want to start nothin' here in town, 'less I have to. Just as long's there ain't a lot of fights and nobody gets hurt, I believe in co-operatin'. Within reason, you know."

"I think we'll get along all right," Fritzi said.

"Maybe. No reason why we can't."

He stuck his hat on his head and walked out without ceremony.

Fritzi ordered the wheel set up again and the back room was opened for business.

The next day, Pat received two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills through the mail. There was no note enclosed. . . .

In the next eight years, Fritzi expanded to three new saloons and bought a half interest in the town's liquor store. She flaunted her colonial mansion from the highest hill, and although the women pretended not to see her when they passed her on the street, the men visited her house on the hill because of her financial power in the town. Chuckawalla was growing steadily during this time. New stores, new homes, went up monthly. Railroad families moved in and left again. People came to the desert for their health and shortly they either died or moved away. Before long Fritzi discovered that she was an old resident as time is reckoned in the desert.

Pat Johnson built his ranch. Judge Lindquist came to own a grocery store, two hotels, a barbershop and a great many pieces of rental property. It was a prosperous and happy eight years which had brought them to the present.

It was only Paula, subjected to the humiliation of finding other children forbidden to play with her; being forced to turn to Pat's ranch hands and Fritzi's servants for companionship; filling the empty hours with reading books and breaking horses—only she who had cause to question the validity of Fritzi's success. Lying on her bed, her hands beneath her head, this afternoon, ten years after she had first seen Chuckawalla, Paula wondered if the town which Fritzi ran had not really won after all.

THAT evening, Pat Johnson drove by. Fritzi heard the squeal of his tires as he tore into the gravel of her driveway. She was standing in the colonial doorway, beneath the porch light as he stamped up the steps to her.

He swept off his hat and greeted her with a happy shout.

"Fritzi, you old charmer! I sure hope there's nobody home tonight but you and me."

"You're just a trifling no-good Westerner."

"Come on, Fritzi. There's a big moon. Let's go sparkin'. We'll get us a bottle and take off for a couple of days."

"Better watch out, Pat, I may take you up on that some time if you're not careful. Now come on in before you wake up the whole town."

These routine pleasantries over, they went silently through the parlor into the study. Fritzi shut the door behind them and then sat in a leather chair beside the mahogany desk; Pat sank carefully into another chair and stared about him at the book-lined walls.

"You know, Fritzi, I been lookin' at these books ever since you had 'em. They don't never get any more used-lookin'."

Fritzi laughed. "I bought them for the colors."

"Hell!" he said. "And I've been tellin' everybody you was a bunch of professors up here on the hill."

"I don't know why you're complaining, Pat. If we got too smart, we wouldn't be mixing with you broken-down old cowboys," Fritzi said.

He laughed. "Maybe books ain't my strong point. But," he pointed out cheerfully, "I'm sure dynamite with women anyways. Look at yourself. You know how you've felt about me ever since you first saw me."

They were both silent, remembering with satisfaction the long and happy relationship which had brought them so much in wealth, doubtful prestige, power and solid companionship.

There had been a time, years before, shortly after Pat had arrived in town and, by accepting his first bribe from her, had proved his good will toward the gambling in the back of the Purple Sage, when that companionship had been on the brink of an abyss; when, beset by sudden desire, they had discovered themselves in the middle of a violent love affair.

Then, one day shortly after it had begun, they had their first lovers' quarrel.

IN THE middle of a passionate outburst when Fritzi's summary of Pat's shortcomings was being interspersed by wrathful commentaries of Pat's own, they had all at once looked at each other in terror. It was not the terror of two lovers, each afraid that his momentary anger may drive the other away forever. It was the panic of business partners, foreseeing the end of an established and profitable association.

Pat had spoken first. "I guess maybe this ain't been such a good idea, Fritzi," he said slowly.

"I guess maybe you're right, Pat."

He had looked up joyously at her understanding. "You know what I mean? It's not that you ain't a swell woman—"

"And I think you're a good guy. But—"

They had both sighed with relief to be safely delivered from imminent destruction.

From that day forward, they had really begun to appreciate each other's comradeship. And within a month they had so completely lost self-consciousness about what had been between them that Pat could shout extravagant propositions at her and Fritzi could answer him with elaborate coyness.

Now they were both silent, remembering the past with blissful appreciation. Finally, with a sigh, Pat brought himself back to the present.

"That Luke Sheldon is goin' to cause me a lot of trouble before he's through," he said. "I'd like to frame him and run him out of town."

Fritzi frowned. "What's he done?"

"Nothin'. But he's an awful weak sister. Always whinin' about the way we treat the prisoners down to the jailhouse."

"If you're smart, you'll leave him alone. Don't forget, he's a state man. Up to the time he came here to start the patrol station, we've been nothing but county."

Pat sighed. "I know, Fritzi."

"We've got to test our way with the state. We don't want to get out on any limbs. Just because things have always gone our way, isn't saying they always will."

"I know it."

"Besides, there's nothing really wrong with Luke. People like him. He's only been here six months and everybody in town likes him."

"I don't."

"All right. But everybody else does."

"Do you?"

Fritzi smiled. "I may have my uses for him."

"Meanin' what?"

Fritzi continued to smile. "It's got nothing to do with you. I'm just telling you to leave him alone."

Pat looked at her in surprise. "He's pretty young for you, Fritzi."

"I'll thank you to mind your own damn' business, Pat."

Pat shrugged. "Anything you say."

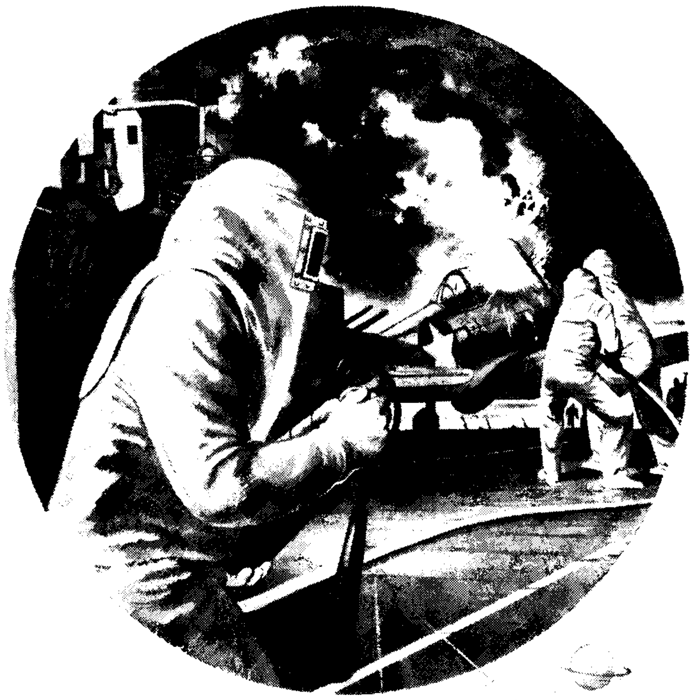
Fritzi lighted a cigarette and stuck it in the long holder. "How about the saloon up at Ruby Mountain?"

"It's comin' along. I been cleanin' out O'Riley's gamblers. Every week regular. Runnin' 'em down to the county jail for thirty days apiece. He won't be able to last much longer. He'll sell out to you cheap and be glad to get the money."

"Don't let up the pressure. That Ruby Mountain district will turn out to be a gold mine."

Pat chuckled. "He can't operate without no gamblers. As fast as he brings 'em in, I clean 'em out. Give him another month. Then make your offer." He struck a match on his boot sole and groped in his shirt pocket for a cigar. "Well, that's about all the news. Except for Buck Hambly leasin' his ranch."

Fritzi's eyes deepened with interest. Buck



From Life Saving to Safe Living....

Here is the fabric that does not burn.

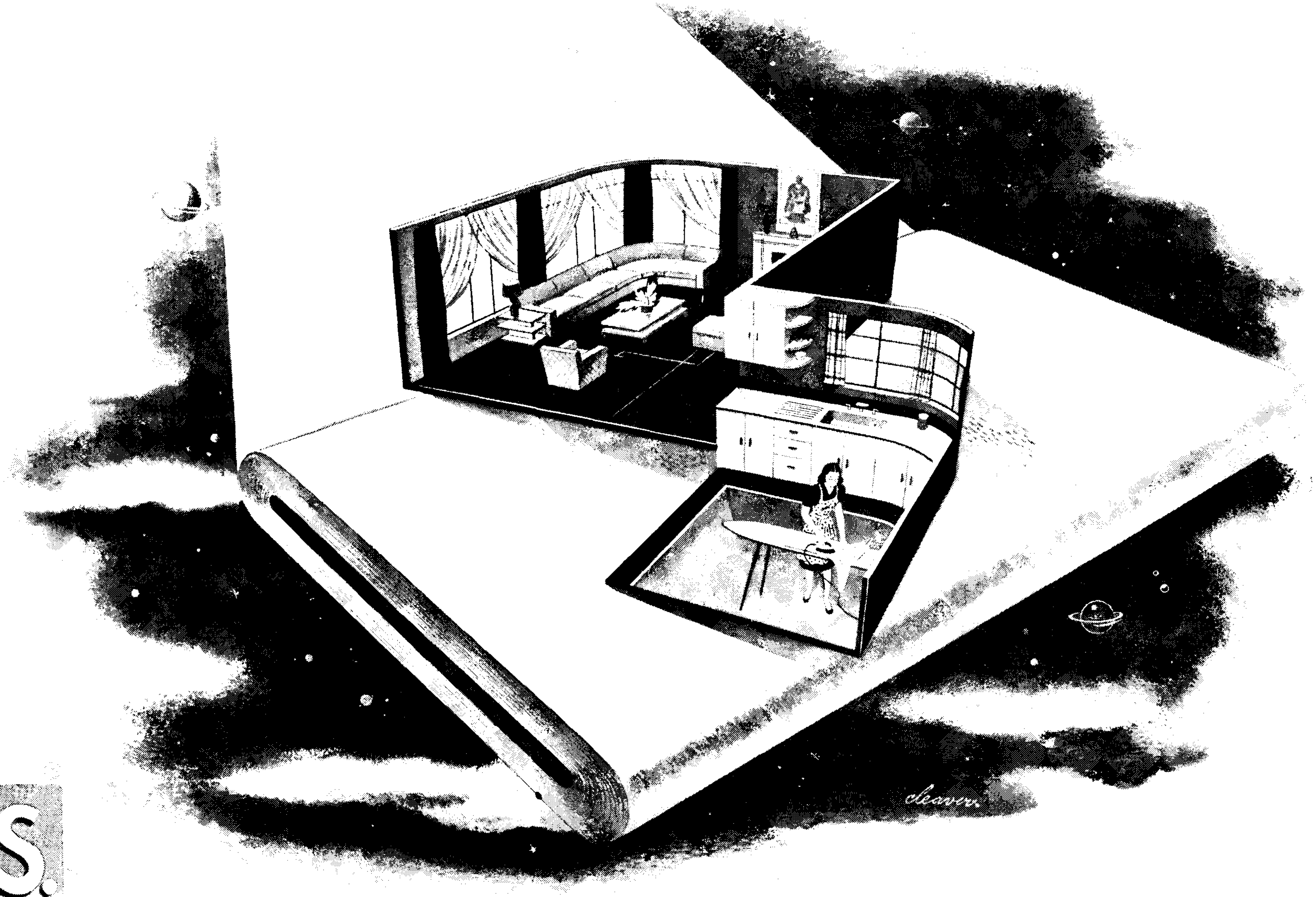
It's *Asbeston** — the amazing burnproof material so many fire fighters used in their war against the instant death of searing flame.

Though saving lives in battle, *Asbeston* was born in peace — developed by textile engineers of the United States Rubber Company who devote their resources to creating new materials which serve human welfare.

In a world at peace, you'll be living safer because of lifesaving *Asbeston.* Your ironing board cover will be burnproof — made of smooth, durable *Asbeston.* Your living room may be brightened with colorful, *fireproof Asbeston* drapes woven in decorative textures and designs. In these, and many other ways, this superior fabric is being developed for your near future by "U. S." men of science.

Product of modern textile research, *Asbeston* makes its contribution to living itself — to security, peace-of-mind, and personal safety. Another example of how "U. S." serves through science.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



U.S. TEXTILES

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY *Serving Through Science*

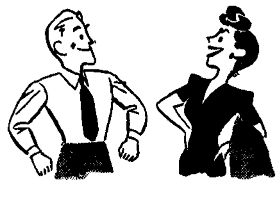
1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.

"Should a wife hold out on her husband's coat?"

"In certain cases, Mr. Blake! In certain cases . . . like this!

"And *you* don't get your coat until *I* get a whopping eyeful of that stunning new Arrow Shirt!

"Gives that nice build of yours an



extra trimness—yes it does! And I'm not overlooking the nice things that smooth Arrow Collar does for you, either. Why, you could *almost* be The Hero in a magazine story, darling!

"And of course, I'm extra-happy that Arrows are Sanforized-labeled, so they can't shrink more than a niggling 1%. Yes, and those *anchored* buttons are my special pets—they save me stitches! So...

"Now you can have your coat back, Mr. Blake! The very *second* after I find

that lovely anniversary present you're hoping to hide from me—in this left-hand pocket! *Thank you,* darling!" Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Which war is over? *The war against oppression may be finished, but the struggle against inflation goes on. For your part in the fight (and the* best *investment you can make) buy more Bonds in the 8th Victory Loan!*

ARROW SHIRTS

Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear

Hambly was the desert bad man. For years, his excursions back and forth from the neighboring state to his lonely ranch ten miles out of Chuckawalla had stimulated talk in the desert area. During prohibition, Buck had been one of the most active bootleggers in the Southwest. Later, he had used his ranch as an expensive refuge for gangsters desiring to keep out of the public eye for brief periods. After each phase in his Chuckawalla career, he quietly packed up and moved across the state line for a while.

"I saw Buck yesterday," Fritzi said. "So I knew he was back. I took it for granted he was moving into the ranch himself."

"No. He's just opening it for the boy he's leasin' to. Matter of fact, I took a run out there today. Met the new tenant. Eddie Benedict."

"Benedict! You mean he's taking over the Hambly place?"

"Yup."

"That's a strange one. Are you sure?"

Pat got up slowly and settled his hat on his head. "I don't know why, but he's here all right."

"Funny," she said. "Have a drink before you go, Pat?"

He shook his head. "I've been off my feed lately."

Fritzi smiled maliciously. "Worry about Luke Sheldon?"

Pat snorted. He moved to the door and opened it. "One of these days—" he began.

"Leave him alone, Pat, like I told you."

He looked back at her. "You pick the damnedest people, Fritzi—"

"That's my business."

"It sure is." He tilted his hat back on his head and went out the study door. Fritzi waited until she heard the roar of the sheriff's car going into reverse down her driveway. Then she went to the front door and turned off the porch light. As she came back into the house, her mind returned to Eddie Benedict.

She was still thinking about him idly half an hour later, when she put her Persian lamb coat about her shoulders and drove off down the hill toward the Purple Sage.

It had turned hot and windless and a full red moon hung, low and swollen, behind the black skeleton of the railroad bridge. Fritzi shook her head. The drunks at the Purple Sage would be bad tonight. Rough and quarrelsome. They always were during weather like this. She would have Mike keep his eye on the plate glass window out front—steer all fights away from there. . . .

On a hill at the extreme western end of town, where Chuckawalla, after thinning out rapidly for a quarter of a mile, made a last stand before fading completely into rolling, greasewood-covered desert, stood a small white bungalow, yellow, now, in the colored moonlight. Up the steep driveway to the right of this bungalow, Luke Sheldon swung the patrol car. He put on the brakes. He wiped his uniform sleeve across his wet forehead. It had turned hot, all right. He got out of the car and switched on the electric light by the door. Then he allowed himself to look about him with weary peace of heart. He was at home.

Inside, in the cool, whitewashed living room, he sat down on the monk's-cloth divan and pulled off his boots. Wriggling his toes thoughtfully, he spread open the evening newspaper he had picked up from the kitchen stoop and began to read it. He gave the matter of the newspaper the same careful attention which he gave to every action he undertook: helping a truck driver fill complex weight certificates for commercial trucks, developing pictures in the patrol's darkroom, mending a model airplane for the neighbor's boy, measuring the distances of the road's shoulders for an accident report—they were all actions demanding respect; he did them all with the same gently persistent thoroughness. When he had finished the last page of the paper, he let it fall to the untidy heap of previous days' newspapers at the side of the divan. Getting up, he went into the kitchen.

FIVE minutes later, leaving his supper cooking on the stove, he returned to the living room, picked up his boots and carried them into his bedroom. In a moment, the shower in the bathroom beat violently against the oilskin bath curtains.

The water had spent its force but was still drizzling pleasantly when the telephone rang. Luke hurried into a bathrobe, thrust his feet into straw sandals and plodded through the living room to the phone.

A slow husky woman's voice drawled in his ear. "Luke? This is Fritzi Haller."

A little muscle of caution tightened in his belly. "What can I do for you, Fritzi?" he asked cheerfully.

"I want to talk to you."

He grinned at the phone. "I don't think we can do business."

She laughed at him—a low laugh of genuine amusement. "What do you think I have in mind? Corrupting the law?"

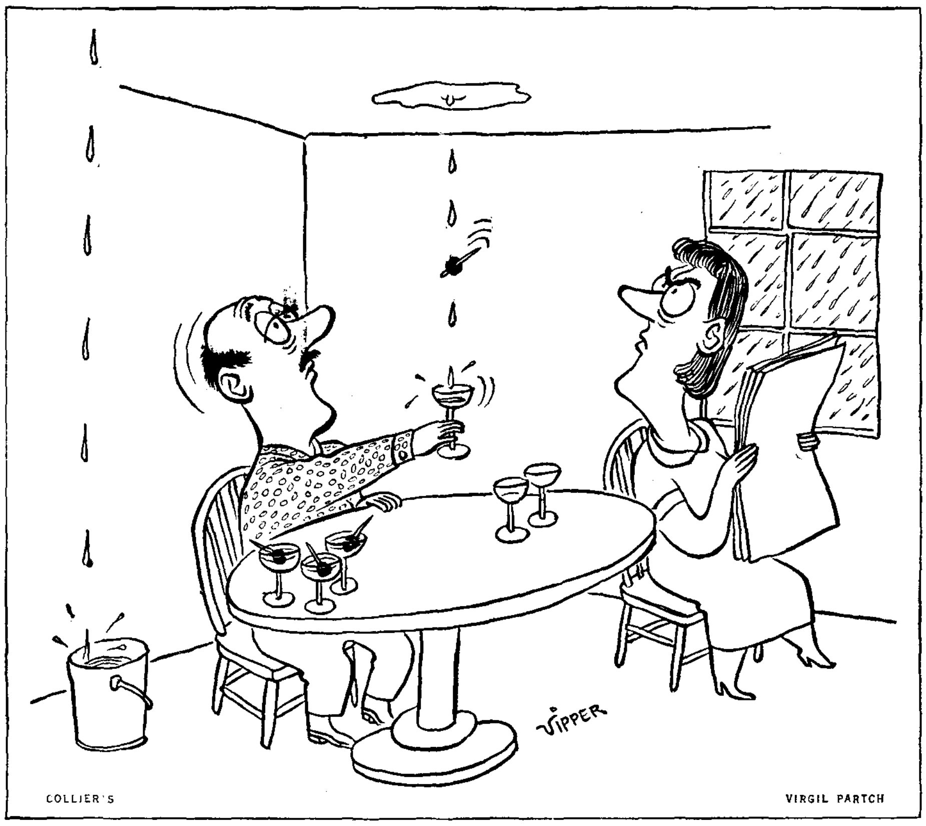
"It's been done."

"Not this time." She paused. "I really need your help."

He frowned slightly, puzzled. But he knew she had him. He couldn't turn her down as long as she put it like that. "What is it, Fritzi?"

"Come round to the back room of the Sage in half an hour. Duck in the back alley, if you want, and park close to the building. It's dark. Nobody will even know you've been to see me."

(Continued on page 46)



Y TAKES A BOW

When you see those new cars with Body by Fisher — you'll be quick to say that beauty takes a bow. They are truly beautiful.

It's easy to see that the Fisher Body organization has come out of the war with its skill and craftsmanship at a new peak.

So when you have the pleasure of selecting a new car again, there's one thing to remember — be sure that it carries the emblem of Body by Fisher.

It stands today, as it has stood for more than 37 years, as the sure sign of a better automobile. It means that all the skills inherent in the Fisher Body organization have now been combined to bring you greater beauty, to give you greater comfort and safety.

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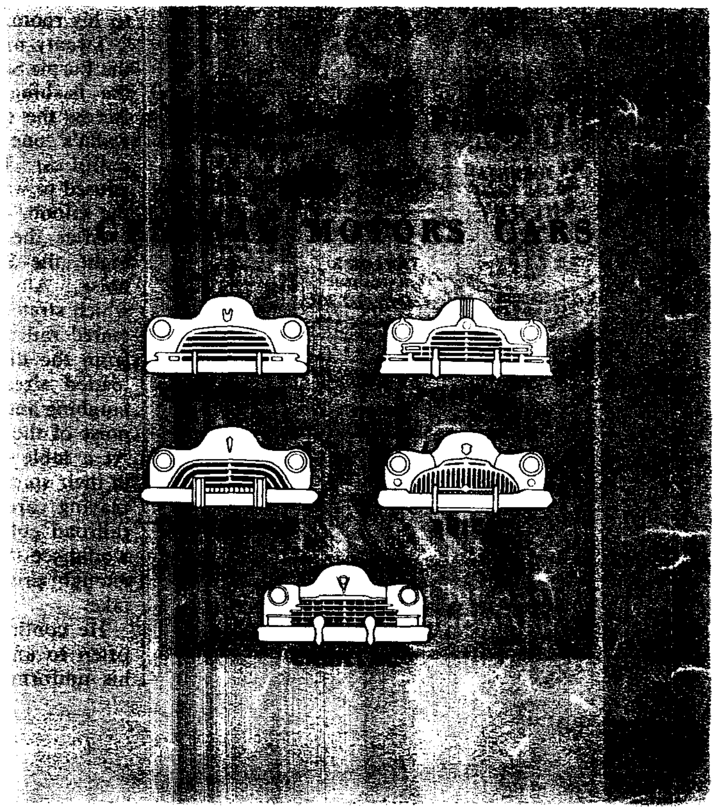
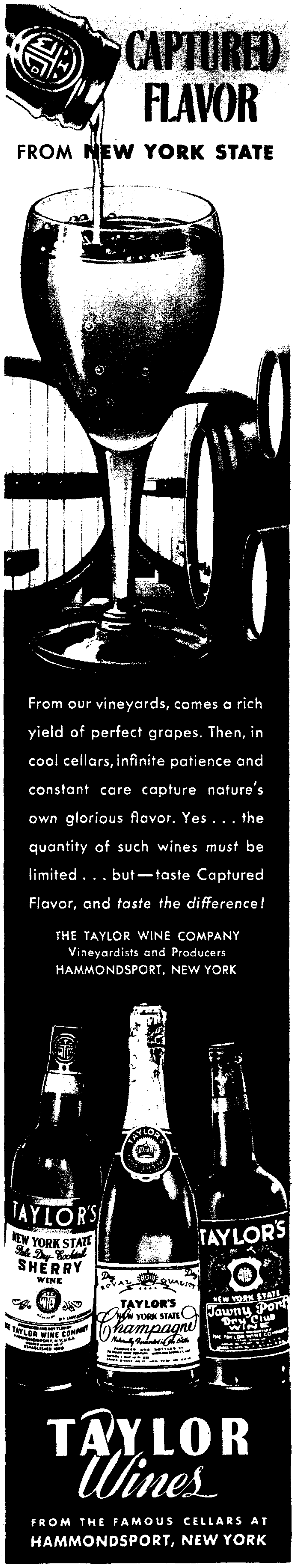
Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild Model-Building Competition—8 university scholarships, 624 other awards for boys 12 years of age and older. Enroll now! Guild Headquarters: General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan.

BUY VICTORY BONDS—They finished their job—Let's finish ours





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FROM NEW YORK STATE

From our vineyards, comes a rich yield of perfect grapes. Then, in cool cellars, infinite patience and constant care capture nature's own glorious flavor. Yes . . . the quantity of such wines *must* be limited . . . but—taste Captured Flavor, and *taste the difference!*

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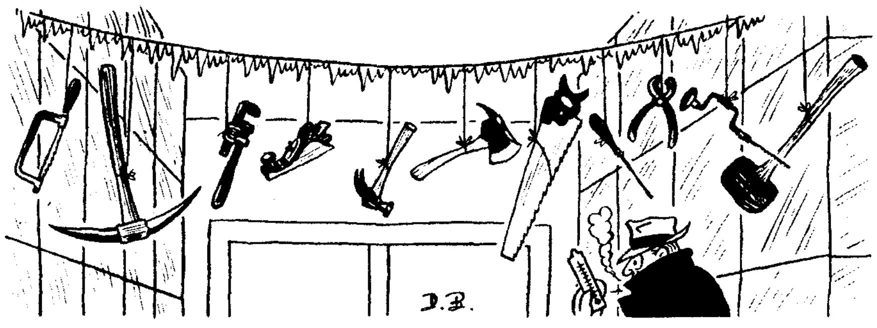


DAVE BREGER

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Freeze It to Keep It Sharp

Not only will deep-freeze methods keep food for months or years, but they will also give extraordinary new life and wearing qualities to certain metals, especially hard steels. Under the superpressure production schedules of war it was discovered that if cutting tools were frozen instead of merely chilled in air, they would stand far more abuse and turn out guns and tanks much quicker.

That technique, soon to be applied to peacetime production of every kind, is likely to mean very large savings in production costs and in the speed of making many goods—and to be reflected in lower prices and quicker reconversion.

Heat-treating of steel is as old as steel itself, but *cold* treating is something new. The steel, once it is heat-treated, is chilled down to frigid temperatures as low as 130 degrees below zero in special refrigerating chambers, and acquires unheard-of strength and toughness. Two or three hours of such chilling may double the life of a hacksaw blade.

Extreme low temperatures, now available in large refrigerating units, can also speed up the job of making "shrink fits," such as placing the valve inserts in automobile engines and making high-strength struts and other parts for airplanes. Iron castings that now require long "seasoning" periods in cold winter air can be made ready for use in low-temperature chambers in a fraction of the time.

Nylon and More Nylon

That rush for nylon stockings is likely to be madder still when this useful material appears in many other textile forms, discovered in the war and already on their way home for peaceful consumption. Sheer nylon netting, invaluable in the tropics for mosquito protection, is due to appear as material for window curtains that will hold their shape and gloss regardless of the number of times it is washed. Dress goods, veiling and even underwear fabrics can be made from the same weave. Hunting and fishing apparel that is tough and water-repellent, but extremely light, will be available. So will nylon fishlines and leaders, cord and rope. The material can also be used to replace gut for stringing tennis rackets.

Stars to Lipsticks

Every so often, the astronomers on their mountaintops discover something that has real, practical use in the world below; they bring down new knowledge or invent apparatus that spells great advance in every
life. Such is the story of a new astronom
instrument—a little vacuum tube that m
ures the heat of a star 5,000,000,000,0
000,000 miles away. This "starlight tu
has already descended from a California
servatory to the Pittsburgh steel mills
make an amazing improvement in the che
cal control of alloy steels for military
It is sure to be a tool of first importanc
tomorrow's world.

The astronomers asked William A. Ha
a Westinghouse electronics engineer, to b
them a vacuum tube so delicate that cc
measure one one-hundred-trillionth of
electric energy flowing through an ordir
light bulb. It took him ten years. When
finished he was amazed to find that his l
tube held real promise as a superdelicate
tector of impurities in chemical solutions.
baffling problem in all high-grade man
ture is to rid the product of faint traces
unwanted elements. Sometimes a few ur
tectable atoms of the intruder can ruin
melts of steel, alter the action of dr
change the properties of many an al
Hayes' new tube could detect the infinit
mal electrical currents which are always
sociated with impurities, and monitor tl
removal.

Recently a lipstick maker who was hav
serious trouble with rejects from stc
heard of the starlight tube. A simple
with it found a minute impurity in the m
cases packaging his product and set the n
ter straight. The impurity in the cases l
caused deterioration of the lipstick. In h
dreds of ways like this, "starlight" will h
solve mysteries and improve control over
standards of the future.

Watch for These

A "heart sound meter" for doctors to
on *people who believe they are perfe*
well. Heart sounds, it has been discove
give valuable information about many ot
parts of the body besides the heart itself.
new advance detector for trouble befor
starts.

Silky smooth threads of glass for
ing up a patient's wounds after an operati
Absolutely sterile and inert, it can't ca
complications after your incision has heal

A vacuum-tube device to replace the
tributor in your automobile. No more
tributor points to get out of adjustment
spoil the power of your car. ★

Bitter Harvest

Continued from page 44

"You've got straight trouble?"

"I told you it was."

"Then I'll park in front." He put down the telephone and went into the kitchen. He finished cooking his dinner and ate standing up at the drainboard. Finally, he went back to his room and got dressed again.

Twenty minutes later, he drove up before the Purple Sage and parked at the curb under the flashing green and purple neon sign. Across the street, pulled up before Chuckawalla's one boulevard stop, was another patrol car. The patrolman honked and Luke paused to wave at him before he walked into the saloon.

After the hot, dry silence of the desert night, the Sage was moist and hectic and noisy. Along the bar, facing the mirror which stretched the length of the room, were seated railroad men, cowboys and ranchers from the district. Some of them were half loaded already, Luke noticed. They were laughing and shouting over the loud blatting noise of the gaudy juke box beside the door. At a table opposite the bar, two cattlemen in their shirt sleeves, their collars open, were playing cards with two waitresses from the railroad coffee shop. Luke grinned. Fritzi would see that their game was stopped soon enough; private poker cut down on the house take.

He continued on back, pausing every so often to answer the friendly gibes taken at his uniform. He knew almost everyone in the place, but it was the first time they had seen him here.

From the end of the bar, he could see through the open door that led to the crowded gambling room. Through the massed bodies, he could hear the rattling sound of the roulette wheel and the call of the blackjack dealer. He paused here a moment, looking into the room, before he glanced up and met the bartender's eye.

Mike grinned at him. There was no caution in the grin and Luke knew that Fritzi had okayed his visit. He walked past the gambling room and down the dark, ill-lit corridor toward the screen door which led to the back alley. At the end of the corridor, was a closed door marked: OFFICE. He knocked on it and stood waiting.

A woman's voice called out to him and he turned the knob and walked into the room.

FRITZI was seated far back in a calfskin-covered swivel chair, her feet resting on the corner of the glass and chromium desk top before her. Opposite her, divided by the deep red plush of the carpet from the desk, was a long, wide, calfskin-covered divan. A red leather chair trimmed with brass studs was pulled up beside the desk, flanked by a modernistic copper ash stand. Luke gazed at the ash stand with interest. Then he turned and looked at Fritzi Haller.

As Luke entered, Fritzi had been fitting a cigarette into a jade holder. She groped on the desk for a chromium lighter. Flame spurted from it and she lit her cigarette before leaning back in her chair.

"Sit down, Luke," she said. "I've been waiting for you."

"I'd never have believed it, if I hadn't seen it." He glanced at the calfskin divan and then at the brass-studded chair. "You mean I've got my choice?"

Fritzi chuckled. "You can take off your boots and run your toes through the rug, if you want. When you get it all out of your system, we can talk."

Luke put his cap on the desk beside a chromium and glass decanter of whisky. Then he sat down on the desk and swung a boot over the side. "All right," he said. "But I've got the feeling I'm about to be ruined."

"If I were ten years younger, you might be right," she said. "For the present, you can think of me as a mother. Want a drink?"

He shook his head.

"Just putting you at your ease." She dropped her feet from the desk and poured out a drink from the decanter. Sitting back she looked into the glass in her hand. "Luke Sheldon," she said slowly. "You're twenty-eight. Two years of City College in Los Angeles. Four years barnstorming around the country, flying old crates at fairs, air stunt work for the movies. Then Patrol School, and for the last four years, a clean record in the county seat and now up here in the desert. Is that right?"

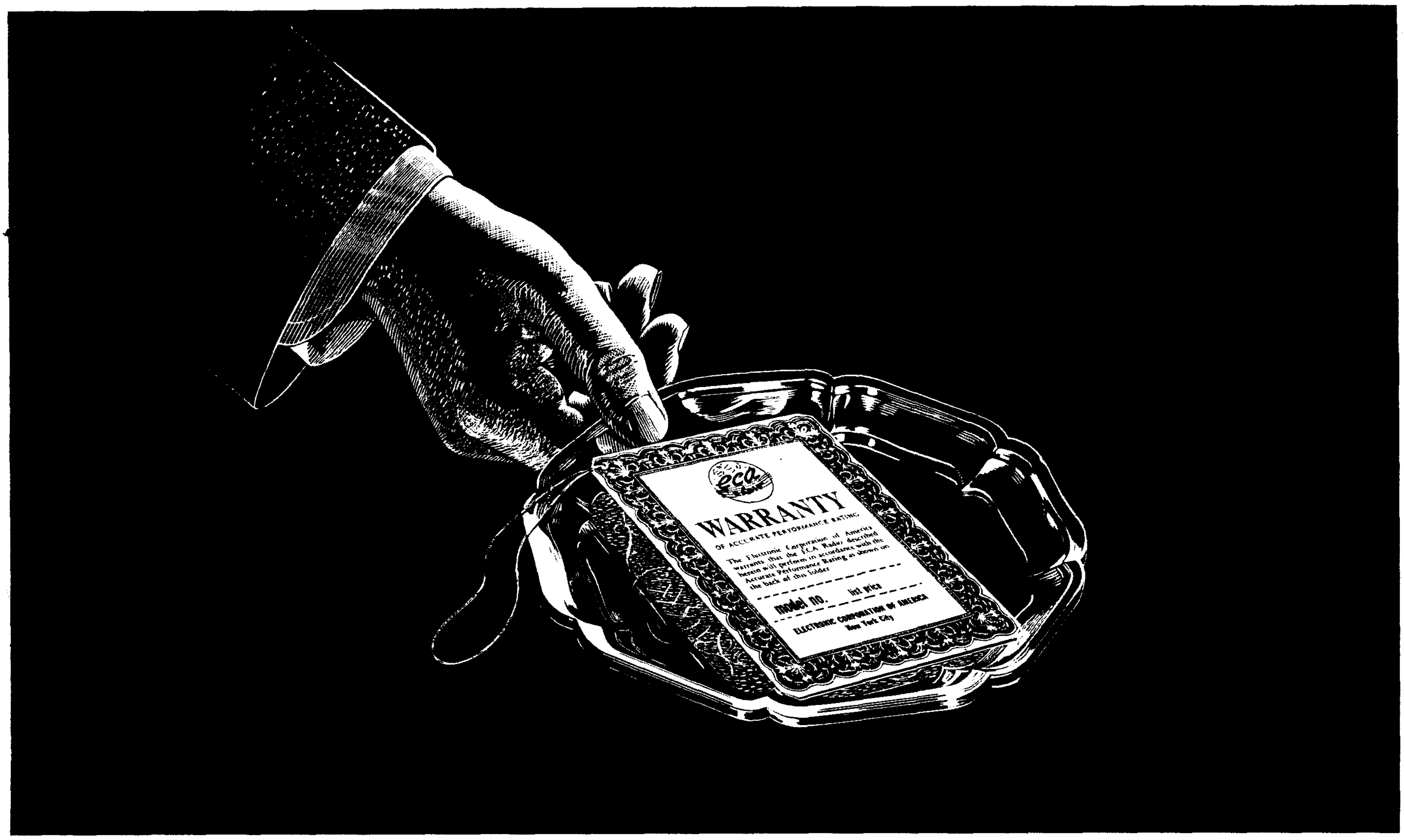
He grinned. "Do I cross your palm with silver?"

"You couldn't afford it," she told him. "I had a detective agency on you for a week. Do you mind?"

"No. I hope it cost you plenty, of course."

She looked up at him, smiling. "It did. Everything you really want does."

"Meaning what?"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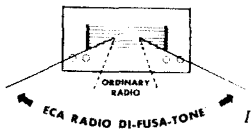
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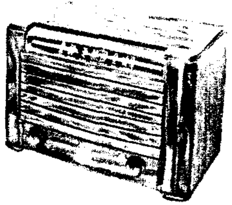

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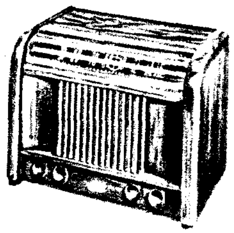

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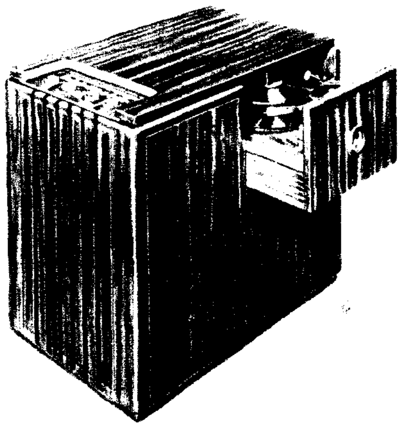

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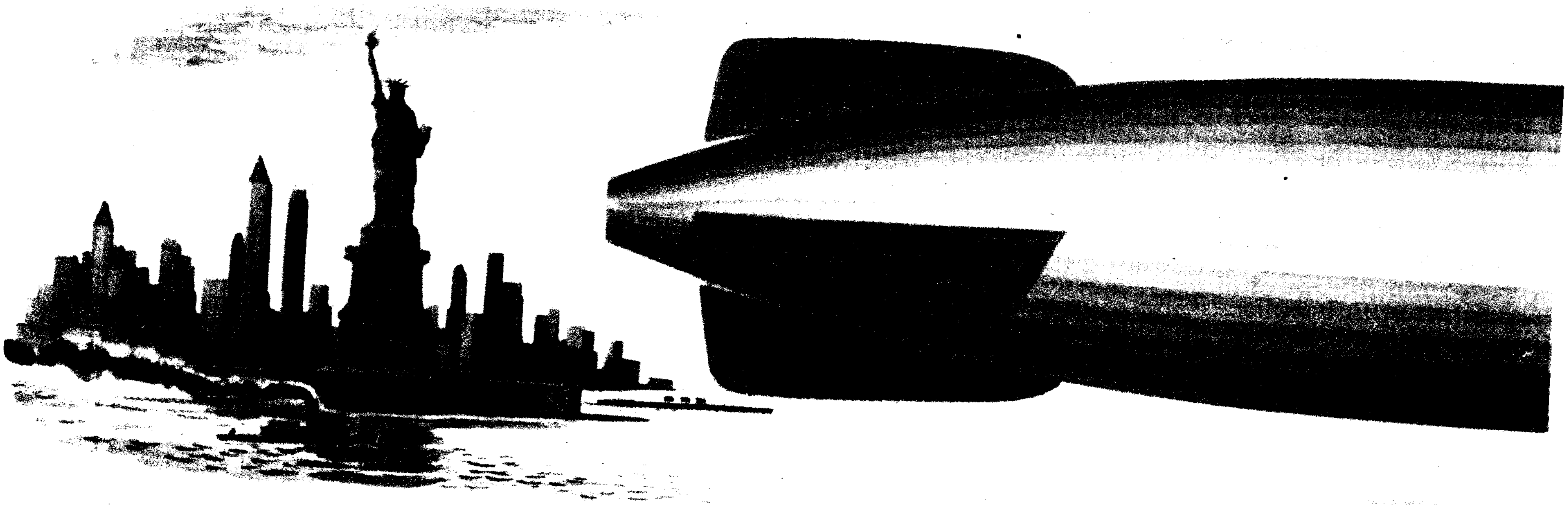

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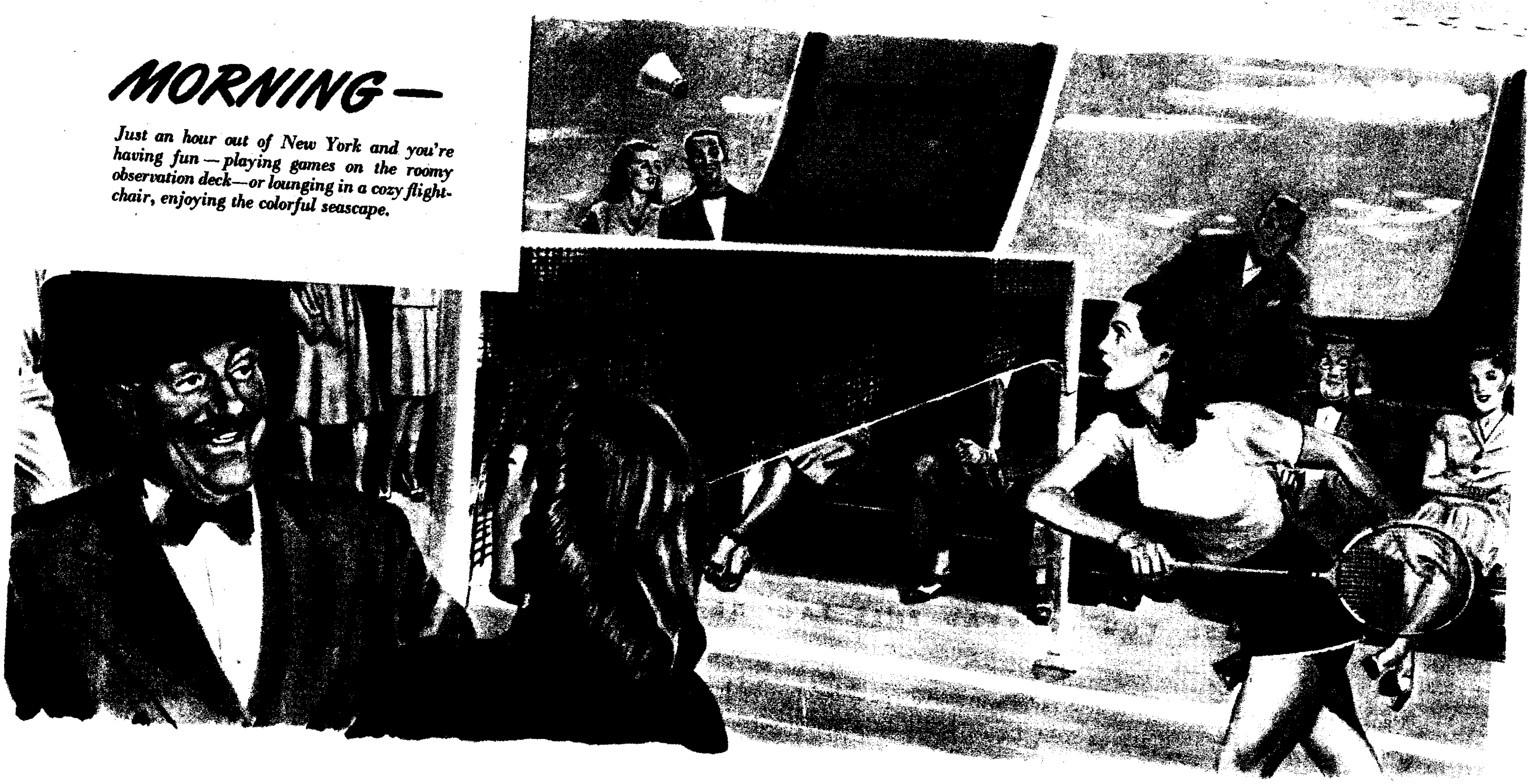

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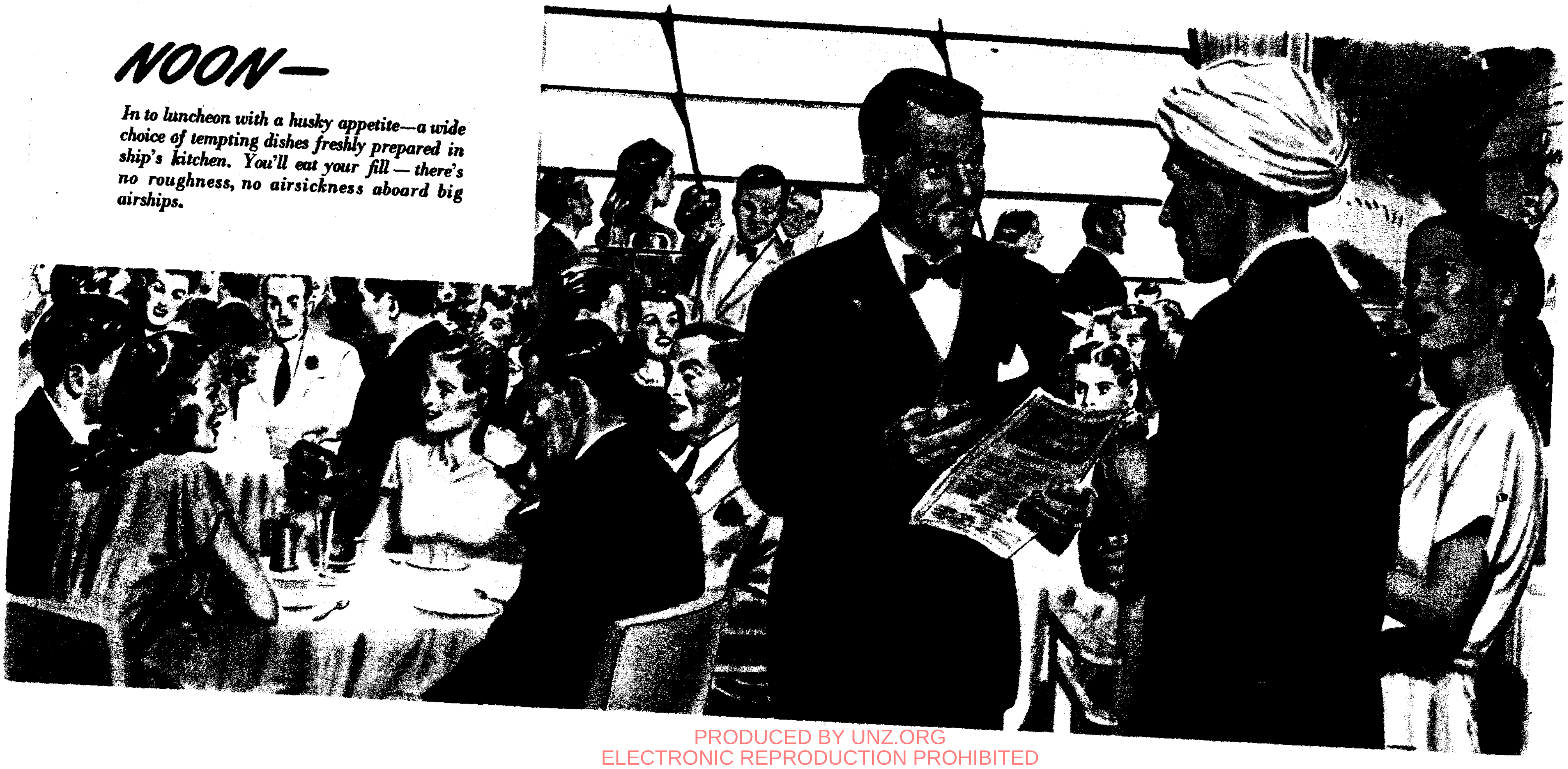

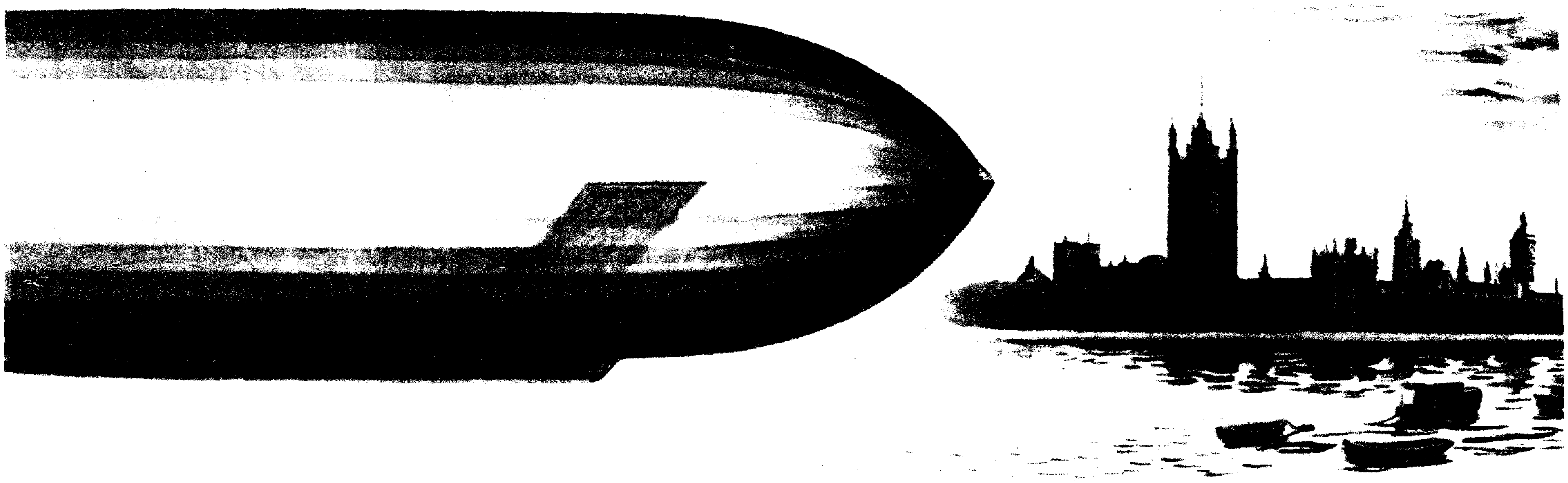

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"Do you think I go to all this trouble for every stranger who comes to town?"

"Maybe you're naturally curious."

"I've got too much respect for my money," she said dryly. "I found out you're honest, you've got guts—I like that—you're smart, and you know the ropes. When you say you want to settle here on a ranch, I think you really mean it. But I paid cash to be sure."

"So far it sounds like a bad investment."

"That's why I called you up tonight. To find out." She agitated the whisky in her glass thoughtfully.

"I suppose you wonder why I never sent Paula away to some swanky boarding school in another part of the country."

He shook his head. "I never thought about it."

"I could have. Most women in my position would. But I don't run away from trouble. Everybody knew I had her when I came here. If I'd have sent her away later, they would have thought they'd chased her out of town."

"They call it stubbornness."

"Call it what you want." She stamped out her cigarette. "Now, of course, she's damn' near a woman, and she doesn't have any friends except my business associates; I've got a problem on my hands."

Luke smiled. "I wondered if you'd noticed."

"You don't fall into my position. You climb there. And you end up smart."

"Modesty is a beautiful thing."

She smiled. "Most people have a good reason for it." She fitted another cigarette into her holder. "How would you like to marry Paula?"

He stared at her for a minute. Then he grinned slowly. "So that explains the detective agency?"

FRITZI nodded. "And I'll protect an investment with more capital. If you marry Paula, Luke, you'll get the ranch you want—a bigger one, better stocked, than you could buy if you worked till you were ninety."

"And how about Paula?"

"Paula likes you; I can tell. She's crazy about horses and cattle—she'd fit into that kind of life. That's one reason I picked you."

"What about the other reasons?"

"All right. We've been here ten years. The town has never accepted us. Not that I care. I wouldn't mix with them anyway. But they *have* accepted you—in six months. And if she marries you, eventually they'll have to accept Paula. She'll get her friends."

"I see. Any more?"

"One. I've seen you with her. You're in love with her already."

"Well, well." He sat in his chair gazing into space thoughtfully. "That about wraps it up, doesn't it?"

"For me it does."

He looked at her. There was a rattle of the private door and before Fritzi could call out, it opened. Paula stood on the threshold. She was wearing a rose linen coat over her white dress. Her eyes widened and for a moment, she just stood there, looking at them. Then she smiled and put her hands in her dress pockets.

"Where do you buy your sheep's clothing, Luke?"

He grinned. "I just whip it up myself."

"It's good," she said bitterly. "Good enough to fool me." But then she turned calmly to Fritzi and when she spoke there was no further hint of emotion in her voice. "I came down to say I was sorry about this afternoon, Fritzi."

Fritzi smiled easily. "You're a funny child. What are you sorry about?"

I'm sorry for shouting and fighting with you, of course, Paula thought. What do you think I'm sorry about? If we two can't stick together, what hope is there for anyone else? Aloud, she said, "Nothing, really. I just thought I'd drop by." She looked at Luke. "But since you're busy, I'll drop out again."

"Why don't you stick around?" Luke asked. "You've missed an interesting conversation."

Fritzi frowned at him. Turning her head, Paula caught the last of the frown.

"Go on, honey," Fritzi told her. "I'll be home in a little while."

"Fritzi, you've compromised my honor," Luke said. "You're leaving Paula with the impression that I'm taking a pay-off."

Impatiently, Fritzi poured herself another drink. "Luke is *not* taking a pay-off, Paula, since that seems to be worrying him. We are *not* talking business. I asked him here to give me some personal advice." She nodded at him. "Is that all right?" She turned back to Paula. "Now, go home. I'll be right up."

"Paula," Luke said. "How would you like to marry me?"

There was a great silence. Paula's face grew slightly pink beneath her tan but she did not speak. Finally, Luke continued gently, "Because Fritzi just offered me a ranch—a good one—if I marry you. I thought I'd better find out what my chances are."

There was another long silence; the color faded from Paula's face, and two set lines etched themselves at the corners of her mouth. She turned slowly to Fritzi and for a while she just stood there, looking at her. "Thanks a lot, Luke," she said. "But I don't think I'll be around here long enough to take you up on that. Some other time, maybe."

Her fingers dropped from her pockets and she crossed to the private door.

"Paula—" Fritzi began.

Paula glanced back at her. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll go out the back door. Nobody will even know I've been here."

Before Fritzi could stop her, she had gone out and the door shut behind her.

When she was gone, Fritzi tapped her fingers rapidly against the brass studding of the chair. "Will you kindly tell me what made you do a damn' fool thing like that?"

Reaching to the desk for his hat, Luke stood up. "One of these days, Fritzi, you're going to find out that Paula isn't the kind of a girl you can hand out to anybody. But before that happens, you may find you're in for a lot of trouble."

Fritzi's black eyebrows drew together slightly. "May I ask why?"

"Tonight was a good example of your tactics. Paula's grown up with them. She's never been taught any other rule or standard in her life but one: dog-eat-dog force."

Fritzi's face combined amusement with impatience. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," Luke said. "So long as she doesn't meet people stronger or more ruthless than you."

"And will she?"

"The world is full of them. Good night, Fritzi."

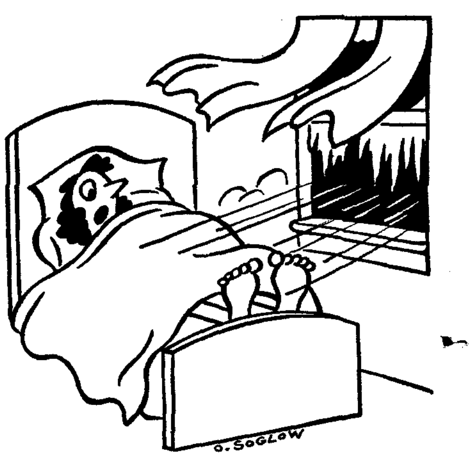
Without looking back again, Luke went out, closing the door behind him and leaving Fritzi frowning after him.

THE numbness which coated her confusion like a shell, had carried Paula through her brisk reply to Luke's proposal and her exit from Fritzi's office. But by the time she was in the little blue car, rolling swiftly east along the highway, anger began to crack through.

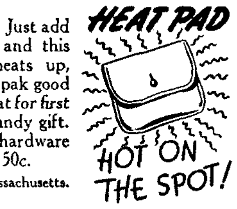
This was it, finally, she knew. This was the last handling Fritzi would ever do for her. The red moon which seemed to lie directly ahead of her lit the road, but she followed it less by actually seeing what was before her than by long habit. The hot, sage-scented air stirred her hair across her eyes and she did not bother to brush it away. She remembered her loneliness in the big colonial house earlier in the evening, her penitence for the afternoon's quarrel with Fritzi which had finally driven her to go down to the Purple Sage. And all the time, Fritzi had been sitting quietly in the private office, settling her life for her, bribing Luke to take her in return for a ranch. Baiting the trap with bacon. It was almost impossible to believe—well as she had thought she knew her mother, she would never have supposed her capable of this.

She was driving faster now, rushing along the road into nowhere. Recalling her plans to work at the Sage, she almost smiled at her innocence. No, so long as she was at hand, Fritzi would handle. She saw very clearly now that she would have to get away from her if she wanted to call her soul—or even her body—her own. Only when the last string was cut, when she had left Chuckawalla for good, would she be free.

She wondered if Fritzi had returned home



"Oh Lemuel-get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"



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yet, whether there were still time to pack and be gone before she did return. She brought the car to a stop before swinging far over to the right shoulder of the road in order to turn back. But at that moment, she saw, silhouetted ahead against the low-hung moon, the bridge into which Angela Benedict had plunged three years before.

Suddenly, she recalled the man she had seen in the drugstore that afternoon. Scarcely conscious of the movement, she shifted the car into gear and slid off the shoulder onto the road again. Slowly, she approached the bridge and then when she was nearly upon it, she pulled to the side of the road once more and switched off the motor.

The silence, once the car's engine was stilled, became an almost physical force. Breathless and powerful, it seemed to gather strength from the windless desert before it came pressing down upon the bridge in great enveloping waves. Paula moved quickly to step from the car—it was an unthinking assertion of her aliveness against the wash of impersonality thrown against her by the dark, contorted Joshua trees rising above the scrubs which covered the desert floor, the white gleam of pale sand caught by streamers of moonlight, the great uneven boulders. The car door snapped shut loudly behind her and the hard shoulder dirt gritted beneath her feet as she walked to the bridge.

IT WAS a simple steel arch spanning the hundred feet of bed where the river curved sharply beneath the road before it wound on through the rolling desert plain. Nothing remained to show that this was the place where a woman had met death in a sudden maelstrom of steel and glass and crushed bone.

Long ago, a crew of dusty engineers and sweating laborers had driven out from a highway division office and made the necessary repairs and replacements. Now there was not even a scratched piece of grill to bear memory of the speeding powerful motor that had roared down upon its rendezvous with destruction, of the little scream of rubber as the curve on the far side of the bridge was made, or of the last high grating screech of impotence from the brakes in the instant before steel rushed toward steel and the fatal appointment was kept.

It was only a simple utilitarian bridge which rejected its moment of death and swift mutilating horror with unimaginative sturdiness. Now, as she looked at it, Paula wondered why the memory of Eddie Benedict had moved her to try to solve the mystery of his past. She walked back across the dirt shoulder to the car.

As her fingers touched the door handle, however, she heard the sound of shoes scuffing against rocks and sand below her in the dry river bottom. Her fingers tightened on the handle, but before she could wrench open the door, the rattle of dislodged rocks and the scrape of leather against the sandy embankment announced that someone was clambering up the side. Immediately afterwards, Eddie Benedict came into the full glare of the headlights.

At first, she was too moved by the expression on his face, sharply lit by the car lights, to call out. His dark features were deeply carved with lines she had not noticed before. The surprise which raised his lids and shone in his dark eyes spoke of the attention he had been giving to some inner matter—so commanding that he had not noticed the headlights pouring down into the river bed until they had finally blazed into his face. Now that he saw them, however, he stepped quickly out of range into the darkness before he paused and tried to make out the shadowy figure beside the car. Then he came nearer, walking with quiet caution. Something seemed to brush roughly through Paula's blood but she still did not move or call out, but continued to watch this man walking slowly toward her with his hand in the pocket of his white linen coat.

In a second, he had come near enough to stand beside her, although she knew that in the darkness, he could not see more than the outlines of her face.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Paula Haller."

"Just a kid, aren't you?" he asked. "What are you doing out here alone at night?"

"What are you doing?" she parried.

He paused and she was conscious of the danger in his silence. "Go on," he said. "Beat it."

She noticed by the glisten of the moonlight that a fine veil of sweat had dampened his forehead and that his jaw was clenched against a light spasm of shivering which had just come over him. For some reason, it allayed her fear.

"You're Eddie Benedict, aren't you?" she asked.

He glanced sharply at her but she knew he still could not see her well. "You heard me tell you to beat it?"

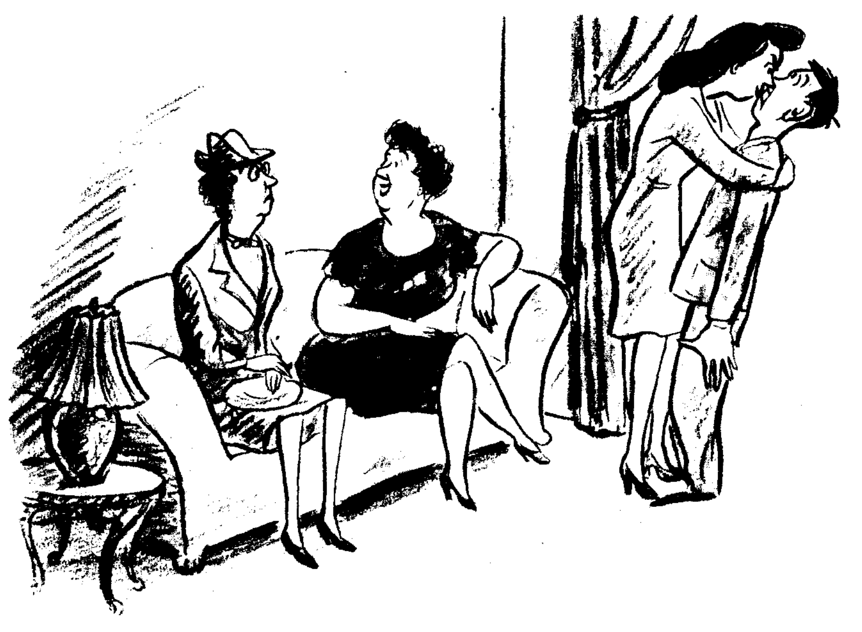
"Yes." She made no move to go.

"What do you want from me?"

"Nothing."

He paused again. She felt that for some secret reason of his own, her answer had amused him. "All right," he said. "It's nice to meet somebody who wants nothing. Let's sit in your car." Again the spasm of shivering passed over him. "I must have walked too far."

SHE slipped into the driver's seat and waited for him to walk around the car and sit beside her. When they were together, she switched off the headlights which had thrown part of the fatal bridge into sharp relief. Then she turned slightly toward him and watched while he lighted a cigarette and threw the match out the window. Two white blasts of smoke steamed from his nostrils and then he leaned back and crossed one long thin leg over his knee and let one immaculate hand fall over his ankle. He gazed ahead of



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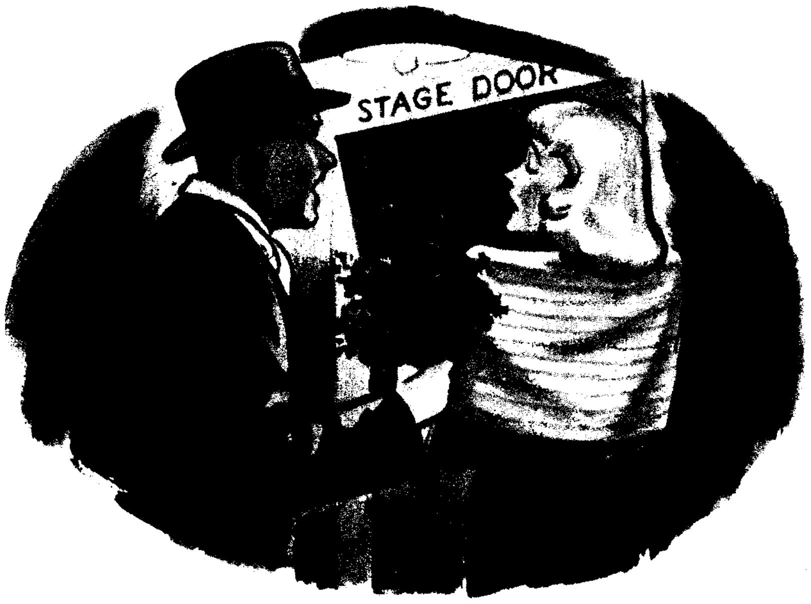
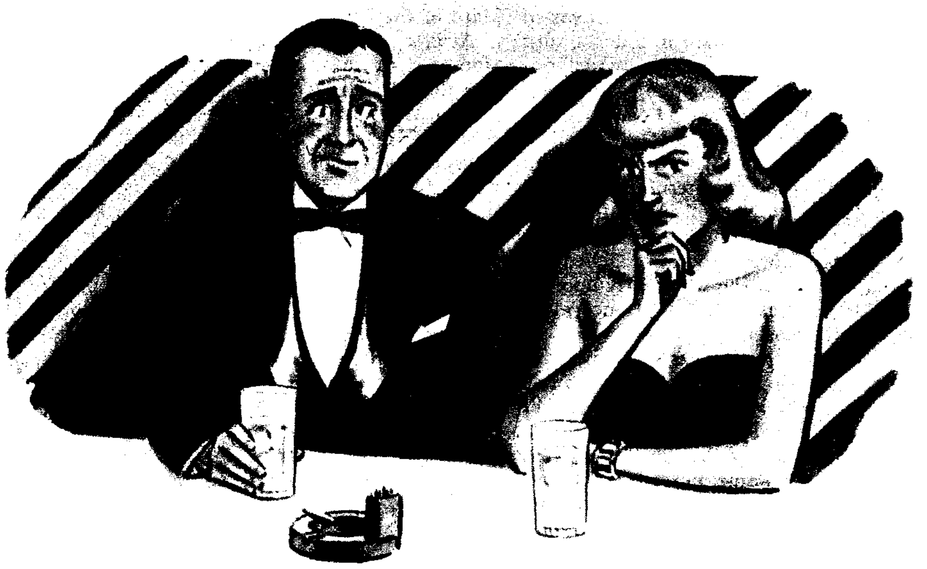
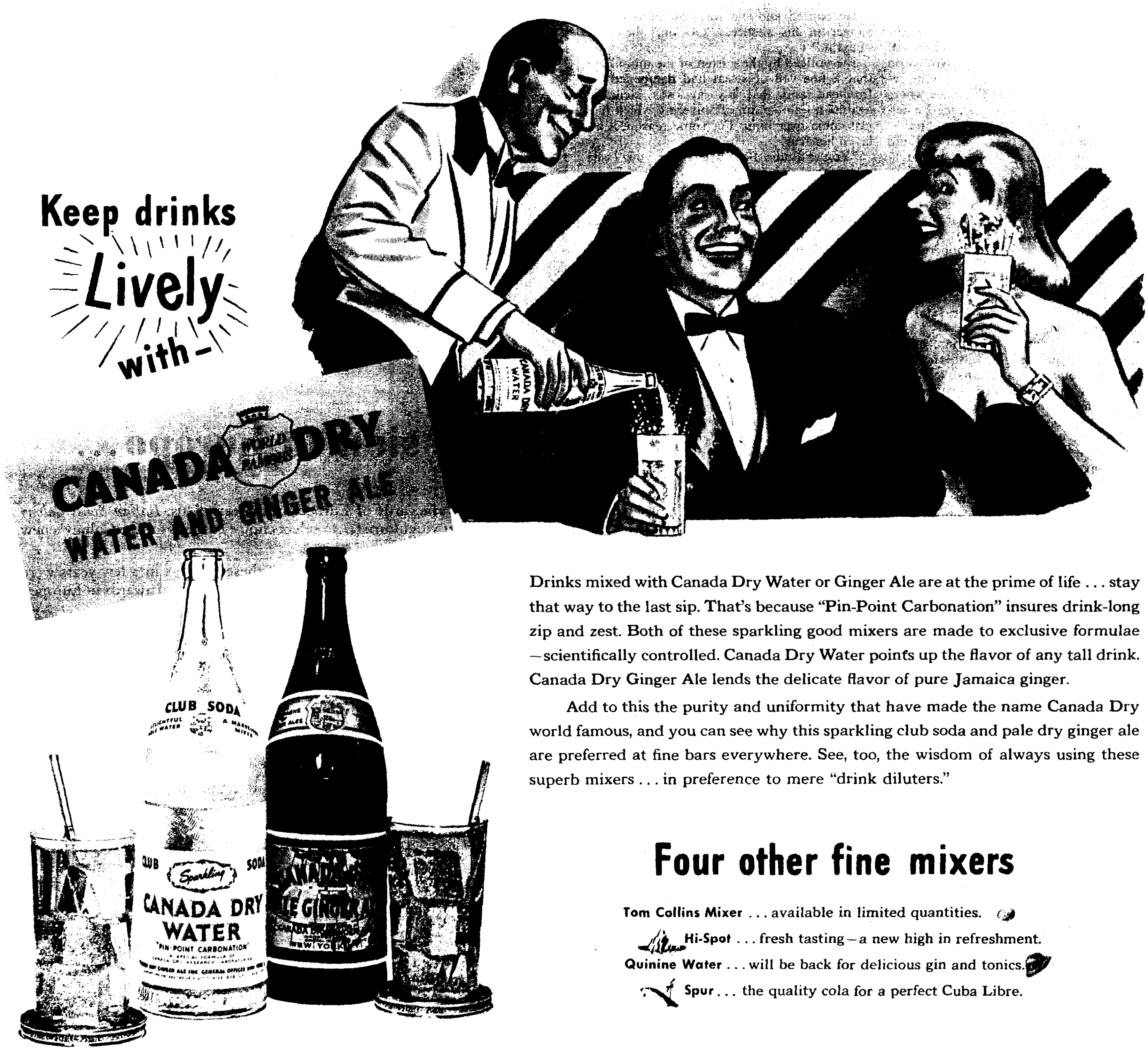




A flat NO isn't always final..... ...but a flat drink is really the end!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Add to this the purity and uniformity that have made the name Canada Dry world famous, and you can see why this sparkling club soda and pale dry ginger ale are preferred at fine bars everywhere. See, too, the wisdom of always using these superb mixers . . . in preference to mere "drink diluters."

Four other fine mixers

Tom Collins Mixer . . . available in limited quantities.
Hi-Spot . . . fresh tasting—a new high in refreshment.
Quinine Water . . . will be back for delicious gin and tonics.
Spur . . . the quality cola for a perfect Cuba Libre.

him at the night and the pale form of the bridge.

"You live around here?" he asked

"Yes."

"Then you know this is where it was?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It doesn't look like the same place."

"They rebuilt most of it," she said.

"I thought I'd like to see it. By night I thought it might look the same." He grasped his ankle firmly to steady his trembling fingers. "Now. What were you really doing here?" he asked.

She looked at him quickly, startled by his tone. "I was driving past."

"What made you stop? Here?"

"I don't know. I just wanted to see where it happened."

"It was all over three years ago. Why did it come over you tonight?"

"I saw you in town today. In the drugstore. When I came to the bridge, I remembered."

"Why?"

"I liked your looks."

He laughed. With the laugh, their relationship altered slightly. Paula could feel it change. "What's your name?" he asked.

"I told you. Paula Haller."

"So your name is Paula Haller. You're out alone at night, driving in the desert. Tell me some more."

She smiled at him. What had Luke said? "Big Chief Bad Medicine himself." The feeling she had of this man's power gave her a sense of superiority over Luke, even over Fritzi. "What do you want to know?"

"Tell me why you didn't beat it when I told you to."

She considered. "I guess I wanted you to pick me up."

"You don't pull your punches, do you?"

"I've heard you don't pull yours."

She could tell by his voice that he was smiling. "How come you knew who I was today in town?"

"I was with one of the patrolmen when I saw you. I asked him."

"Is there an angle there? How come you're so friendly with the law?"

"I've grown up here. My mother owns a saloon on the main street."

"Does she? You don't seem tough enough for a regular saloon kid. So she pays off the law."

"I didn't say that."

"You're all right. You're a funny kid but you're all right."

"Thanks."

"Were you going back to town?"

She had a sudden recollection of Fritzi and her decision to go away for good, but that seemed to belong to another existence. "Yes," she told him slowly. "I'm going back to town."

"Then you can drop me off at the old Hambly ranch on your way."

"All right," she said. There was a shade of reluctance in her voice. He turned to her and as their eyes met she knew that he had heard it. He moved his hand toward her but as he did, she switched on the ignition. They drove the next ten minutes in silence. Turning back on the highway, they crept along until they found the dirt road which ran to the Buck Hambly ranch, settled against the hills. When they pulled to a stop outside the rambling brown veranda, Benedict continued to sit beside her in the car.

"The cop you said you were with today—what did he tell you when you asked who I was?"

"He told me not to get interested." She glanced up at the shadow of his face in the darkness.

"You're not paying much attention to him, are you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "Luke is—"

SLOWLY, he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her away from the wheel. "Do you know what you're getting into?" he asked.

She didn't answer and after a moment, he pushed the curling hair back from her forehead. "Because unless you get out of here, now, you're going to find out."

He bent over her but before their lips met, the front door of the ranch house was thrown open. A short, stocky man stood silhouetted against the light from the house. He held a shotgun in his right hand and his feet were planted wide apart.

He stood motionless, staring into the darkness for several seconds before he spoke. "That you, Eddie?"

Benedict released Paula and turned his head to the window. "Yeah. If you stand in front of the light like that, that shotgun isn't going to do you much good. I could pick you off like a clay pigeon from here."

The other man stepped back into the veranda shadow.

"Go on inside, Johnny. I'll be in in a minute."

"Sure you're all right? I didn't hear you go out. And your car's still in the garage." As he said these last words, he came down the veranda steps.

The light from the house was pouring through the open front door and into Paula's car. As Johnny came up, he looked in at her.

He stopped where he was, his stolid face expressionless. Then he glanced at Benedict with wary amusement.

"Well, well, well," he said slowly. He did not continue.

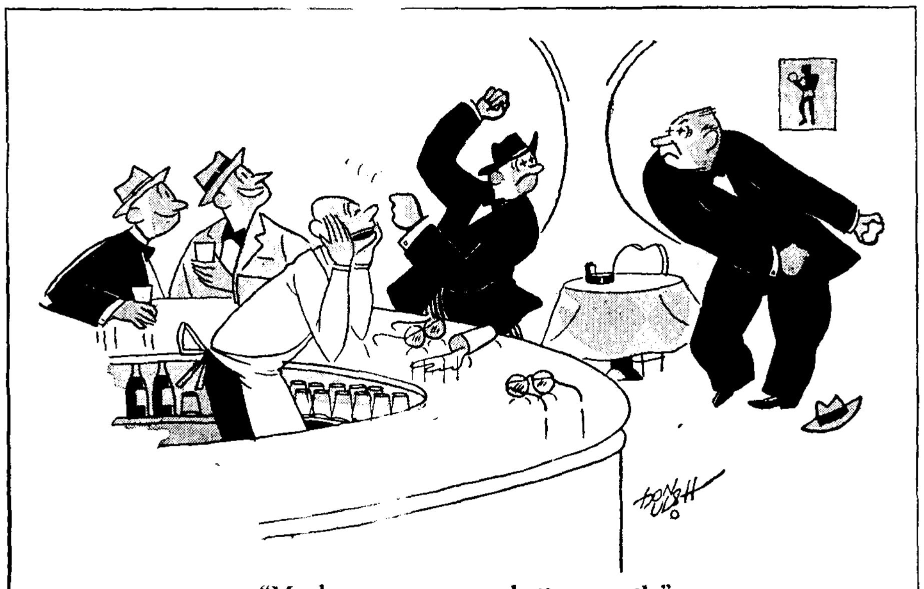
There was something odd in his tone. Benedict turned toward Paula, her face brightly illuminated by the house light. Then he looked back at Johnny.

Very quietly, he got out of the car and closed the door behind him.

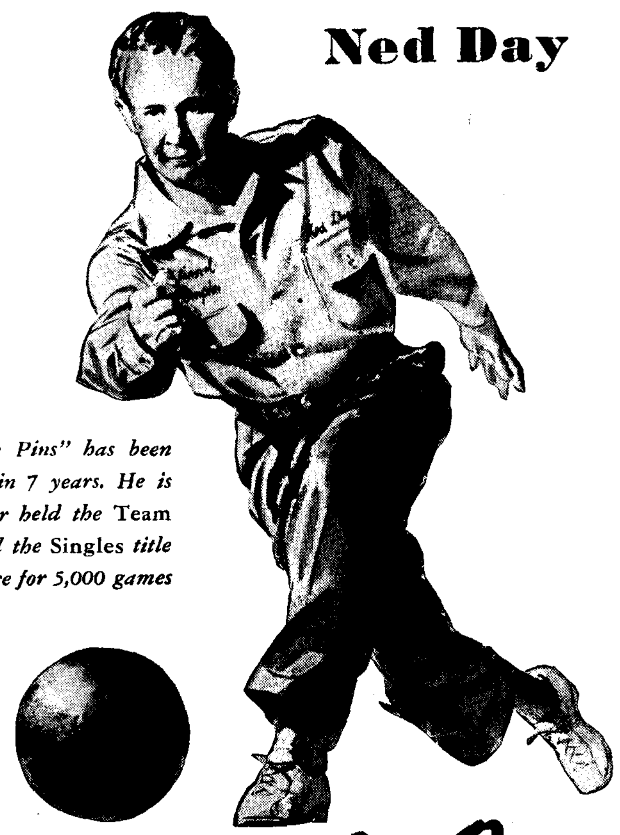
"Get out of here, kid," he said. There was flat finality in his voice. "And don't come back again." . . .

Next morning when Paula wakened, she found that the heat had broken. The early wind, rushing steadily across her bed, was dry and clear.

Turning her head on her pillow, she looked past the window at the town and the desert stretching to the mountains beyond it. Well, she thought, it was an interesting evening. Luke wouldn't even take me with a ranch



COLLIER'S "Maybe you two guys better wrestle" DON ULSH



There is Only One

Ned Day

This modern "King of the Pins" has been world's champion 5 times in 7 years. He is the only man that has ever held the Team *title, the* Doubles *title, and the* Singles *title in bowling. His average score for 5,000 games in competition is 221.*

There is Only One

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey is internationally famous as the underwear that ended "Squirming"—the only underwear with the patented Y-Front construction scientifically perfected for masculine support. Only Jockey has the "friendly" pouch ingeniously cradled for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift. Jockey wearers especially appreciate the convenient No-Gap opening . . . the bulkless crotch . . . the smooth seams properly placed for complete freedom of action without binding or chafing . . . and the extra all 'round comfort of Jockey's soft, knit fabric. Jockey is being made in increasing quantity . . . so *insist on* Jockey when you buy. No other underwear should be substituted when you ask for Jockey—the exclusive Y-Front features of Jockey cannot be offered under any other name. Look for the label—*be sure* you get *only Jockey.*

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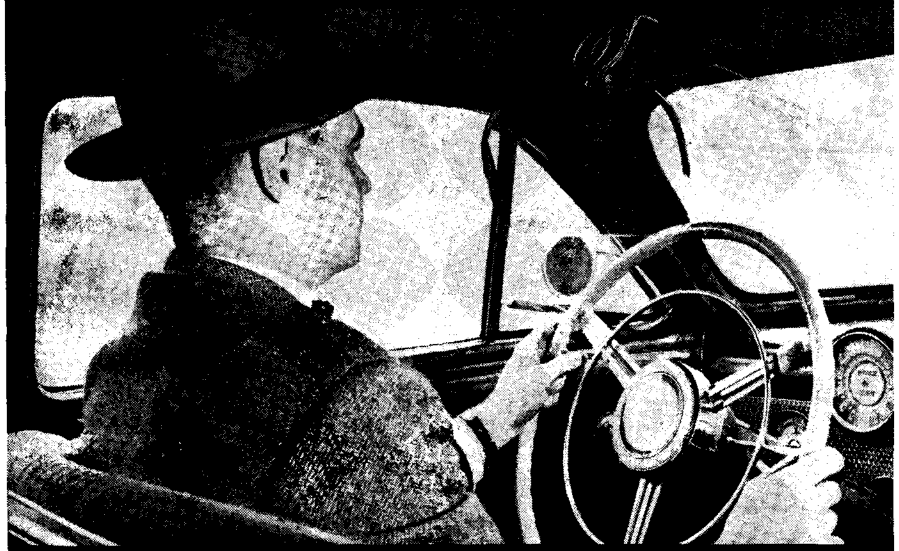
Sun glare reflected from highway, icy pavements, or your car's polished enamel causes eye strain, fatigue and even danger.

WILL SOON BE CORRECTED

The New
POLAROID *Day-Driving* VISOR
scientifically blocks this glare but lets the useful light pass, giving the driver a glareless, unobstructed view—less eye strain, less fatigue, less danger from uncertain vision.

WATCH FOR IT IN 1946



The POLAROID* Day-Driving VISOR can be easily slipped on to the visor of most any car. It is not just another colored sun shield. No other kind of visor or shield can exert its *selective* control over light. Completely installed in six seconds without tools.

A product of POLAROID CORPORATION Available in 1946
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

POLAROID
Day-Driving
VISOR

Not to be used for night driving.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

thrown in, and then Eddie Benedict— Easy now. She sat up suddenly and let her bare feet touch the floor. What is my strange power over men, she asked herself wryly. That's better; play it hard. Nice and hard. She got up; better not to think at all.

But as she stood before the bathroom mirror to run a wet comb through her hair, remembrance sounded with strong sure violence. She paused and she no longer saw herself in the mirror or heard the steady pouring of the tap.

"Get out of here, kid. And don't come back again." The words, the flat, final voice, even the look of his face, the curve of his jaw in the house light was there. It was all there, just as if it were happening now.

All right, she thought. Nobody has to tell me to get out, twice. I don't happen to tick that way. Just a hint is enough, the slightest hint. As you so delicately put it—get out and don't come back. The barest suspicion . . .

Turning off the tap, she let the comb drop to the basin. Fixing her face in a casual mask of protection, she went downstairs for breakfast. . . .

In the kitchen, Mary had warmed the breakfast plate on the top of the oven. She placed two eggs on it now and a strip of crisp brown bacon.

"Hello, Miss Paula. You're up early." She poured the coffee into a cup and set Paula's place at the enamelware table.

Paula pulled back the white, straight-backed chair with the bluebirds and roses painted on its top and sat down. "Good morning, Mary." She was pleased with the everyday tone of her voice. "You're looking well."

Mary went back to the stove and took out a pan of blueberry muffins.

"Glad the heat's over with," Paula said cheerfully. "Funny day, yesterday." Careful. Not too much about yesterday. "Usually lasts a while. Just twenty-four hours of it this time."

"Yes, Miss Paula." The breakfast on the table, Mary padded back to the sink and continued drinking a cup of coffee there.

PAULA stabbed at the eggs with her fork. She succeeded in breaking the yolks and sat back, watching vaguely as the yellow streamed out over her plate. "Mother's looking well, too," she said.

Mary sucked at her coffee. "Yes, Miss Paula. She is."

"I was down at the Sage last night. She had Luke Sheldon there—that cop, you remember. The one who's been holding out on her."

Mary laughed. "Well, well. She got him fixed at last, has she, Miss Paula?"

"No." Paula spread butter over the muffin and then let the piece she had broken off fall into the egg yolk. "No. I guess not. Something personal, they said."

"Maybe she'll get him yet," Mary said. "She knows her business, Miss Fritzi."

"Yes. I guess she does." Paula sipped her coffee, found it too hot still and pushed it away. "Eddie Benedict's come to town," she said. Nonsense, she told herself, my voice didn't sound hollow at all. That's what imagination will do for you. Like looking at a pimple in the mirror. It always looks terrible to you. Other people don't even see it. "You've heard of him, Mary."

"Yes, Miss Paula. Yes, I have." Mary drank the dregs of her coffee and rinsed the cup in the sink. She turned then and looked in Paula's direction with her faded brown eyes which could see so little. "If you'll listen to old Mary, Miss Paula, I think you should forget all about such things. They ain't for you, Miss Paula. Just don't give them no thought at all."

Paula pushed the plate of eggs and bacon after the coffee. "What do you mean, Mary?" she asked.

But Mary just shook her head. "Just what I said, Miss Paula. Forget about them. Don't think like that."

She came over to the table and took the untouched plate of eggs. "It's a shame, Miss Paula. A young girl like you, bothering her head—"

"What on earth are you talking about, Mary?"

Mary dumped the eggs into the garbage can beneath the sink before she answered over her shoulder. "Miss Paula, I've seen you since you was a little kid, no bigger than that." She put her hand out about two and a half feet from the linoleum floor. "I *know* you."

Paula sat, looking at old half-blind Mary for a minute. Then she got up and pushed her chair carefully beneath the table. "I think I'll go down to the drugstore," she said quietly.

Mary turned her expressionless, lined, dark face toward her. "Yes, Miss Paula."

"I don't suppose you want to tell me what you meant."

Mary shook her white-topped head. "You know what I meant, Miss Paula."

"You're crazy, Mary."

"Yes, Miss Paula."

Paula went out the screen door toward the garages.

THERE was no one but the counter girl in the drugstore when Paula entered. She went over to the fountain, ordered her coffee and dropped a nickel in the juke-box slot before her place.

As the music swelled out, someone brushed by her arm and sat down on the next stool. "You're up early."

It was Luke Sheldon. He ordered coffee as she watched him. Both their cups arrived together and Luke streamed sugar into his.

Well, she thought, I could get up and walk out. Strike a Victorian note. Oh, why did this have to happen with Luke, of all people? "How can you drink it with all that sugar in it?" she asked.

"I like it this way."

"I suppose it's your coffee."

"Yes." He stirred the cup with a spoon. "What were you doing out at the Hambly ranch last night?"

Paula's face masked over. She poured cream into her coffee. "I was completing my desert minerals collection."

He tasted his coffee and set his spoon down carefully in his saucer. "I was cruising out by the state bridge. On my way back, I saw you come out of the private road and head for town. Don't go out there again."

She swung around on her stool. "Now, wait a minute, Luke," she said quietly.

"I mean what I say, Paula. If you ever tangle with someone like Benedict, you don't just pick up your jacks and go home afterwards. I'm telling you to stay away from there."

"And what has it got to do with you?" She paused. "Or have you changed your mind about wanting that ranch?"

His gentle brown eyes hardened. "After a crack like that I ought to *let* you jump in over your depth."

I shouldn't have said that, she thought quickly. Not to Luke—that wasn't fair. Well, there was no backing down now. She smiled. "You're getting the idea."

"And as far as I'm concerned, you can. But first I'm going to tell you something you ought to know."

She shrugged. "I can't stop you."

"I told you I was detailed to the Benedict case three years ago."

"So what?"

"They brought her body down to us at the county seat. I saw it. And I have a good memory."

"She was somebody you knew?"

"No. But when I saw you the first time two and a half years later, I remembered all over again." He paused. "You look like her, Paula."

"I *look*—"

"Too much like her."

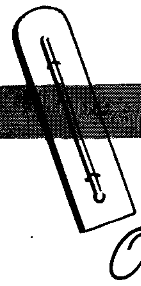
"I see." She finished her coffee slowly. Oh, yes, she thought, I see it very clearly now. The house light playing on my face for the first time. It was after that that everything went crazy. After that. Thank you, Luke. Thank you for a very good turn.

She got up and put a dime down on the counter. "This cup is on me."

He looked back at her, but before he could speak, she had gone out. Getting into the blue coupé parked at the curb, she swung around the highway and headed east, toward the Hambly ranch.

(To be continued next week)

Give your living room
The THERMOMETER TEST



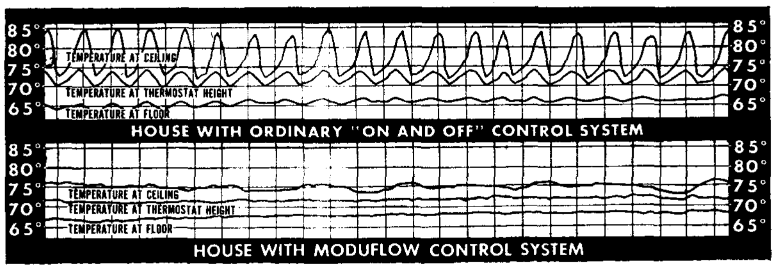
One of these days when weather gets down below freezing, just try this thermometer test in your living room. You'll probably be amazed to find that there is as much as twenty degrees difference between the temperature at your ceiling and on your floor. (See chart below.) While your floor is a feet-chilling 63 degrees, your ceiling may register a midsummer 83 degrees. This difference is particularly marked about 20 to 30 minutes after your automatic burner cuts off.

That's because, in the average home, equipped with an ordinary on-and-off control system, the warm air rises to the ceiling where it does little good, and the cold air forms in layers along the floor. But with Honeywell's new Moduflow control system, that's all different. By an ingenious method of control and supply, Moduflow nearly equalizes ceiling and floor temperatures. Much of the heat formerly wasted at the ceiling is used to heat the lower levels; result, blissful comfort from head to foot with greater efficiency of operation.

And here's the best news of all. Moduflow control systems are now available in limited quantities and are being installed in homes throughout the country. As more materials become available, production is gradually catching up with the demand. The sooner you place your order with your heating dealer, the sooner you will be able to enjoy the comfort of Moduflow.

Learn how easily and inexpensively Moduflow can be installed in your present automatic heating system. You don't have to wait until you build a new home. Send for the interesting booklet "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home," that tells all about Moduflow. Just mail the coupon today for your free copy.

83
AT CEILING
63
AT FLOOR



See how Moduflow smooths out the up-and-down temperatures caused by ordinary control systems. Shown above are actual temperature recordings taken in two identical houses — one with and one without Moduflow. Without Moduflow, temperature varies as much as [illegible] degrees from floor to ceiling. With Moduflow there is comfort temperature from ceiling to floor.

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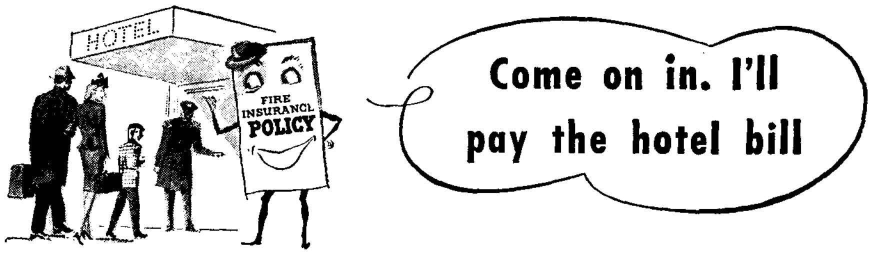
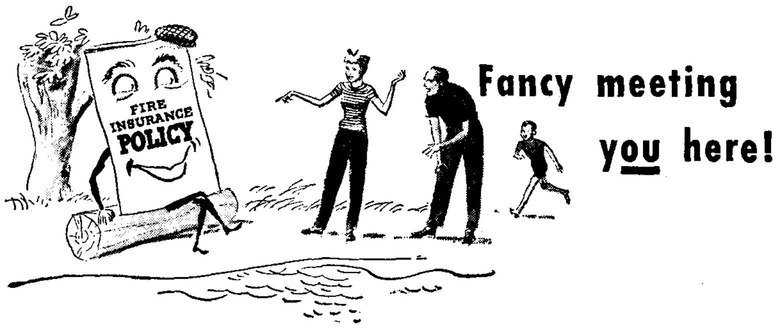
"THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! They're going to give us more for our money"

...But it IS right. Hartford agents and brokers are telling thousands of families about a new Fire Insurance policy that gives more protection at no increase in cost!

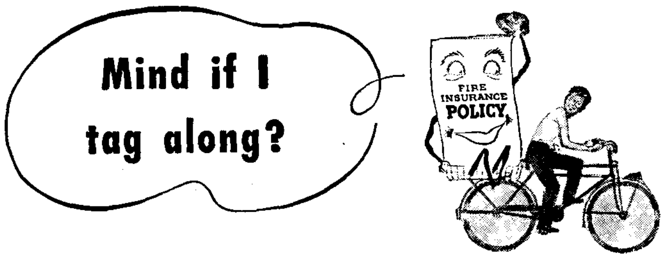
Pleasant surprise! It's a renewal of his Hartford Fire Insurance. And a letter from the Hartford agent explaining how his new policy has been broadened in several ways—how it's been made into a bigger package of protection. For examples, see next column.


HOTEL
FIRE INSURANCE POLICY
Come on in. I'll pay the hotel bill

If the family had to move to a hotel as a result of fire at home, their Hartford home fire policy would help pay the hotel bills! Under the broadened coverage, they could elect to have up to 1/12th of 10% of the amount of insurance on the dwelling apply each month to rental expenses, so long as the home remains untenantable.



Scene: the family summer cottage at vacation time. The family has brought along household goods, clothing and luggage from home. They may elect to have 10% of their household goods insurance back home apply on the furniture and personal effects they've brought along. That much of their property is covered against the same risks—both at home and away from home.



Junior's going to the corner grocery. Maybe he'll leave his bike at the curb in front of the store. Maybe a truck will run over it! The family needn't worry, because *now* their household furniture fire insurance policy with an Extended Coverage Endorsement will cover the loss. With this feature they have protection against damage by motor vehicles, windstorm, explosion,* smoke, aircraft, hail, riot and civil commotion . . . in addition to fire and lightning.

*Except steam boilers

FIRE INSURANCE POLICY

Bigger in lots of ways

and one of the most liberal new provisions is that you may "elect" any of the special 10% coverages *after* the loss occurs. Just shift them around to your best advantage. This broadened form may be used to cover household furniture and personal effects in most private homes except multiple apartment houses.

Hartford agents in most states issue these new policies. It is expected they will be available in all states shortly. Show this ad to your Hartford agent or broker—he'll tell you whether you are eligible.

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Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • Hartford 15, Connecticut

For Boys Only

Continued from page 18

Italian Breda went spinning . . . Dave simply held the Skua in its thundering power dive and let Freddy Farmer do the rest. And the English youth was not asleep. He brought his guns to bear on the Henschel as they flashed by and practically cut the Nazi ship in two with his steady, relentless, furious fire."

Dave, the author has already explained, is in the particular encounter piloting a "Blackburn Skua 830-hp Bristol Pegasus XII sleeve valve engine" job. This insistence on technical accuracy is a reflection of Bowen's public, the mechanical-minded moppets of the air age. It's murder when they catch an author with his aeronautics down.

"They hop on *all* the mistakes," says Bowen.

One result of the ever-watchful eyes of the readers has been Bowen's compilation of an enormous file on aviation during the war. For this archive he clips three newspapers and some twenty magazines for pertinent items. Fortunately, his hobby is nonfiction books on the war. This research creates accuracy of background unknown in the old-fashioned juvenile potboiler.

The 1946
SUPER-ATOMIC
WIDGET
DELIVERY IN 6 MONTHS

"I'm Going to Buy Some Victory Bonds Instead!"

Humor, unfortunately, hasn't changed much through the years. Heroes of boys' series seem to suffer from a psychological block which prevents them from saying anything really funny. Dave Dawson, who has caught the torch fallen from the hands of the immortal fun-loving Tom Rover, comes up with such snappers as "Sweet tripe!", "For cat's sake!" and "It's all just so much succotash to me."

But though the Dawson devotees are uncomplaining about the humor served them, they follow strict taboos in certain other matters.

Red-blooded American youth demands a straight, clean story. There must be nothing risqué. As a matter of fact, women in any capacity are out. The only possible place for females in an action story is to mother the next generation. Dave Dawson seldom if ever mentions his parents, and there never was a boy constitutionally better equipped to ignore the blandishments of florists and confectioners on Mother's Day.

When Dave Dawson did his duty by the Russian front, Bowen thoughtlessly introduced a girl guerrilla. The response was immediate and unanimous: "No dames!" The author now sees the light, though he says he'd introduce a Wac or a nurse if Dave's girl readers insisted. But he feels that a heroine would inevitably lead to rivalry between Dave and Freddy and break up the old team.

This again represents a change from the old days. Traditionally, of course, boy heroes, even up through the voting age, have never heard of sex. Very likely they suffer from some mysterious endocrinological ailment; or perhaps, after all their adventures, they're just too tired. Nevertheless, the old-timers suffered two-dimensional cardboard cutouts of women occasionally to flit in and out of their books.

In Tom Swift and His House on Wheels the lad apostatized and got married, while the Rover Boys, actuated by sound commercial instincts, went so far as to produce a new generation who in time had their own little series. Even the intrepid Boy Allies couldn't escape occasionally running into a woman. In The Boy Allies with Haig in Flanders, one of them came close to being hooked. The boys, behind German lines, had been saved by a mere slip of a girl who, consummate actress that she was, was going about disguised as an old hag, extracting secrets from the enemy:

"'You seem to take a great deal of interest in the fair Antoinette,' said Chester slyly.

"Hal's face turned red. 'Well, why shouldn't I?' he demanded. 'No one likes to see a girl or a woman mixed up in this kind of business.'

"'Are you sure that is it?' demanded Chester. 'Or is it just because it chanced to be Mademoiselle Vaubaun?'

"'What do you mean?' exclaimed Hal angrily.

"'Oh, no offense, no offense,' declared Chester. 'I was just talking to hear myself talk—maybe.'

"Major Derevaux smiled. 'Antoinette is a very nice girl,' he said. 'I'm sure she would appreciate Hal's interest in her. I'll tell her about it.'

"'I say, don't do that!' exclaimed Hal, in some confusion.

"'Ha, ha!' laughed Chester.

"Hal sat down, his face still burning."

When Talking Is Good

Dave Dawson has no time for this sort of guff. Nevertheless, while he and Freddy don't talk about girls, they do talk. And for a very simple reason: It fills up space. Because it's fast to write and keeps the story moving at a good clip, the bulk of any sixty-center is apt to be dialogue.

"I can get eight pages out of a fifty-yard walk," says Dave's creator. "New-caliber guns or any technical information is good for space. Before you know it, you've finished the chapter."

To make his heroes a little more credible, R. Sidney Bowen tries to see that they aren't completely all-powerful. We know that the hero will win in the end, of course, but he suffers numbers of abrasions and contusions along the way. Dave, as a matter of fact, frequently gets the whey kicked out of him; his life is a whirlwind of espionage, dogfights, kidnapings, perils at sea and on the burning desert, and anything else the author can think of. The literary taste of a 10-year-old boy is highly ferocious.

Also, the heroes never do the same thing twice. An effort is made to prevent them from coming back to the same place. Bowen tries to avoid similar incidents in successive books. His characters obey an unwritten rule that they must never speak directly to a contemporary celebrity, as Bowen feels this might spoil verisimilitude—unlike the Boy Allies who used to chew the fat with Pershing and the rest of the generals.

The naïveté of the first boy birdman, brought on twenty-five years ago by World War I, is forever gone. A few specimen titles from a series by Horace Porter have almost the quaint historical flavor of a Montgolfier balloon or Bleriot crossing the Channel:

Our Young Aeroplane Scouts at the Victory; or, Speedy High Fliers Smashing the Hindenburg Line.

Our Young Aeroplane Scouts at the Marne; or, Harrying the Huns From Allied Battleplanes.

Our Young Aeroplane Scouts in Turkey; or, Bringing the Light to Yusef.

Dave Dawson is not an isolated phenomenon. Juvenile series are big business. In the past 25 years, close to 100,000,000 copies have been sold. Even in 1860, Seth Jones; or, The Captives of the Frontiers, by Edward Ellis, a prototype of Dave Dawson, found 750,000 readers. In 1767, Mein & Fleming of Boston published the earliest juvenile series known, "a great variety of Entertaining and Instructive Books for Children."

Beadle & Adams, the firm that published Seth Jones had a little earlier that same year

It will pay
you, too . . .

"When John and I buy our electric appliances we're going to remember this . . ."

"We are going to get a lot of pleasure out of buying electric appliances as soon as they are available. But we know that the most popular brands, like 'Toastmaster,' will be hard to find at first. So we know we'll have to be *careful* . . . if we want to get the most for our money."

That's right, young lady . . . and here's a tip that will *help* you to be careful.

The brand-name "Toastmaster" on an electric appliance is something to *look* for! It means that it's made by the Toastmaster Products Division of McGraw Electric Company. It tells you that *any* product bearing this trademark is backed by years of research by our engineering staff and years of experience gained by our skilled craftsmen. It means quality, beauty, and performance, with rugged dependability for years of service.

You will find our famous "Toastmaster"* trademark not only on automatic electric toasters, but on waffle bakers, and other *new* appliances as soon as production permits. Look for the "Toastmaster" trademark and be *sure* of getting the best!

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"Mojud" means stockings we're proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. It stands for a long-established tradition of quality and the constant care that maintains it. It means stockings you can always depend on for long-lasting loveliness.

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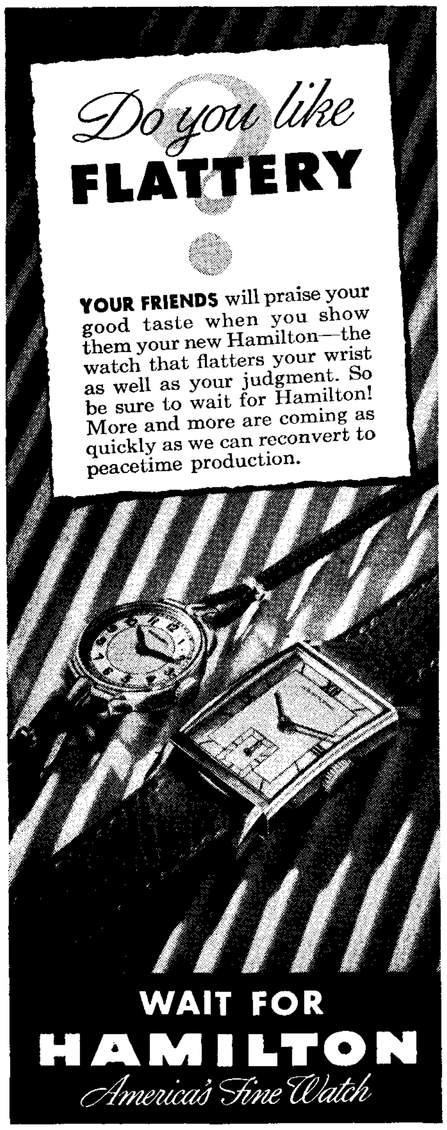

Do you like FLATTERY

YOUR FRIENDS will praise your good taste when you show them your new Hamilton—the watch that flatters your wrist as well as your judgment. So be sure to wait for Hamilton! More and more are coming as quickly as we can reconvert to peacetime production.

WAIT FOR HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

brought out the first of the dime novels, Malaeska; or, The Indian Wife of the White Hunter, by Ann Sophia Winterbotham Stephens. Hundreds of books followed one another at almost assembly-line tempo. One of the hacks in the literary factories, Ned Buntline, created a national hero out of William F. Cody, better known to his juvenile admirers as Buffalo Bill or Old Pahuska.

Then came Deadwood Dick, Ouray Jack, Nick Carter, and Little Rollo, the goody-goody who always did what he was told—probably the greatest betrayer of his kind since Benedict Arnold. There were the Old Glory Series, the True Grit Series, Old Cap Collier, and Lightning Grip, the Cautious Detective. There were the historical boys of G. A. Henty, and the sink-or-swim success stories of Horatio Alger, who could never quite make his formula work, and used to hang around the lobbies of luxury hotels, gawking at the famous.

But the Alger stories and those of Frank Munsey (specimen: The Boy Broker; or, Among the Kings of Wall Street) were built on the great American dream. The hero came to town with only a nickel in his pocket. This he gave to a blind man (who needed it more than he did) and went to live in a packing case with three newsboys. While the other newsies shouted "Wuxtry! Wuxtry!" (nobody but an author ever heard anyone shout this), our hero called, "Interesting new development in Middle Eastern situation," thus attracting the attention of the owner of a prosperous button works. From there on, his rise was rapid. After disposing of the rival who tried to sabotage the button works, steal the plans, and abduct his employer's daughter, the hero becomes general manager, marries the daughter and, as a just reward for his virtue, is presumably in line for a big inheritance.

Frank Merriwell was the first of these adolescent heroes. Since then, the country has never been without one. One hundred and seventy-five Merriwell volumes were published, and the series brought in a fortune. Yet the author, who wrote under the pseudonym of Burt L. Standish, was never paid royalties. He worked at a straight salary of $150 a week.

After Merriwell, they came in hordes: Elsie Dinsmore, Pollyanna—the Glad Girl, the Boy Chums, Baseball Joe, the Blue Grass Seminary Girls, the Big Five Motorcycle Boys, the Speedwell Boys, the Boy Spies and thousands more. Most of them had short, if profitable, lives.

Grinding Them Out

One man, Edward Stratemeyer, wrote more than 800 of them, using something like a hundred pen names. Among others, he turned out the Rover Boys, the Bobbsey Twins, the Motor Boys, Tom Swift, Don Sturdy, Nancy Drew, and Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue. Stratemeyer became a syndicate. Hacks called at his office, were given an outline from the Stratemeyer brain, and were told to return in anywhere from a week to a month with the completed manuscript.

They were paid from $50 to $250 and were required to relinquish all rights to the story. The syndicate became so powerful that it refused to sell to publishers outright, preferring to rent the electroplates. And if the publisher wanted to have a look at the story in advance, he could try to read the plates.

The writing and publishing of juvenile series is governed by a number of fairly rigid formulae, accumulated through the years. Dave Dawson and his rivals clearly show their legacy. First of all, the sixty-cent hero must remain an adolescent with whom the reader can identify himself. And, while the hero courts trouble, he must not fail in the end, for he is the author's meal ticket. Poverty and degradation are suffered by the evil; enterprise and virtue bring success. Females, when found at all, exist chiefly to inspire muscle flexing. Characters are continually on the go. Even the names of the old-timers were meant to suggest speed: Tom Swift, Dave Dashaway, Dick Rover, Jack Ranger. One can be sure that some series author is now working on a new, jet-propelled hero.

As a rule, the first three volumes of a series are issued at once. Several further sequels must be sold if the series is to make a profit. Circulation is stimulated by swapping, gifts from family and friends. Girls read boys' series, but, with the exception of Nancy Drew, the young male stays as far away from the Girl Chums and their ilk as possible.

The industry has been savagely attacked by reformers and libraries throughout the country, many of whom would as soon see on their kiddies' shelves a copy of the *Kama-sutra,* that highly specific Hindu classic on the art of making love. Most of the furor has now died down, perhaps because the public has come to realize the high moral tone of these supposedly subversive volumes. A basketball coach, in commenting on the fixing of a Brooklyn high-school team last season, remarked that it was a rude awakening to him that any boy over twelve who had ever read the Rover Boys, or any boys' book for that matter, would even speak to a gambler.

Dave's and Freddy's modesty is matched only by their indestructibility.

"Dave laughed embarrassedly and glanced at Freddy Farmer. 'It was mostly Farmer, sir!' he said. 'I usually went along just for the ride.'

"'Rot!' Freddy snorted, red-faced. 'More often than not, it was I who blundered us right up a tree and you got us out of the mess. Stop being modest, my lad. You're in your own country now, you know.'"

The Boys Can Take It

The boy birdmen go through so much that an ordinary shellacking is passed off by the author almost apologetically: ". . . Right up to the moment the Gestapo man had more or less hurled them inside the old repair hut." Such treatment must seem mild enough after being almost continuously bombed, gassed, exploded, crashed, bludgeoned and throttled for the better part of 200 pages.

Even the other characters in the book become alarmed over the young heroes' condition from time to time.

"The high-ranking officers of the British GHQ had suggested, begged, and practically demanded that they go to a hospital in Tobruk and place themselves under a doctor's care at once. But arguments, threats and demands had simply fallen on deaf ears. In the end, and with frank admiration glowing in his eyes, General Maitland had granted permission for them to take a plane from one of the near-by R.A.F. bases and go aloft for an hour or so to watch the gigantic battle."

This sort of thing is apparently a *succes fou* with the junior literary set. At least they keep lapping it up in increasing quantities. Even reserved British moppets take to it. The English publishing house of Hutchinson has regularly bought out the Dave Dawson volumes.

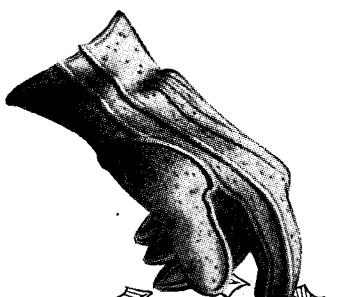
Sidney Bowen, who lives in Wilton, Connecticut, and has a wife, three sons and a daughter, will tell you frankly that boys' thrillers are production-line quickies. A week to ten days is his record. On good days he averages 10,000 words. So far, he's turned out 28 books and 3,400 novelettes and short stories. This isn't the record in the business, but it's enough.

To meet this schedule, Bowen has put himself on a nine-to-five shift, seven days a week, and works in a rented office over an old garage in Wilton where he won't be disturbed. He doesn't revise—you can take it or leave it. He feels that any tinkering he may do with a story will only spoil it.

It is up to Dave Dawson and Red Randall to keep the youth of the nation on the right track. This doesn't prevent him from being a little bored with the lads at times. He has no compunction about where he leaves Dave and Freddy when five o'clock comes. They can be falling through space without their parachutes and being machine-gunned by a swarm of Messerschmitts for all he cares. He puts on his hat and goes home.

"My secret ambition," says Mr. Bowen, lowering his voice and gesticulating nervously, "is to have Dave Dawson lambast Red Randall, and vice versa. I'll write a book to end all books: Red Randall and Dave Dawson in Mothballs."

THE END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Here are truly fine gloves to say "Merry Christmas" to *him* from you. Distinctively styled by Albert Richard. Tailored of rich, supple leathers. Action-Fit* to give him full finger freedom. Made by the makers of world-famous Albert Richard coats and jackets. At leading stores. Ask for them by name—Albert Richard Gloves!

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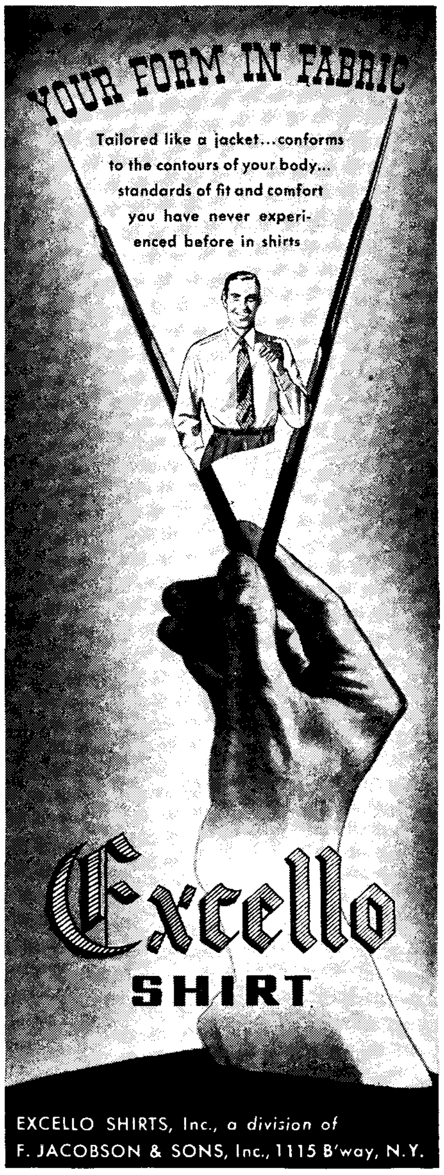
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Four Planks for Peace

Continued from page 15

many insurance policies, each sound in itself, but in their sum beyond his needs and ability to carry. It would be natural for him to turn against all insurance.

In the war just ended, a high level of co-operation was established between Army and Navy. Strategy was planned by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Basic materials were allocated through joint agencies. In scores of amphibious operations, soldiers, sailors, Marines, naval and land-based airmen fought as a single team. But not all the enthusiasm of a common victory has weakened the faith of each branch in its own superiority.

Now that peace is here, traditional rivalry will be revived in ancient force, each branch sincerely assuming that it is most essential to the national security, and thinking in terms of a maximum organization. Unless controls are devised, each will clamor to Congress for its millions without reference to the others. In such circumstances, the popularity of a service or the aggressiveness of its chiefs, instead of its real value in terms of offense and defense, may be the basis on which it will get appropriations. The result may be a strong and powerful military establishment in some members, a weak and futile gesture in others.

The answer is a single Department of the Armed Forces that will put air, land and sea units under one control. Such a department can look at the problem as a whole. Its head will think in terms of effectiveness, not in terms of size, and be solely concerned with the national security rather than the prestige of either Army or Navy. Under him all activities related to security can be co-ordinated and integrated into an efficient system.

In such unified control, no branch need fear neglect. All will be on an equal footing with an equal voice. Any preference will be the result of unanswerable arguments, not favoritism. And the United States will get maximum security out of each dollar spent on security.

UNIVERSAL TRAINING

Every new weapon introduced into modern warfare serves only to complicate its methods and demand more thorough training of its combatants. Until a few generations ago, war on both land and sea consisted of simple maneuver by small forces, point-blank firing, and hand-to-hand encounter. Today it is tri-dimensional and so involved as to require maximum specialization by large numbers, plus effectiveness in the unchanged fundamentals of combat.

The atomic bomb may be the end of warfare as we have understood it. But the future is still inscrutable, and we must not be swept off our feet by prophecy of what the bomb will do. Every new war weapon is hailed as an achievement guaranteeing peace for its possessor, yet all history testifies that everyone of them, from the pike and the catapult to gas and the bomber, has been merely one more addition to the arsenal of war.

Who knows but that the new discovery may be the common property of the world? There are few secrets of the laboratory, once the clue is given, that cannot be uncovered by patient search. Today's miracle is tomorrow's commonplace. Sixty years ago aluminum was rarer than gold, but for forty years it has been material for pots and pans. An aggressor's hideaway might produce a bomb no less destructive than the product that cost us years of research and two billion dollars.

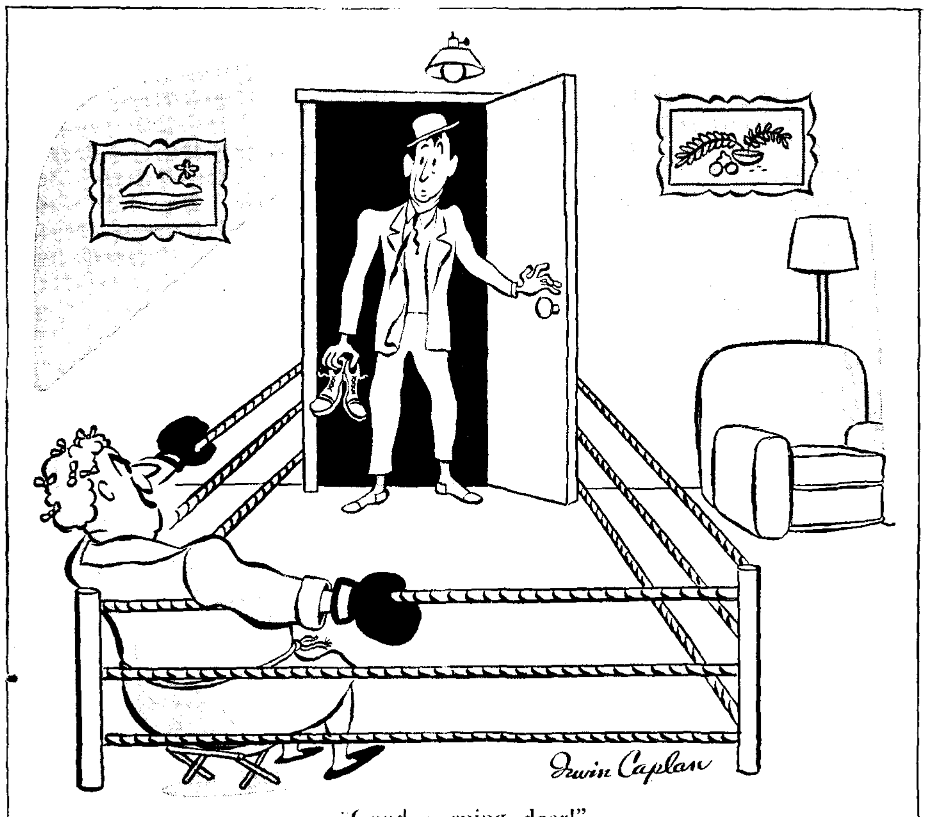
Further, the bomb is solely an offensive weapon. Given time, the ingenuity of man that created it might produce an effective defense.

It should also be borne in mind that no weapon of a new type has ever eliminated an old weapon of another type. In this latest war, the bayonet, modern equivalent of the ancient pike, was still in use. It was a war of machines, but the mechanized Nazis were chased from Stalingrad to Berlin by horse-drawn Russian artillery. Our battleships, doomed by the military prophets for more than a decade, in July of this year treated the Japanese home islands to a leisurely and devastating bombardment. Our 6th Army in the Southwest Pacific for two years fought a war that differed little in tactics and methods from the Seminole campaigns in Florida more than a century ago.

Nor is there any evidence that intensifying the destructive power of weapons shortens war, much less eliminates it. The second World War, when destruction reached a staggering peak, approaching obliteration of German industrial cities, lasted seventeen months beyond World War I, in which Germany suffered no internal damage.

Basic training is still essential for disciplined co-operation and movement by large forces of men. But far more than the basic training, that can be handled in a few weeks of camp, is required for the modern fighter if all modern weapons are to be used effectively.

Air, land and sea supremacy—true security requires all three—cannot be attained or



COLLIER'S "Good morning, dear!" IRWIN CAPLAN

BETTER-GROOMED HAIR Scores Touchdown

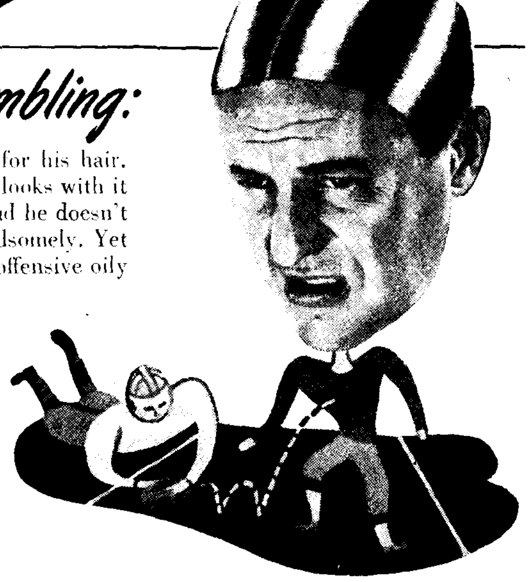
BOTH ON THE JOB AND WITH THE LADIES...

Thrown for a loss:

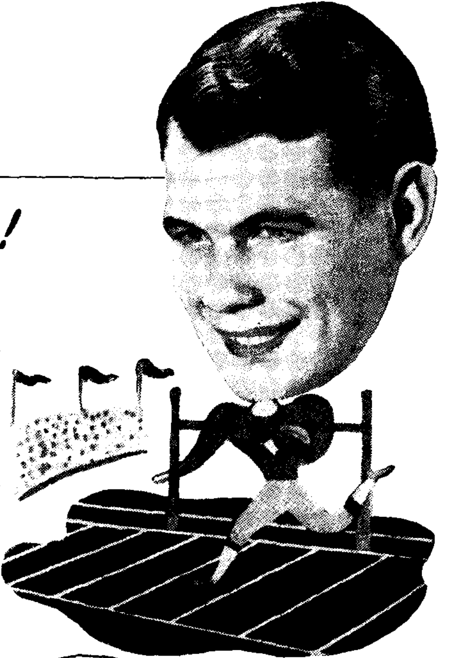
Didn't get the job because of his messy, unkempt hair. Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Thousands use Kreml to keep hair neatly "combed for the day"—so *keen* and *spruce* looking.

Always fumbling:

He just can't find "what's right" for his hair. How ridiculous and out of date he looks with it plastered down with grease. Too bad he doesn't try Kreml—it grooms hair so handsomely. Yet Kreml never leaves hair with that offensive oily or greasy look.



Penalized: And justly so! No man who cares about his appearance would be guilty of untidy dandruff flakes on his shoulders. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling so *clean*—so *refreshed*.



Touchdown!

You just bet Kreml-groomed hair helps get the better job—and get the girl! Kreml keeps hair neatly groomed all day—so *lustrous*—so *masculine* looking. Kreml never "pastes" hair down. Never leaves hair stiff. A nationwide favorite.

● Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily—to help improve the appearance of *your* hair—look like a winner!

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

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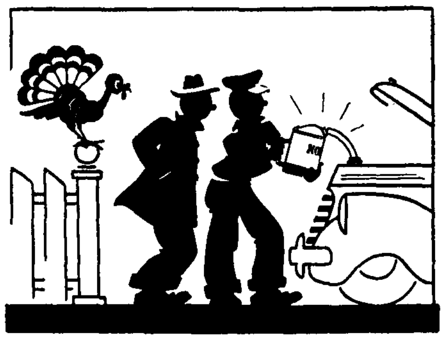

I'm *thankful* that I still have a car

... with gas to make it go, and AJAX* for winter protection. Fill up the radiator with AJAX and let the cold winds blow! With AJAX Anti-freeze (proprietary alcohol type) I have been safe for the last twenty years.

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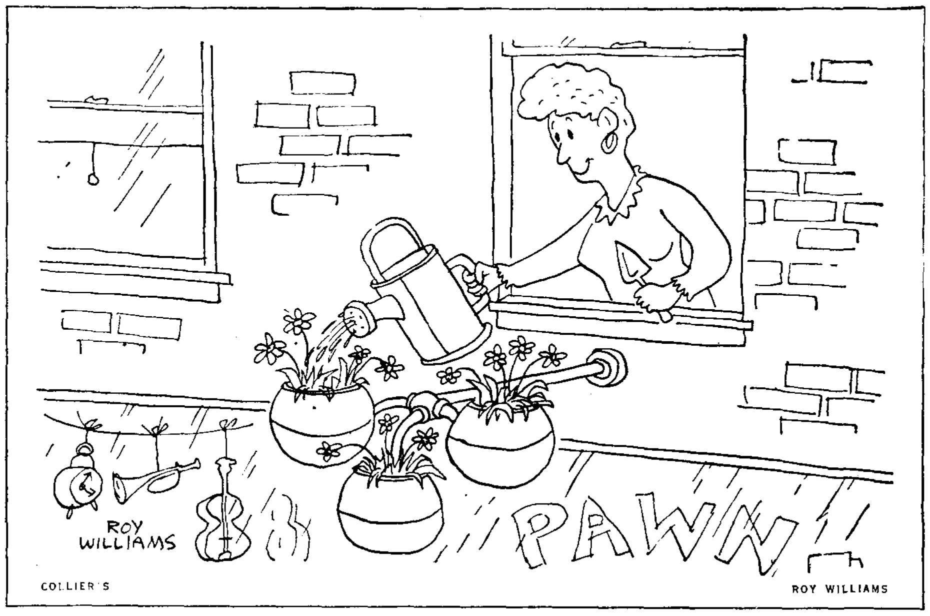


COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

maintained by dependence on a limited volunteer force unless that force can be certain of trained reinforcements. If they are to be adequate in number, they cannot be drawn only from that part of our population able to prepare themselves at their own expense. They cannot be drawn in sufficient numbers from those who, in peace, are willing to sacrifice their leisure to train with the National Guard or similar organizations.

In a democracy, the only democratic way of imposing responsibility is to share it among all citizens. That demands some system of universal training. It must be a system adapted to modern conditions. It must place maximum stress on the development of specialized skills in the individuals. It will require a thorough screening of every man entering it, and assignment to the job for which he is best fitted by natural aptitudes. It means a complete schooling that will enable the man to take over whenever he is needed.

As war becomes more complicated, the period of training for it becomes necessarily longer. The United States may control the most effective weapons, but if it does not have the trained forces to use them in an emergency, those weapons are worthless. A modern army cannot take the field in a matter of days. It cannot train for its job in a matter of weeks. If it is to be ready, men already adequately trained must be available for immediate action when the need arises.

The only answer is a system of universal training that, in peacetime, can prepare a citizenry for defense of the nation in time of crisis. Their presence, ready for war, will be the best insurance against war.

INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION

Because military strength is composed of equal parts of material and men, industry is an essential element in any security structure. One lesson that every war in the past century has taught us is that the nation most quickly mobilizing its entire industrial potential to the war effort is the one most likely to win.

Britain and France, industrially the equal of Germany, lost every campaign for two years because they were years behind the Nazis in focusing their industrial effort on the maintenance of security.

Further, armies can remain intact, their offensive power apparently at a maximum, but if the industrial resources behind them are vitally damaged, their armed strength counts for nothing. That was the case with Japan. We had repeatedly defeated segments of the Japanese armed forces. But their main armies were intact in August of this year. There was no need for further fighting, however, because their industry was so badly broken that, even without the atomic bomb, their defeat was inevitable.

If our security program for the future is to be entirely sound, our productive forces must be thoroughly co-ordinated with our armed forces. In the past we left our industrial mobilization to the last moment. When war struck, we were not ready. In World War I, our industrial system was so late in starting that millions of our men were armed by our allies. In this latest war, we started production for war in 1940, but Pearl Harbor still caught us short.

Even by the summer of 1942, we were not able to supply full equipment to all the men we had in training. Twice we have profited by the delaying action or the resources of our allies to give us time to get ready. Almost certainly we will never again be granted the same opportunity.

No system as complicated as the American production structure can be rapidly shifted from a peacetime to a wartime basis, without disruption of the country's life, unless in advance there has been a complete and exhaustive survey of all the facilities that will be required and a sound plan for their integration into a wartime economy. By planning now, we can assure ourselves a speedy and efficient industrial mobilization in any emergency.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

Modern weapons are the product of laboratory research. During this last war, we were not always foremost in that field. Sometimes the Nazis surprised us with technically new or superior weapons. More than once, had they been able to speed their scientists, they might have achieved a victory. Laboratory delays were a factor in their defeat. The robot bombs, had they been perfected six months earlier, might have laid a large part of Britain waste.

The jet-propelled plane, had it reached the mass production stage, might have nullified our systematic destruction of the German synthetic fuel plants and given the Nazis fighter-plane supremacy.

In the atomic bomb, we have a weapon whose paralyzing destructiveness will cause any aggressor to hesitate before embarking on war against us, unless he also has it. But we cannot lay it away on a shelf as the invincible weapon that guarantees our safety.

Others may discover the secret of releasing atomic energy from an element more common than uranium. We must not only develop and explore the entire field of atomic power, but we must also search for an effective defense against the atomic bomb. The field of electronics, out of which came radar, that saved Britain from Nazi air power and multiplied our own naval punch, has hardly been scratched for instruments of security. There are other fields, such as guided missiles, that other nations will explore even if we should not.

Scientific research, in the national interest, cannot be left to the lone scientist without some clearinghouse in which all developments can be co-ordinated and applied. Private enterprise will play a large part, but in some areas of research there may be need of government subsidies to assure the facilities and permanence required. Nor can we permit individuals to control secrets that can menace our existence if they are permitted to leak out.

We have no monopoly on scientific talent. We do not control all the raw materials of research. We do not possess scientific facilities that others cannot duplicate. But we have all three in such measure that we can, through a planned research program, develop our weapons to meet any future aggression.

While this four-point program is primarily aimed at national security, it is also a powerful factor in maintaining world security. In the future, the world organization will be our strongest bulwark, but for a generation, at least, more is required.

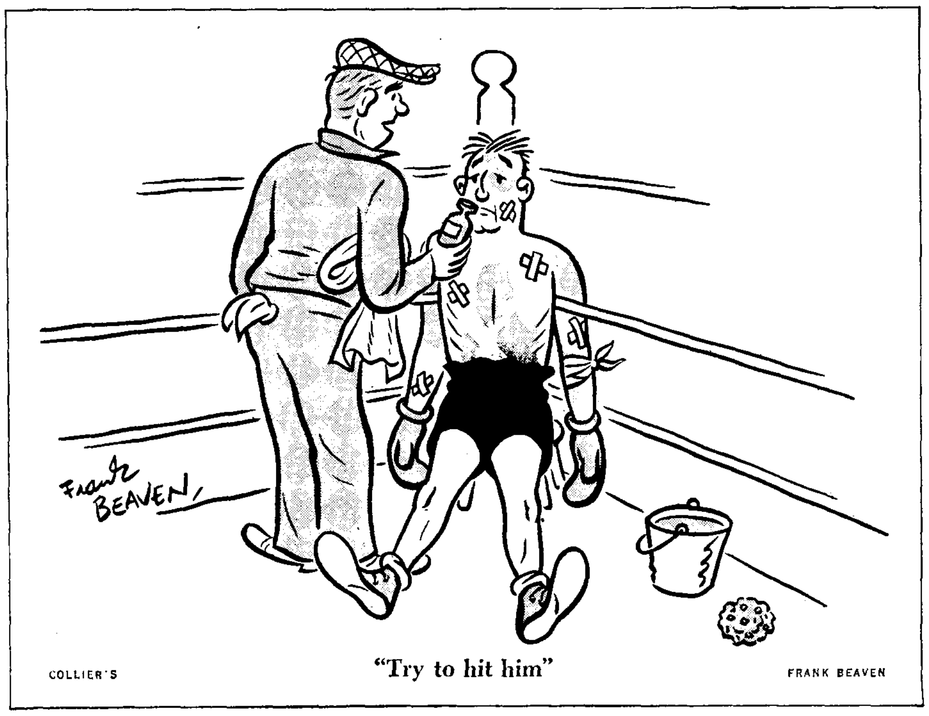
During that period, the United Nations will be essentially an experiment undergoing the proof of actual use. Today it is one more attempt by peace-loving nations to prevent war.

The world organization is the soundest measure yet attempted, and we shall strive with all our strength for its permanence and success. Even so, settlements have not yet been concluded, and there are still cancers of disaffection in our world, festering sores that it may take generations to eradicate.

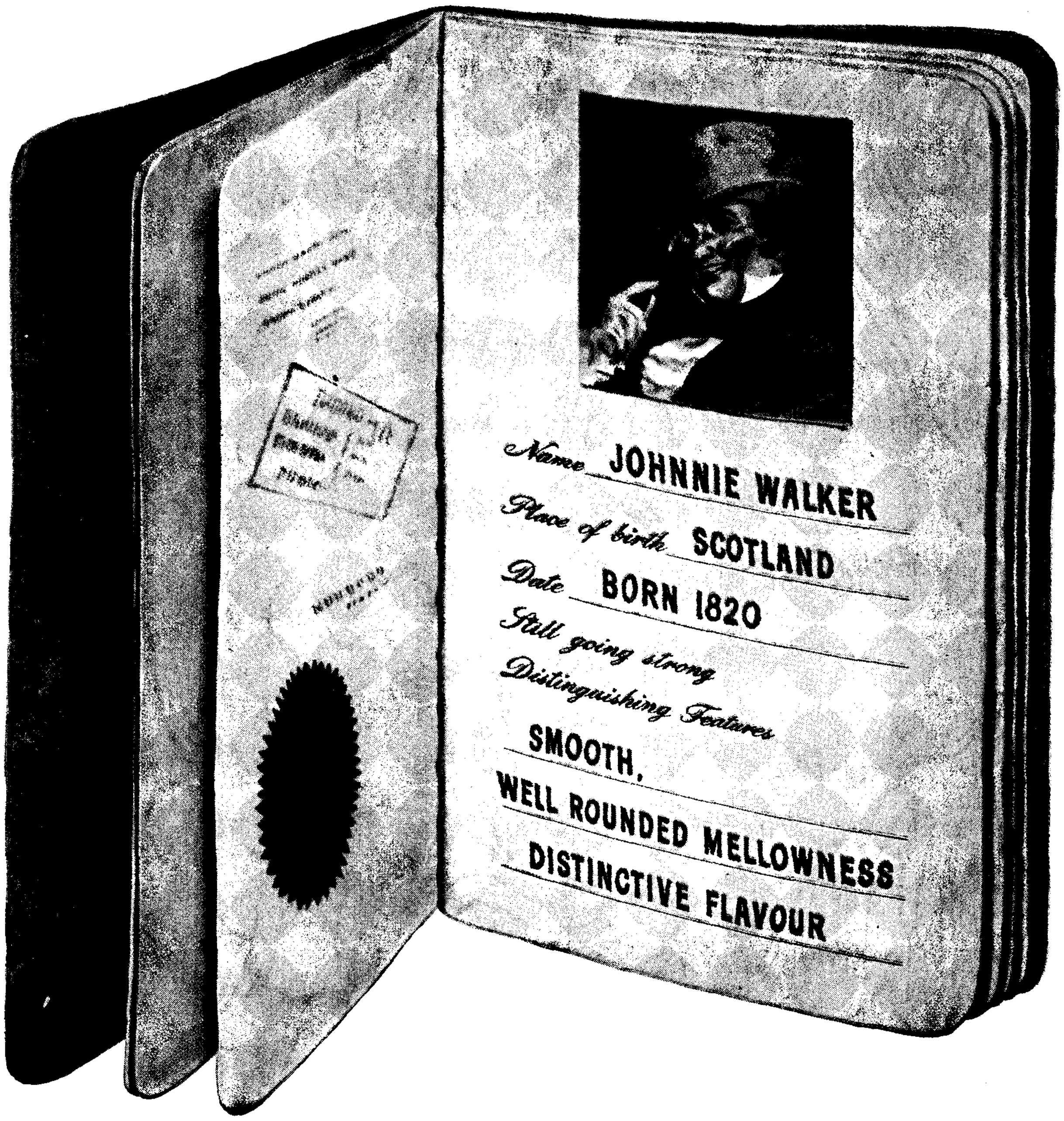
Almost a century was required to develop in the United States a firmly united nation. Eleven years of use proved our original confederation impractical. The Constitution of 1787, revised in the light of all the mistakes in the Articles of Confederation, needed many amendments in the course of the years. And in the end, a Civil War was required to cement a firm union.

The world union may experience the same cycle over as long a period. Until it has completed the cycle or is definitely a working establishment, adequate to every emergency, we cannot relax our guard against aggression.

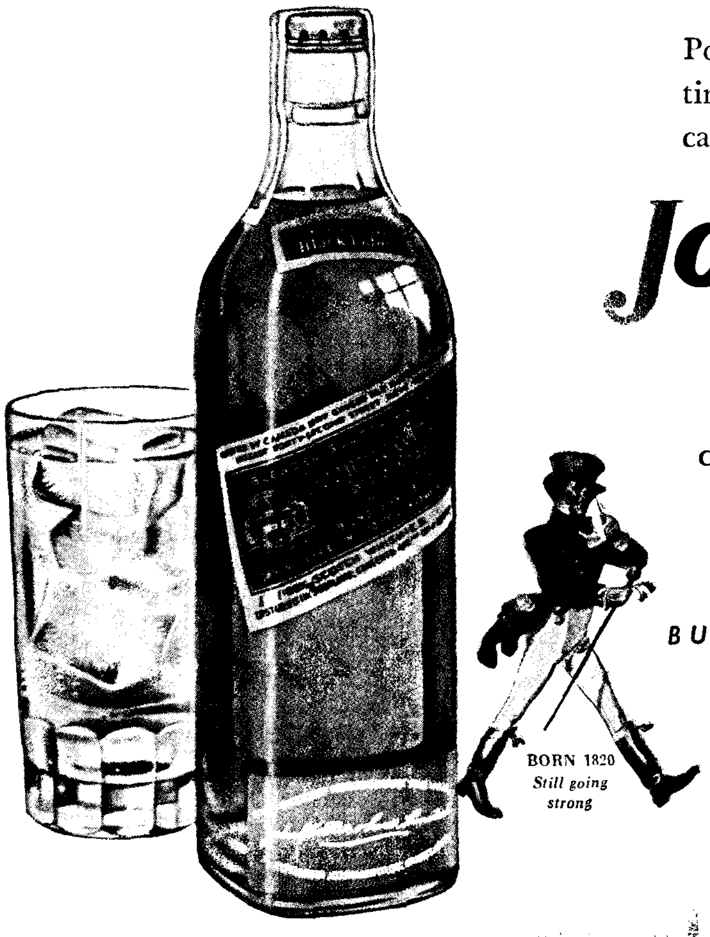
THE END



COLLIER'S "Try to hit him" FRANK BEAVEN


Name JOHNNIE WALKER
Place of birth SCOTLAND
Date BORN 1820
Still going strong
Distinguishing Features
SMOOTH,
WELL ROUNDED MELLOWNESS
DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR

Passport of a Distinguished Scotch Friend


BORN 1820
Still going
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BUY UNITED STATES VICTORY BONDS

The Roots Run Deep

Continued from page 34

the distant abrupt bluffs, running parallel to the river far away, then sweeping back, lavender-tipped *against the sky; the hill beyond* the house with its small crude cross at its crest; the plowed land; the sharp-etched skeletons of the two wagons. Nothing to hold them here. . . .

"I have some rabbit stew that's ready for eating," she said. "You must be hungry."

He followed her inside, and when she placed the food before him, he ate with the silent intensity of a man who has often gone *hungry. When, at last, he was finished, his* eyes raised slowly, hesitantly almost, and he saw her eyes for the first time in the full light. He caught the flicker of her lashes as if she were ready to lower her eyes, but she *did not—and they looked at each other curi*ously, as if they were meeting for the first time.

ELVIRA was thinner. The round childish *softness had left her cheeks, and the* lamplight cast deep shadows beneath her cheekbones. Her lips were thinner too, immobile as a statue's, unmarred by smiling or laughter. Her golden hair had been bleached with silver highlights by the sun that had tanned her skin, but it was braided tighter, more securely pinned up in a practical way rather than a vain one. Only her eyes had not hardened, seeming deeper blue, and softer somehow, and sad.

She was a woman. She was not the girl bride who had sat beside him in the jostling wagon six years ago, her face glowing with excitement and awe and a little fear for the dangers that stalked their path, and the great new land that awaited their coming. She was not the girl who stood in the sunshine with one white arm raised in farewell while he rode off to war.

"I'll wait, Nathan," she had said. "I'll wait forever." He remembered that girl clearly now, and the image of her did not blend with this woman who was his wife.

He reached across the table and picked up her hand. Her fingers trembled for a moment beneath his touch, but he held it lightly and turned it over and touched her palm with his finger, and the tremor stopped.

"You've been doing all that plowing out there," he said.

She pulled her calloused hand away from him and hid it beneath the table.

"Not all of it. Clem Avery helps a lot."

"Avery?"

"He crossed in the wagon train with us. You remember. He had the thin, dark wife and the two children. She died last year with the third one. Their place is down the river from here."

"A widower," he said, but there was no accusation in his voice.

"I help him sometimes with the children. He helps me with the plowing."

He did not seem to hear her. His eyes drifted from her and brooded silently. The shadows of the lamp deepened on the hard, thin lines of his face. A muscle quivered uncontrollably over the line of his jaw.

"Your arm is hurt," she said. "Can I do anything for it?"

He shook his head wearily. "It's all right now. For a while, I thought it was poisoned, but it's all right now. I got it in the last battle of the war."

"You were with General Slaughter?"

"Yes. Toward the end. We beat Colonel Barrett and his Yanks down on the Rio Grande. In the middle of May sometime. The war was over, but we fought and beat him. It didn't make any difference. The war was already lost."

"It's over now. It's finished."

"Finished? Yes, I suppose it's finished. We lost."

"Does that matter?" she cried, and he looked up startled at the sound of her voice. "Does that matter? Terribly? To us . . . to you and me?"

His eyes would not meet hers. They slid from her face to the brooding darkness of his thoughts. At last he said dully, "Toward the end of it all, nothing was clear in our minds. Nothing mattered except living—and to win the war. That was tied up with living somehow. It mattered terribly."

"And now?"

"I don't know," he said. "Nothing seems to matter now." He got up slowly, his body stooped with weariness, his haunted eyes *evading her. "Good night," he said.*

He picked up his blanket roll that he had flung beside the door, and went out into the night. He made no apologies, no excuses, and she sat in the dim lamplight staring at *her clenched hands on the table. Then she* rested her head on her arms and cried bitterly, silently, angry and stunned and helpless as in the face of death. She had cried like this when Tommy had died. And now *Nathan . . .*

At last her sobbing stopped, and she lifted her head from her arms. Her eyes were dry. She leaned forward to turn out the lamp, and in the brightness of the light, her face had the *sculptured immobility of marble. She would* never cry again.

Once during the night she heard the sound of footsteps outside her door and roused with sudden panic. In the dim moonlight through the open door, she saw Nathan leaning against the railing, staring at the invisible prairie beyond.

Once again, much later, she heard the strange footsteps moving away from the house. She got up and went to the door and watched his long-legged shadow walking across the field toward the hill. She lost him *in the gloom, then saw him again at the* crest of the hill, a dim, shapeless silhouette beside a dim, shapeless cross. She moved, faltering, toward the door, then stopped. She could never reach him. He was lost to her in the shadow of his own loneliness.

It was much later when his steps came back to the house. They stopped beside the door for a moment, but he did not come in.

They were having breakfast the next morning when Clem Avery rode up. They heard the sound of hoofbeats, and Nathan swung from the table, snatching up his carbine with the same motion. Then Avery's cry came to them, "Hi! Elvira!"

"It's only Clem," Elvira said.

He was a big man, not as tall as Nathan, but heavier set, a bit older in years, but with a wide-grinned, boyish face. He dismounted and peered at Nathan suspiciously for a moment. Then his eyes lighted with recognition and he strode forward with hand outstretched.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he cried. "If it ain't Nathan Harris, big as life! And we had you dead and buried ten times over. I did, anyway. But not Elvira. No, sir! Why, even when we heard you were dead for sure, Elvira just stuck out that little chin of hers *and kept sayin', 'It's a lie!' and so it was!"*

"We were just having breakfast," Elvira said. "Bet it was the smell of your own bacon sizzling on the fire brought you around. Come sit down, Clem."

"Well," he teased, "I sort of got a whiff of it back there up the hill. How is it?"

"Best bacon yet. Those hogs of yours are going to amount to something yet."

Nathan looked from one to the other, his *eyes expressionless.*

"Elvira's been schoolmarmin' my three young ones," Clem said in explanation. "If my bacon ain't no good, she's likely to teach them their old man ain't no good, neither." *His face grew serious. "It's mighty hard to* raise three young'uns in this wild country without a woman's help."

"Then why don't you take them home?" Nathan asked sharply.

Clem looked up, his eyes wide with surprise. "Home?" he frowned. "They are home."

"I mean back where you came from," Nathan said. "Back where there are people living, where there are schools, where they got folks of their own, where the Indians don't go on the warpath and kill everyone they can!"

Clem shook his head. "This is my land. This is home. Maybe my roots don't go down too deep, but my kids' roots are going deeper. This is good land, Nathan. Best cotton land in the state."

"Well, we have no roots. We're going home. Back to Virginia."

Clem turned and studied Elvira's immobile face for a moment.

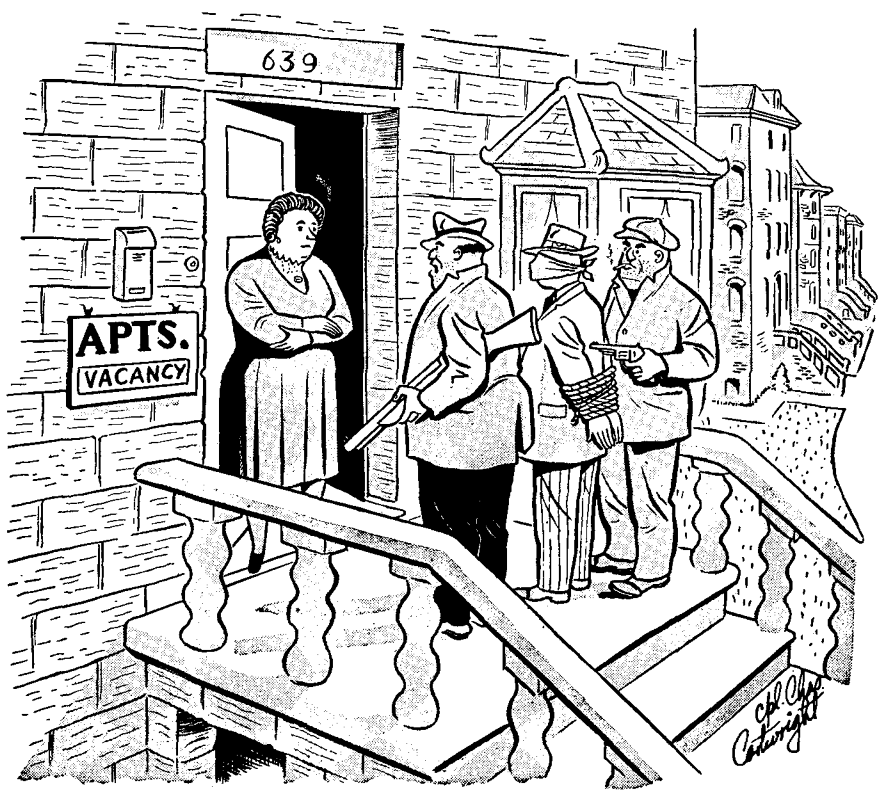
"That's too bad," he said. He finished his breakfast in silence, thanked Elvira politely and rode off.

Nathan toyed silently with his knife, then flung it impatiently from him.

"I'm going out to see what fixing the wagons need," he said abruptly.

Elvira rose and began picking up the breakfast dishes. She did not answer him.

"What right has he got to try and run my life?" Nathan asked angrily. "A damned civilian! What did he do while we were fighting and dying?" He waited for her answer, feeling the rage mounting slowly like a film before his eyes. "Well, tell me!" he shouted. "You seem to know him well enough. What did he do?"



COLLIER'S "No Ma'am, no children or pets" CPL. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

"He raised food," she said softly.

"Bah!" he snorted. "Food! A precious lot of that we saw."

"It was the best he could do. Food, and three children."

He stamped out of the house, angry with her calmness and the latent strength in her, *angry with himself and his blind resentment,* and the wasted years that had raised an insurmountable wall between them. He went to the wagons and took out his knife and tested the wood, poking its point here and *there, digging through the fine layer of rot* to the hard wood beneath.

He found an arrowhead still embedded in the wood, and the jagged bullet holes from the Indian fight in the dried river bed six *years ago. He leaned against the wagon and* tried to recall that fight, to separate it in his memory from all the battles he had fought in since. They all blended somehow behind the cloud of powder smoke; the Indians grotesque *in their orange and scarlet paint, the* blue uniforms, the plunging horses, the shadowed, invisible figures.

At the dried river bed, they were crouched beneath the wagons, and Elvira loaded his guns for him, and once when he reached his hand back for a gun, their fingers met, and he turned and she was smiling at him. It was strange that he should remember that smile when he had forgotten the name of the river, or how many of their men had died, or how many Indians they had killed. . . .

He sat down beside the giant wagon wheel and picked up a stick and began to whittle it with long, aimless strokes. Elvira came out of the house and walked to the garden patch and began pulling weeds. She wore no hat, and in the bright sunlight her hair looked like a silver helmet on her head, and her arms were the color of bronze. He leaned his head back against one of the spokes and watched for a long time. Then the knife slipped from his fingers, his eyes closed, and he slept.

HE WORKED slowly on the wagons. They needed a lot of repairing to stand the river crossings on the long way back, and his tools were few and crude. The heat was an oppressive weight pressing on his shoulders constantly, and often he had to sit in the shade of the wagons to rest. Usually when he sat like that, he slept. He never seemed to be glutted with sleep, although sometimes a great restlessness consumed him, and he would walk over the prairie with aimless, lonely steps that exhausted his body but brought no relief from the dull throbbing inside his head.

Elvira did not thrust herself into his loneliness. She prepared his meals and they ate them together, silent for the most part, talking of the heat sometimes, or the great need of rain; of safe, impersonal things that touched neither the future nor the past. Sometimes she would come and sit by his side, and they *would silently watch the huge red sun sink* out of sight into the cloudless west. She still worked most of the day in the vegetable patch. She still saddled her horse and rode to Clem's to continue the children's studies. *She gave no explanations, no apologies or* excuses. It was the pattern of her life and she was living it.

One night he saw a dull glow in the sky on the northern horizon. Sometimes it flickered out and disappeared like distant summer lightning, then it glowed again steadier and brighter.

In the morning, he told Elvira, "There's a big fire somewhere to the north. I can't see any smoke but you can tell by the haze in the sky."

They watched the sky, and the haze was a huge flat cone spreading out and sweeping over their heads. The sun was the color of new copper.

"The wind is from the south," he said. "We'll be all right."

He went out to work on the wagons. By midmorning, the cone of haze narrowed and they could see its dark apex on the horizon. The copper sun had tarnished. The south wind blew stronger.

By noon, the apex of the cone flattened on the horizon in a broad, angry, swirling mass of billowing smoke. The sun had disappeared. The rain of burned grass became

can prevent a painful experience

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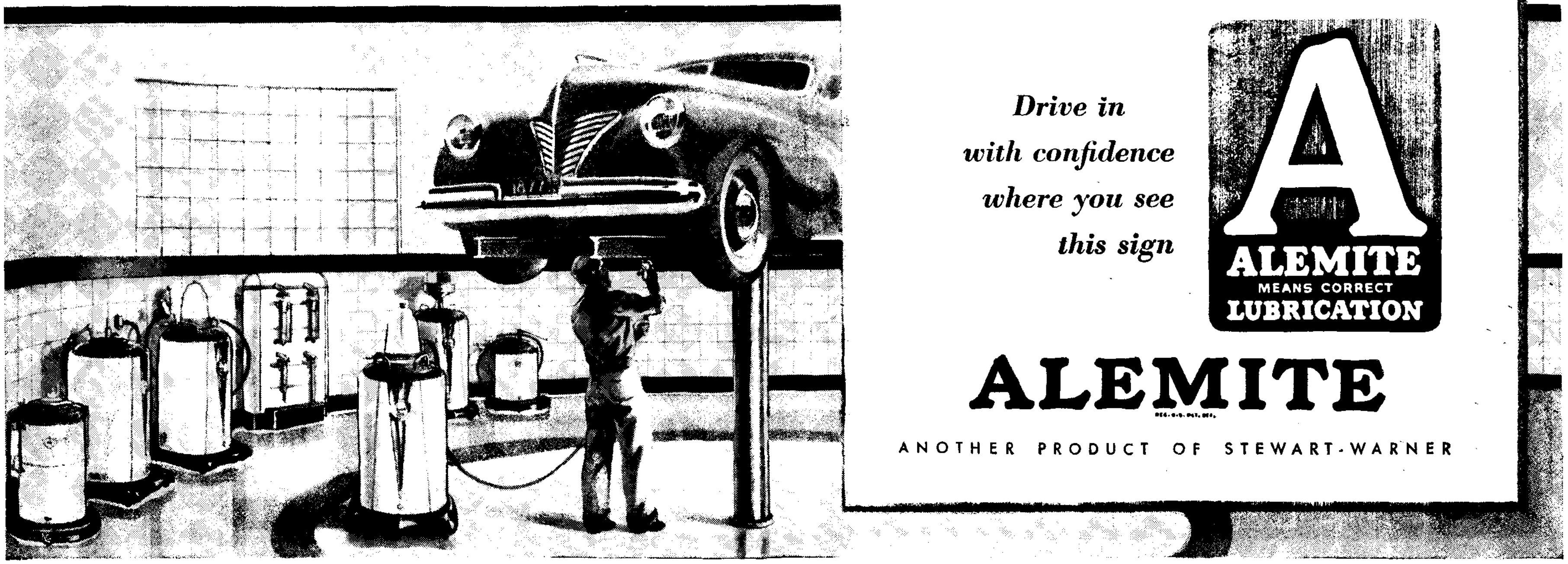

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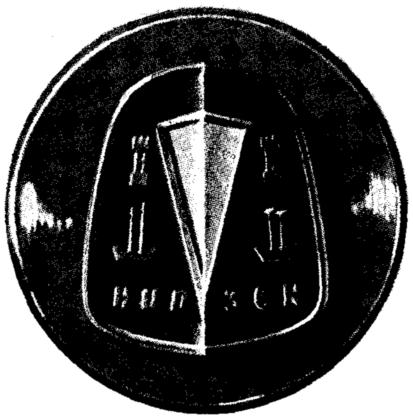

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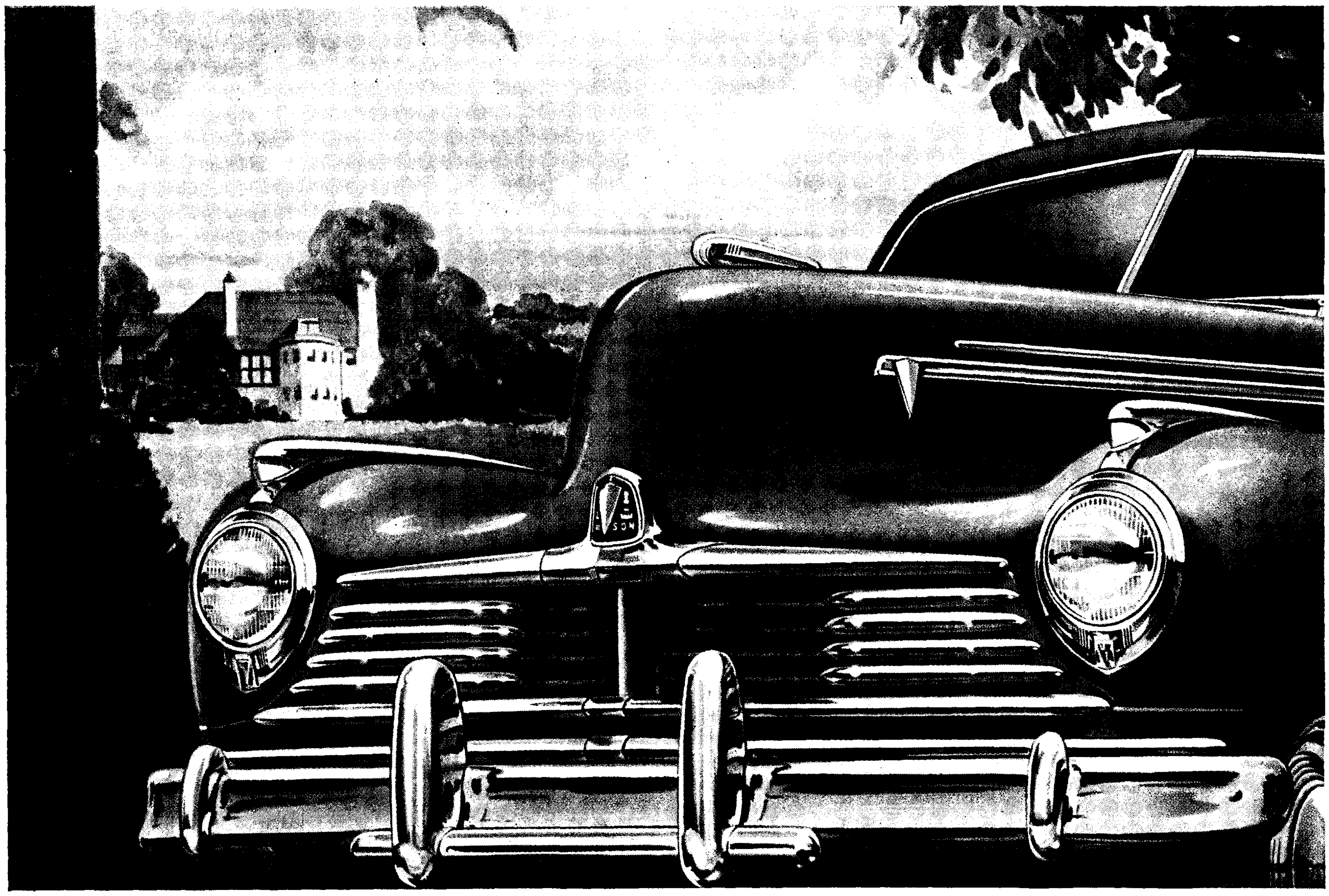

Offered in a Super Series (Sixes and Eights)—the fine car at low price; and a distinguished Commodore Series (Sixes and Eights)—in a variety of body styles. Pictured here, the Commodore Sedan.

a deluge. The south wind was blowing at a half gale. Great flocks of birds winged southward. A herd of antelope flashed by. In the corral, the horses were milling restlessly.

"I think the fire is coming this way," Elvira said. "I thought this wind might drive it away, but it doesn't seem to."

"It's coming this way, all right. The wind along the ground always blows toward the fire." He squinted his eyes at the smoke and shook his head. "We'd better get out of here," he said. "The wagons are good enough to take us across the river. We'll be safe there. Better start gathering your things."

She looked up at him, her eyes red-rimmed with smoke, her face smudged. A pucker tightened her lips. "I'm not going, Nathan!"

He turned to her, his face twisted with impatience. "There's no time for arguing!" he said. "That fire isn't fooling. When it hits here, it'll sweep down between the river and the bluffs quicker than a wink. It'll be too late to do anything then."

"The plowed fields will slow it down. With enough water, we can soak down the house and the sheds, and maybe save them."

HE LOOKED around, studying the position of the fields, and the clearing around the house. "We might," he admitted, "and we might not. What good will it do, anyway? We won't be needing them much longer."

She did not answer him. She turned and walked to the well and began drawing water. She took the heavy wooden pail and walked unsteadily down to the sheds.

Her arm looked thin and puny, but her small fist was clenched. She flung the bucketful against the shed wall, giving a little hop as she tried to reach the roof, then came back.

The frown smoothed out on his forehead and the corners of his lips twisted in a half-smile. He walked over to the well and began drawing up the heavy bucket.

"You're a stubborn little cuss, Elvira Harris." He grinned down at her.

They could hear the fire now, a sullen sigh on the horizon, rising steadily in pitch like a storm sweeping through a pine forest with great puffs of red flames billowing upward.

The trickle of fleeing animals became a blind wave that split against the barrier of the house and tore past them through the gloom. The smaller creatures were a living mass through which they had to wade as they staggered between the well and the house.

Clem Avery came riding out of the gloom, a bundle of sacks tied behind his saddle. "We've got to start backfiring," he said. He didn't seem surprised to find them still there. He ran to one of the sheds and came back with an empty barrel and propped it up beside the well. "Elvira can fill the barrel and soak the rags, and we can get the fire started," he told Nathan.

"There's a mighty long way to cover," Nathan said. "We can't backfire enough to stop her. She'll be on us in two hours."

"There's no other place to stop her," Clem said. "This is the narrowest spot between the bluffs and the river. Once she gets past this gap to where the bluffs fall away, she'll fan out over the whole prairie."

"And ruin your crops, hey?" Nathan said.

Clem looked at him for a moment before answering. "I got wide fireguards cut across my place," he said evenly. "But there's folks that ain't. It'll be a mighty lean winter for some if the fire breaks through this gap. We got to stop her here."

"What do I care? The two of us haven't time to stop her anyway," Nathan said.

Clem nodded over toward Elvira. "There's three of us," he said. "There'll be more."

Nathan turned and looked at Elvira, and her eyes came up and met his steadily. He knew suddenly that as long as a bucketful of water remained in the well, as long as one square foot of ground could be snatched from the fire, she would stay and fight for it. This was her land. She could not leave it.

He picked up a wet sack and followed Clem. They began to backfire from the plowed field toward the bluffs, burning slowly, against the wind, fearful that the fires would escape them, beating them out with their wet sacks before they got too well started. The shower of embers scorched their clothes, and they doused one another with bucketsful of cold water. In a few moments they were dry again.

The heat mounted, became insufferable, but they did not stop working. There were more men out in the fields now. Nathan had not seen them arrive. They were grotesque masked strangers moving jerkily through the gelatinous heat waves.

One of them spoke to Nathan. He was a short, stout little man who had lost his hat.

"Saw it from my place a good ten miles across the river," he said, as he beat frantically at a tongue of flame that had jumped the burned gap. "Could tell it was a real humdinger by the smoke. Figured you folks over here would be in a heap of trouble."

"We're beholden to you for coming," Nathan said.

"Shucks!" the man swore. "Got burned out myself last year. Least you can do is help."

A swirl of smoke separated them. Nathan did not see the man again. The well was running low, and someone had hitched the horses to one of the wagons and was riding to the river with the barrel for water.

Elvira came to Nathan with a jug of water, and he tilted his head back and drank until it overflowed from his mouth and ran tingling cold against his chest. They smiled at each other but there was no time to talk.

There were many men working now. They burned a widening swath from the bluff back to the river, depending on it for a final reservoir of water. The towering tidal wave of flame rolled steadily toward them until the heat was unbearable, until they could no longer stand and face it. They took their horses then, and the wagon and the barrel full of water and their damp, scorched sacks, and retreated to the tall prairie grass.

They stood in a silent, exhausted group and watched the rolling red wave tumble into the dark barrier they had burned in its path, tumble and fall and flatten, reaching across the gap with long licking tongues of flame. A sudden shower of sparks touched the tinder-dry grass on the opposite side, and it flared into sudden flame, and two men galloped their horses to it and beat it to the ground with their wet sacks. Other small fires started, but they were not given a chance to spread, and the flames died down at last.

"I guess that's got her," someone said, and someone answered, "Yep! I guess we licked her this time."

Men mounted their horses wearily and rode away. They left as they had come, vague, silent figures in the smoke, their faces invisible behind their masks of soot.

NATHAN and Elvira stood silently side by side and watched them go, then turned and faced the smoldering world that stretched infinitely beyond the house and the smoke-blackened sheds. Nathan touched her hand gently, and she turned and followed him to the wagon. He climbed up and held his hand down to her and pulled her up beside him. They sat staring at the blackened prairie, their bodies swaying with weariness.

"It will grow again," Elvira said softly. "The roots go deep, and the rain will come and reach them, and it will all live again. They say it's richer and greener after a fire."

He thought of the fire that he had lived in for the past three years, and he wondered if the world would grow richer and greener because of it. And he knew suddenly that it must, that it would, if its roots went deep into the soil.

He looked up at the little hill beyond the house, with its small crude cross vaguely dark against the hazy sky, and he thought of his own existence and his own roots. His and Elvira's. "You would never have gone back with me," he said, with wonder. "This is your land. You would never have left it."

"No, Nathan. I would never have left it."

He looked down at her, and beneath the mask of soot and smoke on her face, he saw her again as she had been six years ago, as he had always remembered her, and would always remember her to the end of his days.

They sat on the wagon, side by side, their young bodies that knew no defeat swaying with weariness. It was as if the wagon were rolling gently beneath them, and he put his arm around her shoulders and steadied her against him.

THE END

THE RAZOR THAT WON

this dramatic test of loyalty

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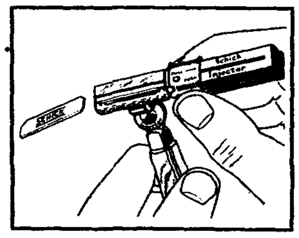

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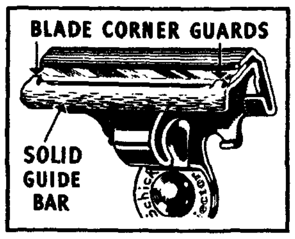

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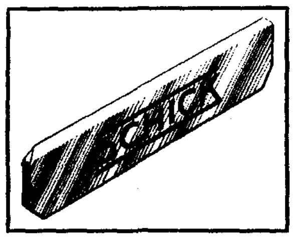

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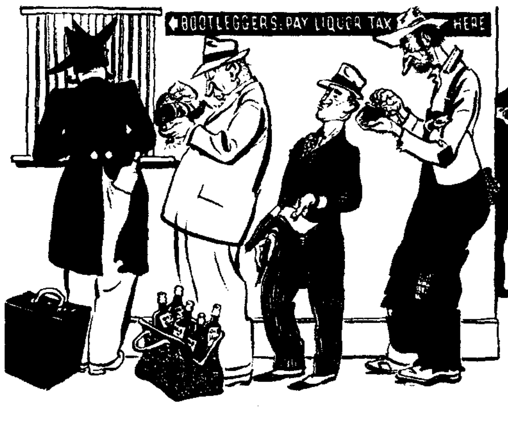
BOOTLEGGERS PAY LIQUOR TAX HERE

The Sip in Mississippi

By Carlisle Bargeron

THE muttering around the state capitol in Jackson is growing louder every day. Many of the citizens are growling that Mississippi's Black Market Law makes the state look a little silly. The law, a little more than a year old, ostensibly collects taxes on commodities, the sale of which is forbidden by law. But no matter how the legislature says it, it comes up liquor, and everybody knows that Mississippi is dry.

Mississippi was the first state to ratify the 18th Amendment and, with Oklahoma and Kansas, has never repealed it. And the people in Jackson and down on the Gulf Coast are saying that it looks ridiculous to be as officially dry as all that and then go out and collect $550,000 in liquor taxes. On the other hand, the realists in the state say that it is reasonable to have a prohibition law on the one hand and a law to collect liquor taxes, too. "Get this straight," they say, "we Mississippians will vote dry just as long as we can stagger to the polls."

Governor Thomas L. Bailey, in a din of W.C.T.U. protests, signed the bill in April, 1944, and denied that the law legalized the sale of liquor by placing a ten per cent tax on it.

"Its purpose is to place a greater penalty on law violators, and not to encourage them or make it easy for them." He invited the good people of his state to inform Carl Craig, the state tax collector, of any bootlegging activities within their ken.

Craig's collectors are everywhere, disguised as thirsty men who would like to know where a man can have the sand washed out of his throat. They collect a lot of taxes that way. Craig's second check on the liquor business is to get reports from federal authorities and jobbers and distillers, which show sales of liquor to Mississippians. This information tells Craig how much, where to, the name of the purchaser, and the license number of the truck used to transport the stuff into the state. Several traveling auditors check the state liquor records of Louisiana, Illinois, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. They check on how much is headed for Mississippi and who bought it.

"Of course," says Craig, manfully, "some liquor is slipping by the ten per cent tax, but we have them on the run." He has the names, addresses and places of business of 800 self-confessed bootleggers who lay the ten per cent on the line and remain unconvinced of violating the state prohibition law. Craig figures that parched citizens drank $17,000,000 worth of the stuff in 1942 and he can't for the life of him see why the state shouldn't collect the revenue.

Mr. N. S. Jackson doesn't share this view. Jackson is superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and he had been concentrating on the evils of 4 per cent beer, which is legal in otherwise "bone-dry" Mississippi. His campaign was to concentrate on one of the state's 82 counties and dry it up, then proceed to the next one. So far, 35 counties have outlawed even 4 per cent beer. However, when the state beer industry's representative heard the roar emitted by the Anti-Saloon group over the Black Market Law, he knew that a division had been created and that Mr. Jackson would be far too busy on liquor to be able to concentrate on liberating the people from the evils of beer.

Mr. Jackson is now positive that the Black Market Law will be repealed in January. However, the Methodists, in their annual North Mississippi Conference, refused to pass a resolution calling for repeal of the Black Market Law.

Some of the Drys accuse Tax Collector Craig of wanting to continue the law because his office gets ten per cent of all collections. On $550,000 in 1944, this would mean $55,000. The law also removes the ceiling on Craig's earnings, which were $5,000 per year. However, his enemies fail to mention that Craig has had to hire 12 agents for work in Louisiana alone. The Drys hoot down this statistic and say that Craig now has the bootleggers so tame that they walk into his office once a month, books in hand, and permit Craig to tell them how much they owe. Further, they charge him with neglect of Mississippi's old "triple five-hundred" law, under which a convicted bootlegger is liable to a fine of $1,500, which must be split equally among the municipality, the county and the state.

This, they say, is the more drastic way of handling bootlegging. They point out that one bootlegger who wouldn't permit examination of his books and wouldn't pay the ten per cent was suddenly charged with violation of the triple five-hundred law, and he promptly came through handsomely with books and money.

As of April, 1945, the Internal Revenue Bureau lists 1,078 Mississippians as holders of $25 federal liquor licenses. The government looks with a jaundiced eye on Mississippi's official bias against spirits. In fact, early in 1945, the OPA threatened nine wholesalers with prosecution for violating liquor price ceilings. The state is now dotted with places advertised as "Lounge," "Cocktail Lounge," "Drinks of all Kinds," and others which dilute the word "drinks" with quotation marks. In most of them, a bonded whisky highball costs 60 to 65 cents. There is no longer any attempt to run "speakeasies" as such, even though the saloons are not wide open.

PROBABLY the biggest liquor operator in the state is Pete Martin, a squat man of sixty, who gives Craig the ten per cent without quibbling. He averages $60,000 a year in taxes. Pete's wife wears a diamond as big as a quarter.

Another prosperous liquor man is Frank Schenck. He has a big air-cooled cocktail lounge in the business section of Biloxi. During the war, he needed more trucks to transport bottles, and no trucks were to be had. So he purchased four Army ambulances at a surplus property sale. He was too busy to take the red cross off the sides, so he ran the liquor in the ambulances with the insignia still on them. The citizens thought that this was a bit too rich, so they applied the heat, and Frank removed the red crosses. Another operator, who had much liquor to transport and one truck, applied to the OPA for gasoline coupons and new tires and got them.

The Drys regard characters like these as "beyond salvation." But this should alarm no one because, among the Drys, it has been noised about that the governor himself fell from grace in merely signing the Black Market Tax Bill.

There is a sign over a Gulfport bar which I can't forget:

"The right to drink is ours
And we will not lose it
If you and I are wise
And do not abuse it."

★★★

DRAWING BY CARL ROSE

In Any Language

Continued from page 14

them together, not hearing the silvery sound in the clamor of whistles and automobile horns and ship's sirens. Raphaela wept.

"To the brave new world!" Powel said. "May it be a bright and shiny world, with peace and plenty! And better by far than the old!"

Raphaela drank and then wiped her eyes. Powel kissed her on the forehead.

That about wound it up. They had dinner, but the new world apparently didn't mean any greater rapprochement between the sexes, and their conversation was desultory. Raphaela went back to her hotel, and sat up for a long time on her Grand Rapids bed, staring into the darkness. This was a time for decision, both public and private. Where she had come from, girls were old maids at eighteen; and she was twenty-four. She had soon to choose between her shorthand and that Royal Crown Derby. Somehow the whole thing seemed rather gloomy. She didn't appear to be getting as much out of life as the Democrats had promised.

A FEW days later, as the Ecuadorian group was leaving, Raphaela made her decision. It was Powel and the Royal Crown Derby by half a length. A girl couldn't wait forever. Her youth was slipping away from her.

They were in the midst of a cocktail party which Powel was giving for the Ecuadorians. Everything was being conducted in Spanish, and Raphaela had in tow a charming gentleman with a beard whose mind was on a better world. She made excuses to him, set her old-fashioned on a table and headed for Powel.

Amor, amor, she told herself. What have I got to lose? And there's all that china.

Powel smiled at her as she came up. There was the faintest touch of gray at his temples, and his face was kindly and composed. He looked better to her than he ever had before. He wasn't passionate, but he was certainly polite.

"Your ear for one moment, señor," Raphaela said. "It is a matter of extreme delicacy."

He stepped aside with her. She took his hand. "I love you," she said, in Spanish. "There is a great ache in my heart which needs to be fulfilled. Can you marry me?"

"When did you decide on this?" Powel asked.

"Not long ago. What do you say, señor?"

"Well, I don't know."

"It is sudden," Raphaela said. "But so is peace. So is everything. If you don't marry me, I will kill myself. I will jump out of the window, carrying your picture in my hand."

"All right," Powel said. "All right. But give me a little time to see the Ecuadorians off."

"As you say, señor," Raphaela agreed. She started back to the bearded man. Suddenly four soldiers came into the room, lugging a camera. Two more came carrying lights. The four men set the camera up and went for more lights. A tall captain, his tan yellowed by atabrine, entered and looked gloomily around.

"Any English spoken here?" he said.

"Yes, of course," Powel said. "You're Captain Craig, of the Signal Corps?"

"That's right."

"Thank you for coming. I'm Francis Powel, of the State Department."

"Oh, yeah," Craig said. "What do you want in here—just this group, and then some close shots of the more important ones?"

"That'd be fine."

"Okay. Ask 'em to bunch together, will you?"

"My friends," Powel said. "My friends, the Army has been kind enough to provide us with a photographic unit to record this farewell. The film will be sent to the South American newsreels. Can you gather around me, please?"

They all crowded in more compactly, and the soldiers adjusted the lights upon them. Captain Craig peered through the camera.

"It'll be a lovely, dark shot," he said, "but here and there, a kisser may seem familiar to the homefolks. Talking and laughing and shaking hands and so forth, huh, Mr. Powel?"

Powel shook hands with the head of the group, and the camera whirred. Raphaela, who was on one fringe of the crowd, stared gravely straight ahead, thinking of her love for Powel.

"Move in, boys," Craig commanded. "Knock off some two shots."

Several more shots were taken. Raphaela found herself close to the captain and a sergeant. They had walked across to size her up.

"See," the sergeant said, "here's a little cheesecake—this black-haired dame. What if we get her to sit on the piano and pull her skirt up and—"

"Oh, no, Sergeant!" Craig said. "You must be a little Kamikaze-happy. Cheesecake has no place in diplomacy. Anyway, that dame has beauty and nothing else. She's like all those south-of-the-border Madonnas. No style, no class, no personality. They look great from the neck up, but they might as well be wearing nightgowns for all the taste they have in clothes. If you have to shoot cheesecake, find an American girl."

"If I find one," the sergeant said, "I'm not going to stop at just photographing her."

Raphaela discovered her mouth was open. She closed it and walked into a corner, where she stood and counted to one hundred in Spanish. It didn't help a bit. She returned to a convenient point and studied the gloomy captain. He had a lean face and a tired, quirked mouth, and he looked competent, terribly sure of himself, and bored by everything. She decided she disliked him very much, which gave her an idea.

Powel didn't seem surprised at being detached again. Raphaela took him behind a potted plant.

"Please don't jump out the window yet," he said.

"That bum with the captain's bars has insulted me," Raphaela said. She told him what had happened.

Powel laughed softly. "I'm sorry that he's impatient with us, and I wish I could avenge you in some dramatic way. But it's not important, Raphaela."

"It is important," Raphaela said. "It's a part of a larger scheme, of a war that is still going on. If justice and good will among men and women is not to become a mockery and perish, then that man must be punished!"

"Have you had another drink?"

Raphaela shook her head. "Francis, I am speaking of the war of the sexes. There is a conflict which no atomic bomb or the Russians have ended. Right now the men back here are flushed with victory. Too many of them are overseas, and the others have their pick. The women rush after them. Francis, do I look like I'm in a nightgown?"

POWEL flushed slightly. "Raphaela, aren't you being a trifle ridiculous? The man was unintentionally rude."

"Let's not quibble," Raphaela said. "I'll make that military bum rue this day. I'll show him whether I've got class and personality. I'm calm and icy-cold inside. Hell hath no fury—"

"I have to get back to my guests," Powel said. "Will you forgive me if—"

Raphaela took his arm. "Wait a minute. When you go back, tell him Señorita Raphaela O'Brien of Ecuador has expressed interest in him. Tell him where I'm staying. And remember, I don't speak a word of English."

"Raphaela, you're talking nonsense."

"I'll jump out the window. Where's your picture?"

"All right," Powel said. "All right, Raphaela."

Presently the Ecuadorian group started leaving. Raphaela went right with them, as part of her plan. She shook hands with Powel, and asked in Spanish if he had given her message to Captain Craig.

"It is done, señorita," Powel replied gravely.

When she passed the captain, Raphaela gave him a flashing smile and lowered her long lashes. He stared at her, apparently unamused. She restrained an impulse to slug

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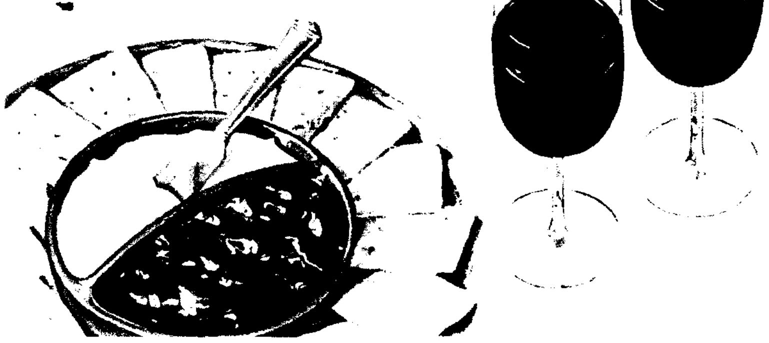

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him and floated seductively out with the others. . . .

At her hotel, she wasn't so sure everything was fine. Maybe the guy would prove impervious. She might have to hunt him down unrelentingly. Just to be on the safe side, she piled her hair on top of her head and crowded into a rather tight dress. Then the telephone rang.

It was a puzzled Spanish-speaking employee of the hotel, speaking Spanish. "An American Army captain is down here, Señorita O'Brien," the man said. "He wishes to know if you could meet him in the lobby. It is his impression that you do not speak English. That is correct, señorita?"

"Yes," Raphaela said. "I have made certain plans involving the use of no English. Have the captain wait."

She stalled ten minutes, and then went down. He was sitting on a couch near the door, reading a newspaper. He rose when she appeared and grinned at her.

"Hello, O'Brien," he said. "What's new?"

"Good evening, señor," she said, in Spanish. "It is a great pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"Let's have a drink," Captain Craig said. "I know you can't understand what I'm saying, but you'll recognize the bottles."

HE LED her into the cocktail lounge, and they sat down. He ordered a couple of Martinis.

"I hope you like gin," he remarked. "Anyway, there's no point trying to get into a discussion of what you do like. I imagine anything alcoholic would satisfy you."

There was a short period of silence. Raphaela thought she would choke, but she didn't. Somehow she stayed pleasant, and her eyes remained blank. The waiter brought their Martinis. She sipped hers, and it seemed to give her new strength and rage.

"I might as well talk, honey," the captain said, "even though you don't catch a word. It'll look better to the innocent bystanders if we don't just sit and stare at each other."

She spoke a few rapid words of Spanish and made a gesture of incomprehension. Then, by the most tremendous effort of will, she smiled at him.

"It's a relief to know you can think of something to say," Captain Craig said. "I imagine it must be fascinating, but I don't get it. Just try to relax, and I'll keep things going. Did you ever have any birds nest in your hair? Your coiffure seems to be arranged for it."

Raphaela kept smiling and called him a variety of names in Spanish that no lady should have known. He put his finger to his lips and shook his head.

"Let me make the conversation," he said. "You have a tendency toward sounding like a ratchet in your native tongue."

Raphaela said no more, but it didn't keep her from thinking in two languages. Captain Craig talked on easily and insultingly, his faintly saffron face wearing an expression of moderate amusement. Finally he got up and piloted her out.

"Now we go eat," he said. "You look hungry—which I suppose is the reason you expressed such an interest in me at the cocktail party."

They caught a cab and drove to a Mexican restaurant on Powell Street. A fat man with a soiled white apron across his generous front received them with Latin affability and led them to a table.

"Keeds," he said, "w'at you want? A little *tequila* with lemon and salt to start?"

"The lady speaks only Spanish," Captain Craig said. "Tell her I wish her to order."

The fat man repeated the message to Raphaela, in addition to welcoming a compatriot to his beans and *carne.*

"Enough of that," Raphaela said. "I have with me tonight a gringo who deserves the worst. He is a robber of widows and orphans. To him Madero was a villain. He thinks our Independence Day on the Fifth of May should not be celebrated. Can you conceive of this man?"

"So?" the fat man said. "Yet he is a soldier."

Raphaela shrugged. "He may be an impostor. Señor, fix us dishes with chili peppers and Tabasco. Do not spare the sauces. Let us see if this defiler of the innocent can stand up to a woman."

"As you say," the fat man said. "But if you will take my advice, do not light a match near this man until twenty-four hours later."

The captain was hungry, and they had plenty to eat. The first bite brought tears to his eyes, but he brushed them away and kept eating. Raphaela watched him innocently. Even she had to admit, despite her admirable training, that in the days of the war they could have dropped the *enchiladas* on Tokyo to start fires. He drank beer frequently and his face grew red, and yet he managed to tuck it away. The only thing she noticed was that a curious glint came in his eyes whenever he looked at her. Once the fat man strolled by and studied Captain Craig. He seemed rather impressed.

As he paid the check, the captain said, "Ask the lady if I may take her out tomorrow night. Tell her I will call for her at seven."

The fat man translated his words into Spanish for Raphaela.

"Si, señor," Raphaela said.

"Keeds, it is an appointment," the fat man said. "Now I know how we win the war."

In the cab, on the way back to the hotel, Captain Craig put his arm around her shoulders.

"You're lovely in a dowdy way," he said, "and I'm growing fond of your ignorance. As long as you continue wearing shoes, I'm willing to court you. I'd kiss you except that I'm afraid I might ignite both of us."

Raphaela had a sensation of enormous triumph. Using the pretense of wanting to powder her nose, she turned on the light in the cab, gazed in the mirror from her purse, and was pleased to see that neither gloating nor evidences of digestive upset showed on her face.

Under the door of her room were four telephone messages from Francis Powel III. Raphaela drank a glass of bicarbonate of soda and water and called him.

"Hello, Third," she said. "Is something the matter?"

Powel's voice seemed a trifle irritated. "Raphaela, where have you been all evening?"

"Been? Out with Captain Kidd."

"Oh?" Powel said. There was a pause. "Then he came?"

"Sure," Raphaela said. "Did you ever doubt he would?"

"I haven't given it much thought. Did you find him amusing?"

"No."

"Well," Powel said, "then I take it that's that."

"It certainly is," Raphaela said. "I have a date with the bum tomorrow night, too. He put his arm around me in a taxi. Francis, I have got him in the palm of my hand. He is in my power. Soon the trap will be sprung. He is ours, Francis."

"Is he?" Powel said. "That's nice. Good night, Raphaela." . . .

THE next morning they worked as usual in their office at the Civic Center. Raphaela lunched with Powel at a near-by restaurant. As he sipped his coffee, Powel regarded her soberly.

"Perhaps we might go dancing tomorrow evening, Raphaela," he said.

"I wish I could promise, Third," Raphaela said, "but I may still have the captain on my agenda. If I work fast enough, maybe I can knock him over tonight."

"Ah . . . how do you propose to knock him over?"

"The usual routine. Big eyes, a sigh or two, a whiff of perfume, a bare shoulder. Nothing sensational, but it'll seem intoxicating to him."

Powel frowned. "Then what, Raphaela? How will you get your revenge?"

"Once I have him enchanted," Raphaela said, "the rest is easy. I thought about it a lot last night because my stomach ached. I will be in his arms. He'll be speaking to me in a thick voice. The stage is set. Then this."

She reached in her purse, removed a round object, and pressed a button on the side of it. A five-inch blade popped out at Powel. He gagged on his coffee and almost dropped the cup.

"My father gave it to me," Raphaela continued, "when I used to live with him in the mining camps. The captain will see the blade flashing in the moonlight. It'll scare him to death. Then I'll tell him the truth—in English. He'll realize what a fool he has been. That guy will change his mind about whether I'm in a nightgown or not."

"I wish you wouldn't speak so loud, Raphaela," Powel said. "People are looking at us. And put that thing away."

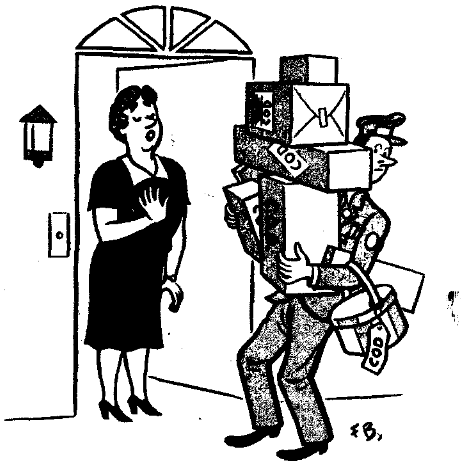
Although she had never been a clothes horse, Raphaela felt she was pretty well turned out by seven o'clock. Her dress was discreetly daring, her black hair was down and sweeping over her shoulders, and she had added mascara and a touch of blue eye shadow. Captain Craig was right on time, and apparently unharmed by the third-degree burns his stomach must have suffered.

"Ah, there, Rafe," he said. "You've gone to considerable trouble, haven't you? You resemble the heroine in an early movie."

BY NOW Raphaela had learned how to have a fixed smile. She kept wearing it until he stopped at the flower stand and bought a single rose.

"Here," he said, handing it over. "Put this between your teeth. I'll buy you a shawl later."

She went grimly and silently with him up Telegraph Hill to a narrow building with round-bellied windows which looked vaguely like a firehouse. The heady smell of a winepress was rising from the cellar, and all the people in the crowded flat where the captain took Raphaela had glasses of red *vino* in their hands. She met Papa Antoinella, the host, and his mountainous wife, and innumerable other people. During the introduction, Captain Craig stated the situation simply.



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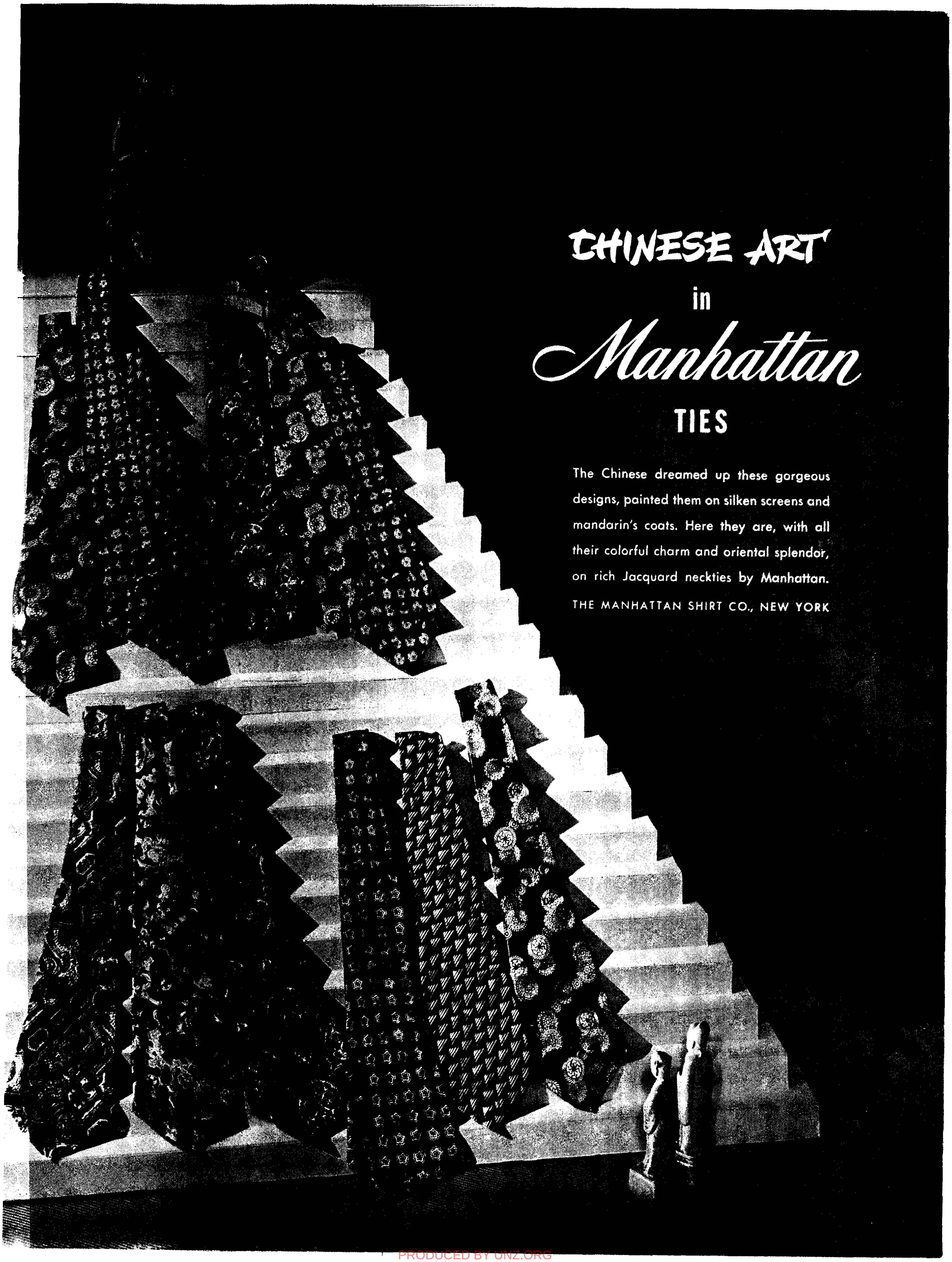
"This babe I have with me," he said, "is an Ecuadorian without a stitch of English to her name, which happens to be O'Brien—and don't ask me why. Presumably some Irishman got mixed up with her ancestors down there a long time ago and left them everything but his brogue. She is very simple, sturdy, friendly and broken to the saddle. I'll thank you to treat her kindly."

Raphaela ran into the sergeant who had been with Craig at Powel's cocktail party. He was an Antoinella, too, and eldest son of Papa. This party, she gathered, was in honor of his homecoming from the Pacific.

It turned out to be a wonderful party, even if she couldn't talk. She had intended to be mysterious and aloof, but that was impossible in an atmosphere of wine, good ravioli and spaghetti, excellent tenor voices, and people amused and amusing. The old upright piano was worked on by shifts of players, there were two fights, the police came and drank a little wine, and a man recited part of Dante's Inferno in the original.

Raphaela sang La Golondrina and La Cucaracha for the admiring throng, and did a Mexican folk dance no one knew from the Ecuadorian folk dances. She didn't miss the captain, who had dropped her completely.

Later in the evening, Papa Antoinella took her out in the kitchen, where he was opening



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more wine. The *paisanos* lived not far from him, so he had enough Spanish to mix with his Italian.

"Ah," he said, "you are a woman. And that Tommy Craig, he is a one. My boy Joe says he is the greatest officer in the world. You think the same, eh, my little sheep?"

"It is exactly the reverse, señor," Raphaela said. "I wish to break his heart, to crush him. He is the animal of all time. I will kill him."

"Good, good," Papa Antoinella said approvingly. "That is the way for a woman to feel about a man. That is the way my wife felt about me. It means one baby right after another."

RAPHAELA left him somewhat hastily. Captain Craig was sitting in the dining room, across the table from Joe. Raphaela pulled up a chair beside them. They ignored her.

"When will we be getting those discharges, Captain?" Joe asked.

"Any day now," Craig said. "We've made our last trip, Sarge."

"Yeah, and in a way I'm sorry." Joe munched a chunk of sausage reflectively. "What are you going to do in tweeds, Captain?"

"I was a newsreel cameraman before, and I'll be one again. That's enough, isn't it, Joe?"

"Sure," Joe said. "I guess I'll settle down here and get married."

"The cities'll be opening up again," Craig said, and tilted his head back. His eyes looked suddenly wide and fine. "They'll patch the holes and put the roofs on, and the people will start coming out. London, Paris, Naples, Shanghai, New Delhi. . . . The lights'll shine and the parks'll be full of kids. I want to sit at a table and drink an apéritif and watch the world go by . . ."

"I think I'll settle down," Joe said again. He glanced at Raphaela for the first time. "What about cheesecake here? Is this for laughs, Captain?"

"Strictly," Craig said. "I've seen everything and done everything. I don't need any help."

Abruptly, he decided to go. They said their goodbys and went out and started down the hill. Fog was blowing in, and lights were wavering blobs. Sounds were deadened except for the deep bellowing of a horn in the bay.

They stopped for a moment under the shapeless radiance of a street-corner lamp. Craig lighted a cigarette, took one puff and threw it away. "Why put it off?" he said. "And why try to put it in English? Here's how I feel in sign language."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. She didn't pull a knife on him. Instead she hung on and kissed him. The fog seemed to get thicker.

"It's the same all over," Captain Craig said. "They do it in Ecuador, and in Peru. Bolivia has it, and Colombia. In any language, boy meets disaster. . . . Hey, there's a cab!"

To Raphaela's surprise, he had the driver take them to Powel's hotel. He telephoned Powel from the desk and found he was still awake. They went upstairs. Raphaela had a good many things to say to the captain, but that was impossible. She took it out in thinking, and reached no conclusion.

Powel was wearing pajamas and a dressing gown, and he was polite and pale. Raphaela stared at him with large eyes. Only Captain Craig seemed unconcerned.

"I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, Mr. Powel," he said, "but you've sort of been the matchmaker for Carmen here, and I thought you might like to know how things are going."

"That's very kind of you," Powel said.

"They're going fine," Captain Craig said. "The Pride of Ecuador is quiet fun, but fun. I'm beginning to get engrossed in her. I certainly wish we could talk things over."

"I'm afraid I'm not equal to being your translator," Powel said, "if that's what you mean, Captain."

"I don't," Craig said. "All I want you to do is tell her that from now on, ignorance is going to be no excuse. And tell her to meet me tomorrow at one o'clock at Fisherman's Wharf. Thanks for the loan of your Spanish, Mr. Powel. Pull your socks up, Rafe."

Captain Craig went out and left them standing there, looking at each other.

"Don't you think this joke has gone far enough, Raphaela?" Powel asked.

"We've got him on the run, Third," Raphaela said nervously. "He's in our power."

"No doubt," Powel said. "But what do we propose to do with him?"

"Let me ask you a question," Raphaela said. "Does a returned veteran deserve this kind of treatment? Is a man who has given several years of his life and risked same, to be deceived and scorned for his sacrifices?"

"Obviously not. However—"

Raphaela shook her head despondently. "We've been wrong, Francis. We'll have to make amends."

"And what of amends to me?" Powel's voice had risen, and he was paler yet. "You were going to jump out the window if I didn't marry you, and yet you go out with this man every night. Am I to sit here with a good book each evening while you pursue your practical jokes? Raphaela, I—"

"I can't discuss it with you now," Raphaela said. "Somehow he has to know without his feelings being hurt. Try to think of a solution, Francis. In the meantime, good night—and thanks for the loan of your English."

In the morning the affair had advanced no further. All through the forenoon Raphaela worked in the office at the Civic Center with a furrowed brow. Powel was gloomy and precise, and his Harvard accent grew broader as it always did in times of distress. At twelve-thirty the crisis was reached. Raphaela rose and started to put on her hat and gloves.

"Raphaela," Powel said, "I refuse to allow you to make a fool of yourself. You're going to lunch with me."

"I wish I could," Raphaela said, "but I have a previous engagement."

"How are you going to tell him?"

"I'm not. I'll stick to my characterization. Francis, this is the great moment of my career. I'll be coarse and foolish and common. I'll completely disillusion him in me." She choked back a sob and tried to smile. "At the end, among the lobsters, he'll wonder what he ever saw in me. He'll leave me without a backward glance. And he'll never know. I'll carry the secret locked in my heart to the grave."

"I'm damned if you will," Powel said sharply. "I've had enough of this nonsense. Mother is coming out here next week, and I feel sure that you will not seem so strange to her in San Francisco. If we play our cards right and get her approval, you're going to become Mrs. Francis Powel III."

"You've been fine and understanding, Francis," Raphaela said, "and I'm honored. But what would you have in me? A hollow shell—a girl who has played fast and loose with the Signal Corps and lived to regret it. Think of me hereafter only as your secretary—a girl who knows shorthand, but not passion. Our course has been run, Francis."

"If I had my best piece of Royal Crown Derby in my hand at this moment," Powel said, "I'd dash it to pieces at my feet!"

BY THE time Raphaela arrived at Fisherman's Wharf her pulse was far too fast, and she was breathing with difficulty. Captain Craig was standing at the end of the square lagoon, watching the gulls fight over a morsel in the water. She came bolting up to him, stumbled over a net a fisherman was mending, and almost fell down. He gazed at her calmly.

"Hello, Rafe," he said. "I expected you and I didn't."

Raphaela smiled and nodded uncertainly. He began to walk, and she fell in step beside him. She felt suddenly spent and hopeless. The big scene was never going to come off. She didn't want him to leave without a backward glance, but he would as soon as he found he'd been a patsy. He was that kind of a guy.

The sidewalk was lined with big iron caldrons in which crabs were being boiled. In the lagoon a fishing-boat engine began chugging. The captain halted to inspect a tray of shrimps.

"Nice and pink," he remarked.

Raphaela nodded absently, lost in the desert of her thoughts. "The way my face is."

"Well, it wasn't your fault. Powel shouldn't have kept it going. I gave him a chance to back out last night."

"Huh?" Raphaela gulped. "Look, I'm speaking English!"

"I thought I owed it to him, since I was getting serious about you. He had his chance to speak up, and he didn't. I suppose he was afraid to tell you."

"Hey, wait a minute," Raphaela said. "What is this?"

"To be brief," Captain Craig said, "you are an Ecuadorian chump. When Powel told me at the cocktail party that you were interested in me, he also explained what you were going to try to do. He advised me not to bother, since you were a little unstable."

"Oh," Raphaela said.

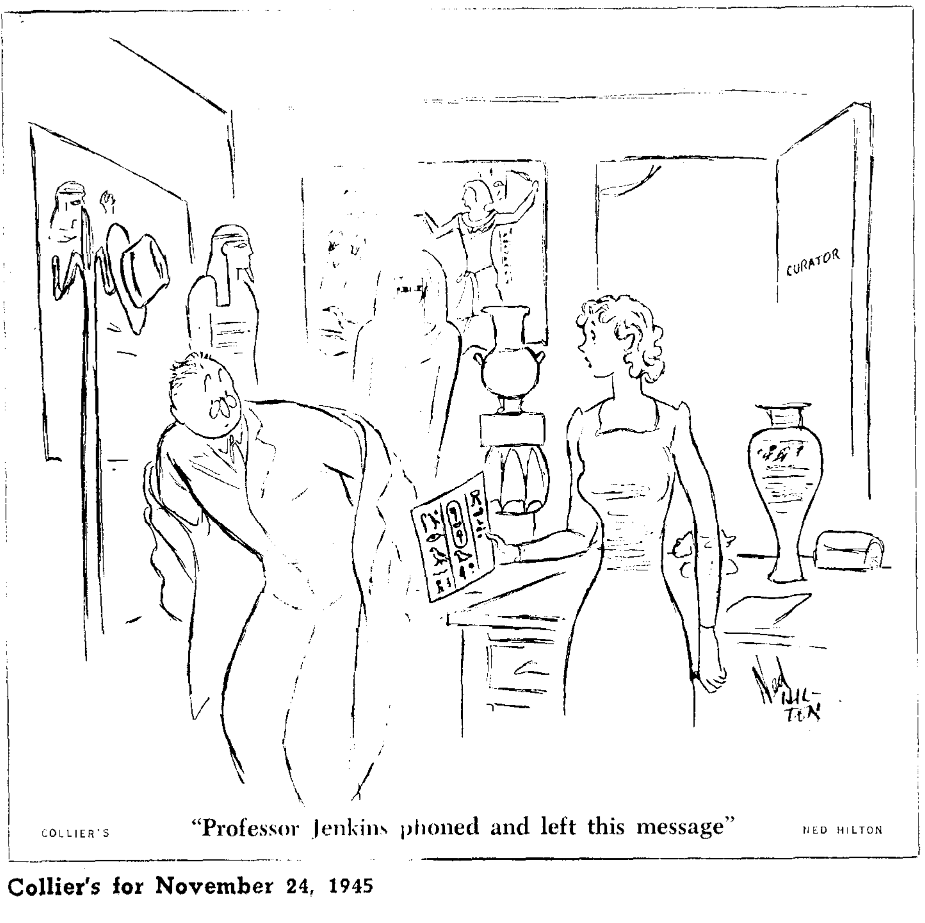
"The joke, it seems, is on me."

"No, on me."

"No, me," the captain said. "I'm in love with you in every language including the Scandinavian."

"I accept your offer of marriage," Raphaela said, "in case you were going on to say that. Gee, I'm happy! I bet you're the biggest one anybody ever landed on this wharf."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Professor Jenkins phoned and left this message" NED HILTON

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What Russia Really Wants

Continued from page 21

from a plane, Premier General Nicolae Radescu fled for his life to the British embassy, Peter Groza became Prime Minister, and Communists got the posts of Ministers of Justice and Interior, with control of the police. Later the peasant party under Julius Maniu was eliminated. All this happened by "spontaneous democratic process" a month after the Declaration of Yalta was signed by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

The thoroughness of the Soviet grip on Rumania is typical of what has been happening in eastern Europe. The aim—and result—has been full political security for the Soviet Union, plus a privileged and even monopolizing economic position.

It began with the armistice of August, 1944, which provided for reparations and restorations on a vast scale, and maintenance of the Red Army. Great quantities of grain, livestock and industrial equipment were taken away, including fifty thousand tons of oil-field equipment, of which 87 per cent belonged to British, American and French companies. However, inflation and poor crops made a new agreement necessary, which was signed September 12, 1945, reducing Russia's demands.

Russo-Rumanian Agreements

Previously—on May 8th—there had been a trade accord providing for exchange of Rumanian agricultural products for Russian coal, cotton and metallurgical products, and for "the participation of Russian capital and technical assistance in intensification of Rumanian economic activity." It was agreed to form joint Russo-Rumanian companies, enjoying virtual monopolies and combined organization, for "exploration, exploitation, processing and marketing" of petroleum and its products.

Russia was to furnish the engineering equipment. Rumania was to pay with fifty per cent of the royalties that normally went to the Rumanian government, and with the concessions of the existing oil companies, not to mention any new companies formed. "Russian" engineering equipment turned out to be taken from Germany and belonged in part to French and Belgian interests, as Foreign Minister of France Georges Bidault complained to the Council of Foreign Ministers.

Another company, Sovromtransport, effectively sews up river and sea traffic, including the main ports, shipbuilding and repairs, while still another company will monopolize air transport. Future collaboration along similar lines is forecast for timber, glass and other industries.

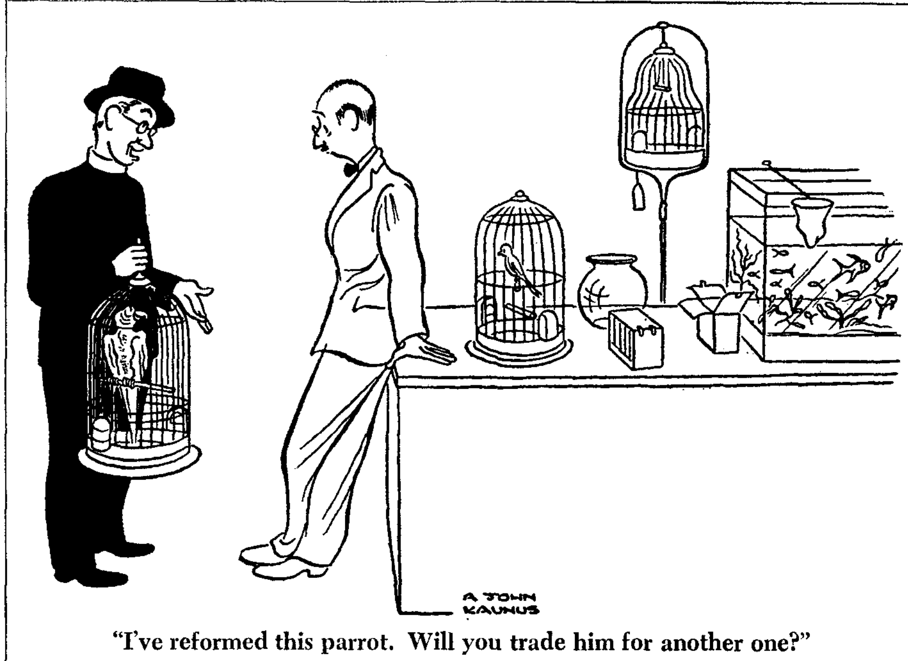
We've seen the beginnings of similar developments in Bulgaria, Austria and Hungary. To find the origin of such tactics it would be more fruitful to consult Mein Kampf than Das Kapital. It could be argued that these countries could in the long run benefit materially by such policies, particularly the accompanying land-distribution and agrarian reform. Or that their prewar corruption and inefficiency, their miseries and exploitation, cried out for this type of treatment. Or that the majority of their citizens wanted to try Soviet methods of "economic democracy."

But these are all debatable propositions which would carry us away from the argument that Russia is doing her own exploitation and has imposed her own pattern of procedure. There's always a government centering around a Communist bloc, with Communists in control of the ministries of interior and justice and the police, and with rightist and sometimes centrist parties banned. Agrarian and Socialist movements, which are the traditional popular forces of that part of Europe, become opposition—even "Fascist" opposition—according to the new Soviet meaning of Fascism. There are agrarian reforms, land distribution and State Socialism in the form of nationalization of primary industries and banks. The Red Army may remain to exert pressure and to provide insurance against "Fascist" reaction. The government is not only friendly but subservient to Moscow.

The pattern is both rigid and exclusive in a totalitarian sense, which was why Ernest Bevin, in his first pronouncement on the Labor government's foreign policy to the House of Commons, complained against the substitution of one form of totalitarianism for another. From our point of view, Yalta has become a scrap of paper as far as encouragement of "democratic reconstruction of European countries" is concerned. It was only necessary for Moscow to give its own definition to the term "democracy," which leads to an astonishing equation: totalitarianism equals democracy.

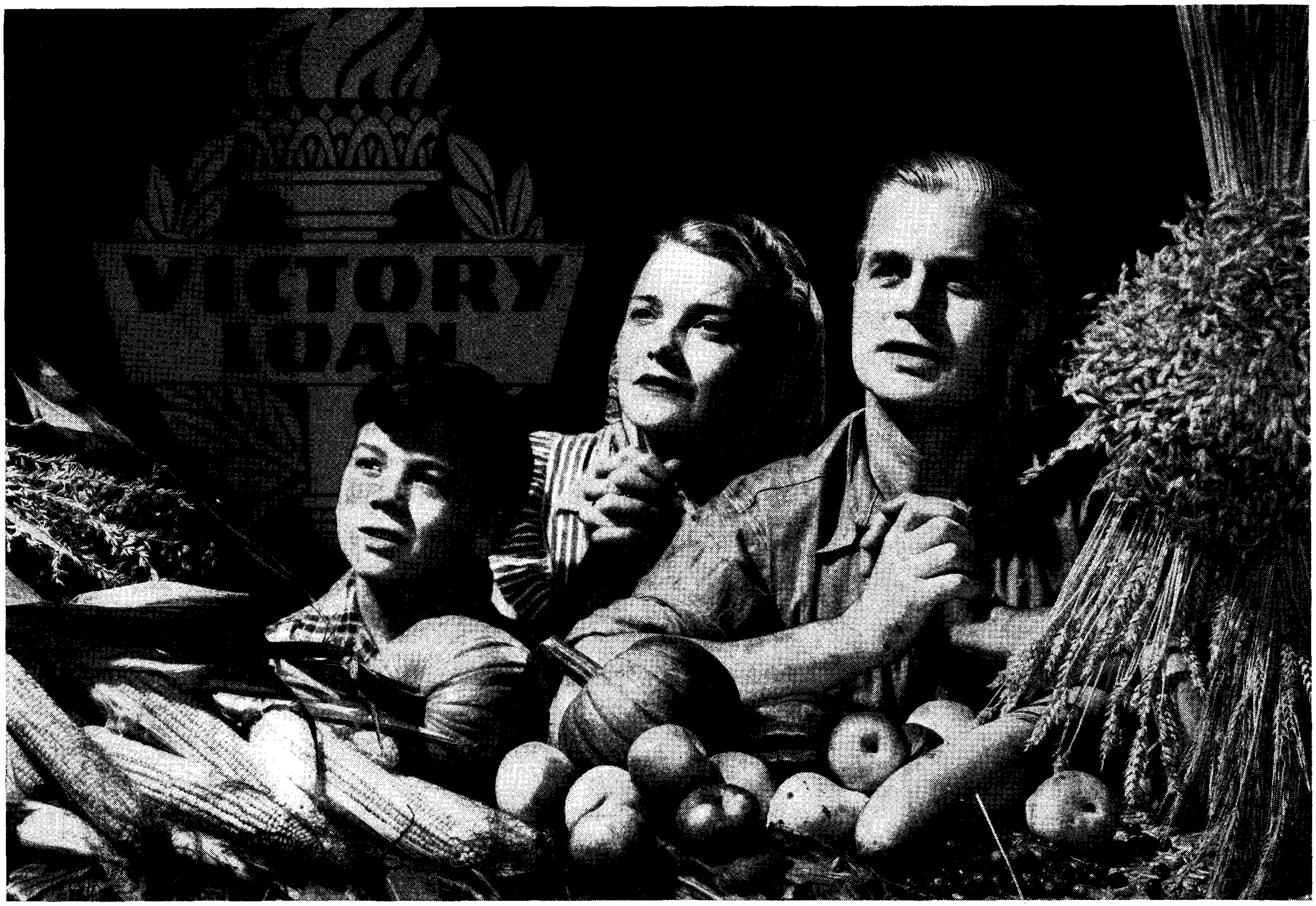
To the charge that there's no freedom of speech, of assembly, press or political activity, and no possibility of free elections, Communists merely say that their institutions are the only free ones in the world; that their governments are the only truly democratic ones. The result is confusion and the sort of impasse which was reached at the London peace conference.

This is a topsy-turvy world, and it has become a settled Russian technique deliberately to confuse issues as a means of using the terminology of treaties and agreements to further the ends of Soviet policy. Russia has a coherent, aggressive policy which she is putting into effect—with our consent if possible, and unilaterally if not. It begins al-



"I've reformed this parrot. Will you trade him for another one?"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS



After the harvest . . . *what?*

Back in America's infancy, in 1621, Governor Bradford proclaimed a day of thanksgiving and prayer after the New England colonists brought in their first harvest. Gradually, over the years, it became a national custom to set aside one day of thanksgiving annually after the harvest. *After the harvest!*

What a harvest we celebrate in this year of our Lord, 1945! Not alone our bounteous harvest of crops. Not alone our magnificent harvest of military victory. But Peace—Glorious Peace—that's our harvest of '45!

After the harvest . . . *what?*

A Day of Thanksgiving—from the depths of our souls!

Then we must finish paying for the weapons which did so much to bring us Victory. We must bring our boys and girls back home with all possible speed. We must heal our wounded and disabled—*regardless of the cost.* We must help every serviceman return to civilian life again.

That's the "Why" of this Victory Loan!

That's why General MacArthur radioed from the battleship Missouri: "They are homeward bound—take care of them!"

That's why the New York Stock Exchange says: *Buy Victory Bonds. Don't let anyone talk you into cashing them. That goes for all of your War Bonds. Beware of all "get-rich-quick" schemes. Unscrupulous promoters are looking for victims now—as they were after World War I.*

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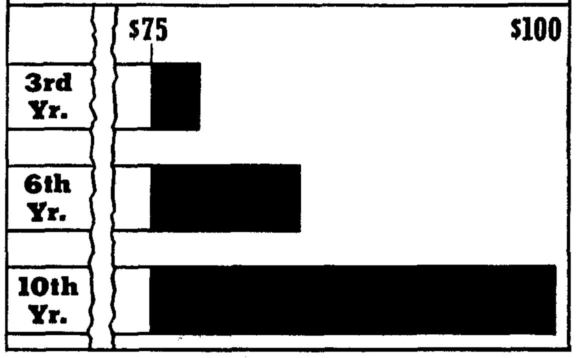
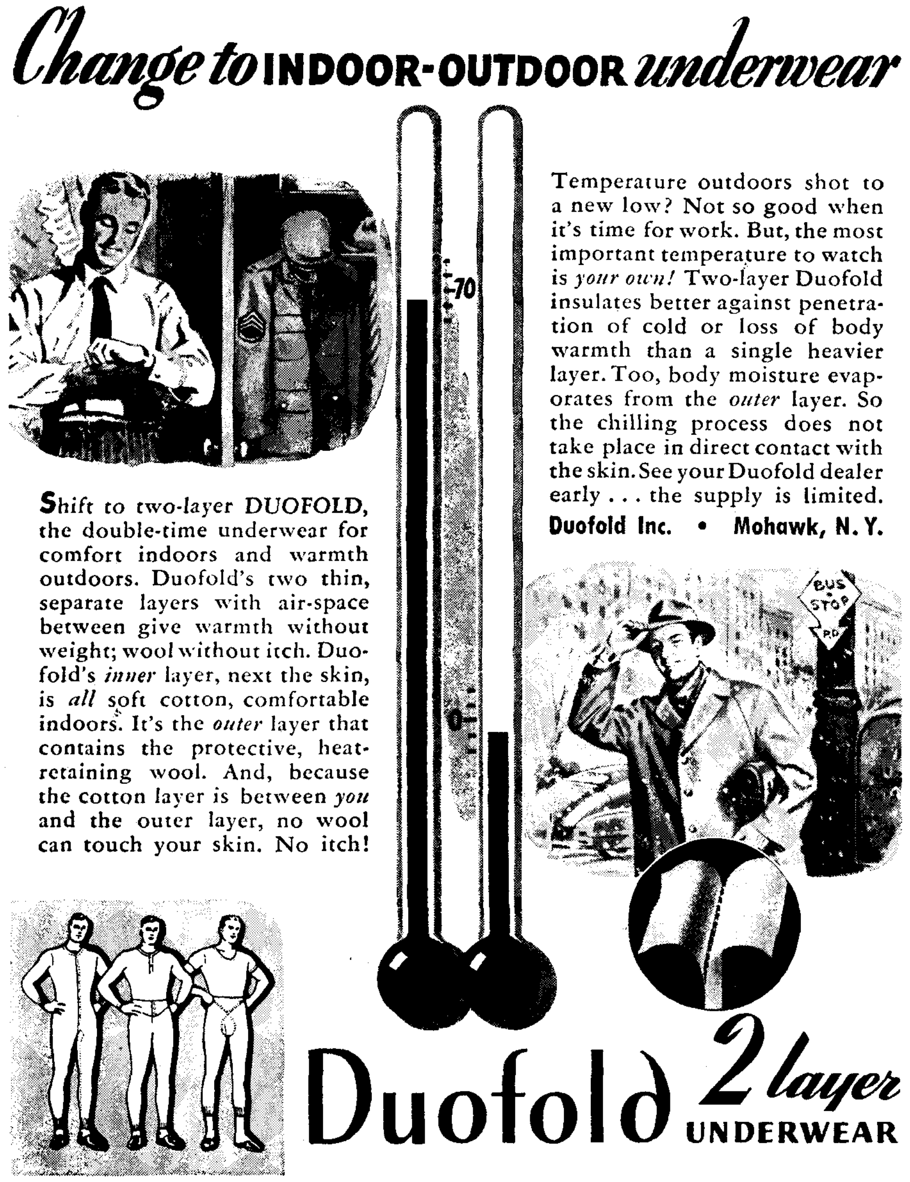


NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE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Temperature outdoors shot to a new low? Not so good when it's time for work. But, the most important temperature to watch is *your own!* Two-layer Duofold insulates better against penetration of cold or loss of body warmth than a single heavier layer. Too, body moisture evaporates from the *outer* layer. So the chilling process does not take place in direct contact with the skin. See your Duofold dealer early . . . the supply is limited.

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Duofold 2 layer UNDERWEAR

ways with search for security. Internally, that is obtained by all the organs and policies of a totalitarian regime, in this case a Communist one. Then comes a *"cordon sanitaire"* or "Eastern bloc" or "zone of security" or whatever you want to call it. The degree of interference is in direct ratio to the nearness of the country to the Soviet Union. Thus interference was almost complete in Bulgaria, Rumania and Poland, but less so in Hungary and Austria (our State Department has recognized the Austrian government), and still less so in Czechoslovakia—which, being a highly industrialized, advanced country, is in a class by herself.

The next step is into countries like Italy and France, where Communist parties are encouraged in every possible way, but without direct interference.

Needs for Security

Then there are treaties of alliance and mutual assistance with Great Britain, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia. After these there are still wider fields of policy in the encouragement of Pan-Slavism, and of the Arab and Moslem world, as well as the various orthodox churches of the Balkans and the Middle East, which are being wooed as political allies.

And to be really secure, the USSR needs strategic bases in the Mediterranean; she must control the Baltic Sea; she must be safe in the Persian Gulf and the Arctic and China Seas. So you've seen her reach for Petsamo, for trusteeship of Tripolitania, a port on the Red Sea, a share in the administration of Tangier, a revision of the Montreux pact of 1936 regulating control of the Dardanelles, and support for her ally Yugoslavia's claim to Trieste.

She is back again as a great victorious power in the Pacific with the Kuril Islands and the southern half of Sakhalin as booty, sharing the naval base of Port Arthur and the Manchurian railways with China. Outer Mongolia is recognized as "independent." Iran will soon be free of British, American and Russian troops so that the Tudeh party of Azerbaijan and other northern provinces can "spontaneously" ask for Russian protection, if not to become another Soviet republic.

In his order of the day for July 22, 1945, Stalin said that the USSR will have "a still stronger and mightier navy," and will "create many fighting ships and many bases." Pravda, on that same day, pointing out that the Soviet Union abutted on two oceans and thirteen seas, said: "Russia is and must be a great naval power."

That Russia, being a great power, should command and exercise the prerogatives of one is right and natural. But the use to which that power is put is another matter. There's a monstrous blackout over half of Europe now, even though we share the occupation and administration of Germany and have members on the Allied control commissions of Bucharest and Sofia. It isn't true that foreign correspondents are free to send what they please from eastern Europe—and of course it has never been true in Russia or any country she occupies.

The world hasn't been allowed to know the details of what's happening behind the iron curtain which at present divides Europe in two. We know that Soviet-occupied Germany is being denuded in locust fashion, and that famine and disease comparable to that in the Ukraine in 1920 are generally expected there this winter. Expulsion of Germans from Russia's new territories and from Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia, with Russian blessings, was called "tragedy on prodigious scale" by Mr. Bevin in August, since which time the situation has worsened. But there are signs already that the tide is beginning to turn. All through eastern Europe the burdensome Russian occupation is leading to reactions against Communist parties and even against Russians. The traditional Polish hatred of Russia is as strong as ever today, even in the Poland of Lublin.

Soviet Troops in Conquered Lands

There is war weariness at home and much destruction to be repaired. Soviet troops, going into countries more highly civilized and industrialized, are tempted and corrupted by wealth and taught the lesson that the Soviet standard of living isn't as high as it could be. These troops sometimes haven't behaved well; looting, raping and domineering aren't calculated to win friends.

Rumania is soft and easygoing and corrupt. Czechoslovakia is on a much higher cultural and industrial level and couldn't be dominated easily. In Greece, the revulsion against the excesses of Communists still helps the British to dominate the country. In Hungary and Austria, liberal and social democratic forces retain some power and are gaining strength. In Yugoslavia, where Tito was helped to power by none other than Winston Churchill, the atmosphere is still revolutionary, with Mikhailovitch at large and every enemy armed.

War, by Marxist or Leninist standards, should be a breeder of revolution. The situation in Europe in that respect may well be

PUTTING IT MILDLY

THE PUTTER	THE PUTTING
Lady in Allentown, Pa., upon giving birth to her 20th child	**"I've done my share."**
Gentleman in New York City, when arraigned for possessing 23 gallons of untaxed liquor	**"I keep just enough on hand for an occasional nip."**
OPA bulletin, discussing autos manufactured prior to 1925	**"These cars do not have great utility as automobiles."**
Gentleman, making a plea in a classified ad in the Bedford, Ind., Times-Mail	**'Any amount of money sent me by anyone at any time will be greatly appreciated."**
Lady anthropologist, giving a talk to New York City Camp Fire Girls	**"There are all sorts of disadvantages in having a husband."**
Jap corporal, surrendering to Americans in the Philippines	**"After four years in the Imperial Army, I decided there was no future for me."**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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COLLIER'S "Why ain't this money in Victory Bonds?" GARRETT PRICE

disappointing to Moscow. Only in countries touching on the USSR has anything approaching revolution occurred and there it has been to a great extent imposed from above.

It would be hard to say whether what's been happening in eastern Europe is revolutionary or counter-revolutionary. It isn't at all a revolution of the proletariat against bourgeois capitalism, although there has been a breakdown of big land holdings feudal and otherwise. World revolution of the Trotskyist type is no longer to be feared, but other things are possible—including conversion of enough of the great countries to Communist governments by parliamentary processes.

Communist Allegiance to Moscow

That could happen in countries like Italy and France. There's still the equivalent of a Comintern in the Communist parties of every country. Their allegiance—the final fundamental allegiance—is always to Moscow. When there is conflict, as over disposition of Trieste or Tripolitania, the Communist party (in this case the Italian one) must conform to the Soviet Union's foreign policy. In France, Belgium and Holland, Communist parties must oppose the Western bloc, which Moscow considers to be aimed against her.

That leads again into one of those vicious circles. The USSR created its Eastern bloc for security reasons. Other nations are frightened, and see one solution in banding together for economic and strategic reasons. The tendency to do that confirms Russia in her belief that the world is ganging up against her, so she withdraws deeper into her great fortress.

What can be done to satisfy the USSR and reconcile our divergent political and ideological principles? No one will give you a satisfactory answer now because there is none which lies in our power to make, short of a policy of appeasement that is properly regarded as unthinkable. Years must pass. Accommodating must be thoroughly tried. Patience must be exercised to the limit. Russia is meeting opposition for the first time and she's as bewildered and distressed by it as we are.

There is reason to hope that firmness on our part will lead to adjustment on hers. Changes and even reversals of major trends to achieve the ultimate aims of Soviet policy have occurred often, and they may well occur again. Russia's present policies are new and different from any followed in the past. "Marxism" has been going through a process of kneading and lopping and transformation until it has reached a position today that has little resemblance to its origins. The sharing by Communists of political power in France, Belgium and Italy is distinct progress from the "popular front" of prewar days. There's more nationalism, more imperialism and more capitalism in the USSR than ever before.

That Russia should be a world power, with all the responsibilities involved, is also something new for the Communist regime. For the first time in history one great power dominates the Eurasian mainland from Calais to Dairen. In 1815 a strong Russian empire erupted into a weakened Europe, but there was Metternich and Austria. Now there's only a chaotic, destroyed, leaderless map of big and little powers, each with its fifth column. Then the Britain of Wellington and Castlereagh was rich and powerful. Today it is weakened. It was in vain for Anthony Eden to say, as he did in the House of Commons while still Foreign Secretary, "The foreign policy of Britain has been based for centuries on determination that no one country shall dominate Europe. We believe in Europe. We are part of Europe. I myself am convinced that no one country is ever going to dominate Europe."

Russian Domination of Europe

One country dominates it right now, immense in her strength and prestige, bringing her ideological appeal of a Socialist state which provides fair distribution of wealth, full employment, racial and class equality. The reality may fall far short of the vision, but the appeal is all the stronger because Russia is "an enigma wrapped in a mystery." Her prestige is skillfully used. There are ample funds and expert advice. When necessary, agents are always available. The expansion and its consequent pressure are felt all across the vast land mass and scattered sea bases of Eurasia.

The problem is old as well as new, for in essence it is the traditional Russian policy with new methods, new social and economic aims, but with similar geographical and military goals.

Here is a semi-Oriental, totalitarian state which has achieved greatness but which still fears the Western democratic world. Only one power of equal strength faces her across oceans of water and vaster oceans of spirit and ideals. The United States of America also bestrides a great land mass and stretches her mighty arms around half the globe—the other half. The hands touch. Can they be clasped in true, lasting friendship?

THE END

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DICTATOR'S CHOICE

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

RADIOED FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

BRAZIL'S latest political upheaval came as no surprise to Brazilians, who had for many months been watching a situation which—if precedent means anything—would inevitably boil over.

When President Getulio Vargas resigned, after fifteen years of iron-clad dictatorship, some 47 million Brazilians sat back with "I told you so" looks and waited to see what was going to happen next.

What would happen was anyone's guess. There was only one thing that Brazilians could be sure of: Getulio Vargas had promised them a chance to elect a new president on December 2d. Then, on October 29th, the army, the navy, the air force, and Brazil's political parties all joined hands to toss him out of control. This was represented as designed to prevent Vargas from backing down on his promise to permit the elections to be held—Brazilians have had plenty of experience with last-minute calling off of elections during the fifteen years that Vargas ran their nation exactly as he pleased.

Whether Brazil will hold its elections as scheduled, and whether Vargas is through as a political force, is a toss-up at this point. To understand what is happening in Brazil, however, it is necessary to understand only one man, and that man is Vargas.

Vargas has, on three separate occasions, indicated his desire to give the government back to the people. The October 29th crisis can be considered a barometer of the skepticism with which Brazilians greeted these announcements.

Vargas' last voluntary refusal to perpetuate himself, some Brazilians say, was implied rather than [illegible]al. One of Vargas' best friends told me that "by his apparent reluctance and the public suspicion that he may not be ready to yield the center of the stage he has occupied so long, and for the most part so successfully, Vargas was asking for exactly what happened to him.

The gentleman might have added that if Brazil, like some of its neighbors, plunges into political chaos, Uncle Sam's inter-American policy and influence will probably suffer badly. Every responsible observer in Brazil, native and foreigner, agrees that this giant southern country is at the crossroads.

Because of her collaboration with the United States and the Allies in the war, largely the result of Vargas' wisdom and foresight, Brazil not only enjoys unprecedented prestige abroad but has become the first nation on the southern continent. Without the help, backing, credits and confidence Washington placed in the Brazilian leader, this would not have been possible.

Vargas' refusal to become a candidate, if that's what it really was, came as the climax of a rowdy parade through Rio de Janeiro to the Guanabara palace—the sort of parade you would expect to find at a Tennessee or Texas political rally. "*Queremistas,*" the paraders called themselves in popular Brazilian Portuguese. In plain English it means "Those who want," and what they wanted in this case was Getulio Vargas.

On two previous occasions the *queremistas* wanted Vargas to run for president in December. Since he had so far failed to accede to their wishes, they now wanted more. In the decree calling the elections, a deadline for officeholders who expected to be candidates for president or members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies had been set for September 2d, ninety days before the date for balloting. No candidate could enter the field after that. Two military men, both generals, had thrown their hats into the ring. One is a former flier, Eduardo Gomes, the other is Gaspar Dutra, former Minister of War in the Vargas cabinet.

Friends and associates of the president showed little enthusiasm for either. They still hoped for Vargas, and organized demonstrations with the view of snaring him into a definite declaration.

Each time Vargas had said, "But I need a rest. After fifteen years I am entitled to return to private life."

But as long as Vargas did not say definitely that he would not run, the *queremistas* saw promise on the horizon. Observers agreed that Vargas would declare himself at the proper moment. "He always does things that way," people said. September 2d came, and Rio was expectant all day. Many officials and prominent citizens stayed in town for the week end. The afternoon wore on, and newspaper correspondents and interested parties became impatient. They prepared for a really dramatic pre-midnight announcement.

By 10 P.M. pro-Vargas politicians were almost beside themselves. Midnight came, with no announcement, and *queremistas* receded into the background—for the time being, at least. Here entered the new and bouncing Communist Party, led by a former political, Luis Carlos Prestes, who had languished in prison for nine years because he had been accused of leading a violent *putsch* against the government in 1935.

Prestes and his Communists, not committing themselves to any candidate, announced tactics definitely designed to give them time to build up a strong party organization, despite the fact that any delay in holding the elections would tend to keep Vargas in office. It was not a presidential election that they wanted, but the election of a "*constituinte,*" or constitutional assembly.

According to Prestes and his followers, a new constitution should come first. They said that the existing document had been written and promulgated by the dictatorship, and that election of a president under the old constitution would mean the preservation of a Fascist state. "First write a constitution and get it adopted," said Prestes. "Then an election for a president and congressmen can be held."

The fact that the Communists were playing a game that might result in leaving Vargas in power for an indefinite period inspired his friends to new efforts. *Queremismo* was resuscitated. New banners and new signs appeared: "We want Getulio with a constitutional assembly." The resurgent movement reached its climax in the rallying throng at the Guanabara palace. With ardor and abandon surpassing any campaign party of old-time Southern Democrats, Brazilian laborers, clerks, government employees—white, black, of all shades—rushed the great iron gates which had been carefully left unlocked. Other telltale evidences of inside knowledge of the impending party were the presence of floodlights, loud-speakers and microphones, strategically placed. The crowd overran the yard and gardens, hung on the fences and surrounding walls and overflowed every narrow street and alley in the neighborhood.

At the proper time the chubby, five-foot-four, cherub-faced little man made his appearance, and a barrage of *Queremos*

(*Continued on page* 81)

WIDE WORLD

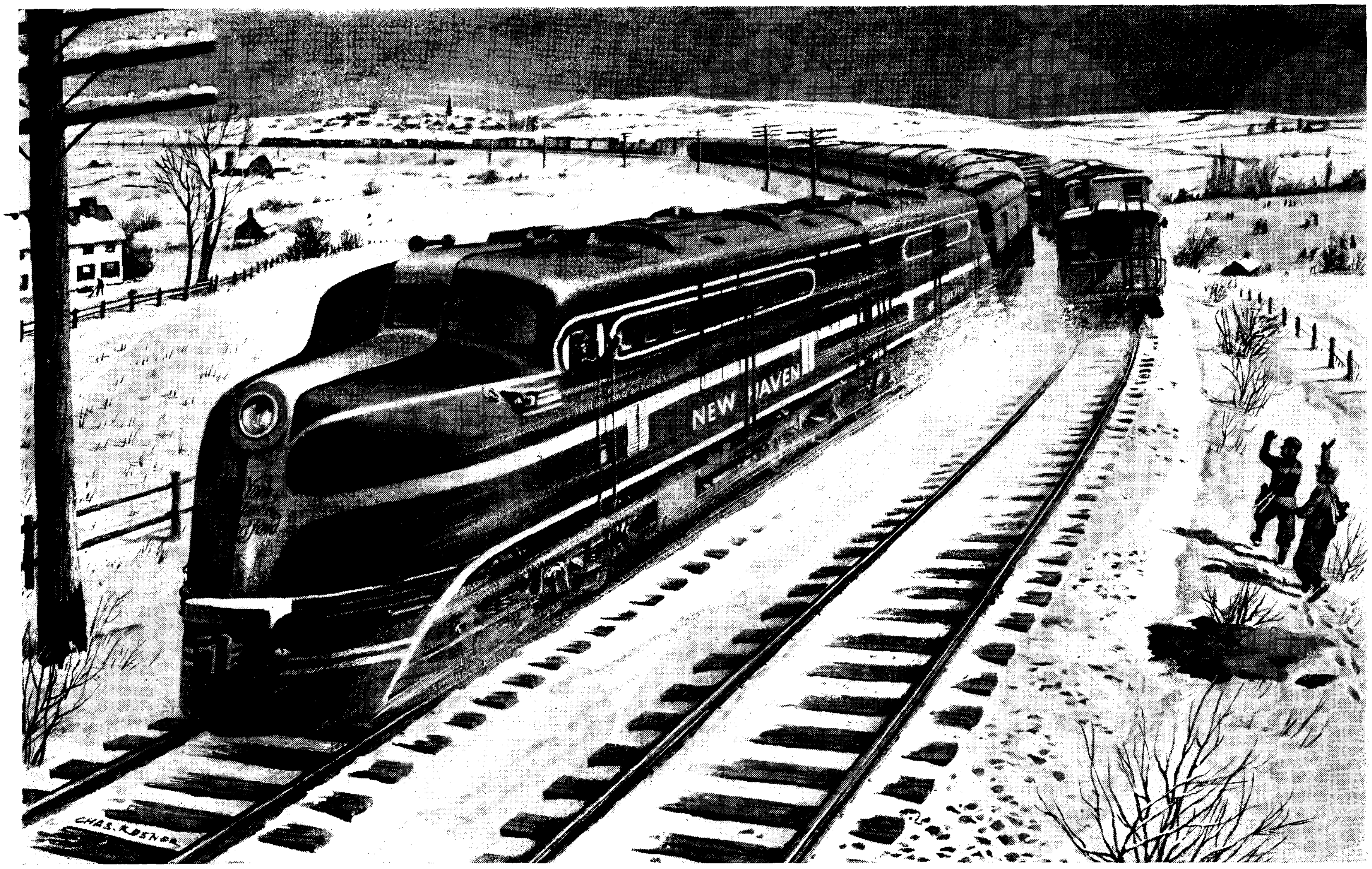
Gen. Eduardo Gomes, known as the Brigadeiro, is the more colorful of the two candidates for president. Many Brazilians regard him as one of Brazil's great heroes

PIX

Getulio Vargas has ruled Brazil, sometimes benevolently, for fifteen years. He has often said, "I need rest. I am entitled to retire." Brazilians took him literally

GEORGE KARGER–PIX

Gen. Gaspar Dutra, former War Minister and an army man for 40 years, is the conservative candidate for president. He is believed by many to have the support of Gen. Vargas



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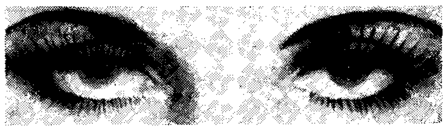

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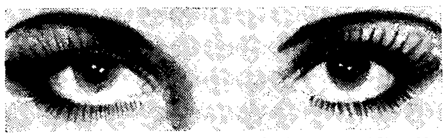

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Veterans' New Dealer

Continued from page 25

centers. Every effort will be made to coordinate civilian with veterans' medicine.

Bradley will increase recreation facilities in all hospitals, standardize hospital messes and replace with a cut-rate, Army-type Post Exchange system the old "concession" system under which the hospital's general store was run independently, and sometimes scandalously, by the highest local bidder. He will increase psychoneurotic and tubercular facilities as much as is necessary. (He is limited here by the fact that there just aren't enough psychiatrists in the country to go around.) And he will deyelop outpatient facilities, so that a man not seriously ill can report to the hospital, be treated and go home until his next treatment is due.

Bradley is asking Congress to increase the salaries of doctors and nurses, and to hire local doctors on a part-time basis. Veterans' hospitals will have interns and resident physicians for the first time. And—a great triumph—medical research will move into the Veterans' hospitals. In this connection, Bradley quickly countered the objection that veterans must not be used as guinea pigs. "If I were going to be operated on," he says, "I'd *want* it done in front of a class. A surgeon isn't likely to make a mistake with fifty people watching him."

In matters of general administration, Bradley's program will emphasize action and discourage routine. The word "expedite" is going to get a workout. A heavy load of V.A. communications is going to be lifted from the U.S. Postal Service and shifted to telephone wires. Teletype circuits will connect Bradley's headquarters with the outposts of his organization everywhere. Paper work will be reduced and accelerated by means of condensed and simplified forms. Records will be filed and searched by machine.

Finally, and of critical importance in avoiding administrative congestion, authority to get things done will be decentralized, so that the paralyzing accumulation of routine detail, hitherto routed through Washington, will be handled by thirteen regional headquarters which will have independent jurisdiction, within specified limits.

"Running this job," Bradley says, "isn't much different from running a group of armies. You delegate authority to the lower echelons and then you maintain contact with your corps and divisions in the field to keep the feel of the situation." Keeping the feel of the situation is a Bradley imperative. He always manages to get around. His idea of a desk is something you come back to once in a while.

Appropriations Plus Patience

Right now, Bradley's biggest needs are public money and public patience. He has to go to Congress to get the money to make improvements and attract high-priced people. (Today the top V.A. job is Assistant Administrator, at $9,000 a year.) He has to depend on the American people for patience and the realization that mountains can't be moved overnight. As one interested observer put it, "There seems to be a widespread feeling that the general is going to take a half-dozen fishes and a loaf of bread and immediately feed the multitude."

In Congress, Bradley's simplicity and forthrightness have already won the first round for him. Representative John E. Rankin, head of the House Veterans' Committee, who thinks the former V.A. head, Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, was the greatest administrator in the history of the world, admits that "Bradley will be able to cope with the tremendous problems with which he is going to have to deal in the postwar period." The minority leader on the committee, Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, says, "It's the best possible thing to have a general who was so close to his men and so beloved by them to keep on fighting their battles." She thinks so well of Bradley that she is agitating for his elevation to Cabinet rank.

Bradley is 52 years old. He is slightly over six feet tall and there is no fat on him. He is deep-chested and powerful. In Verdun, he leaned into a high hard one thrown by General Allen, his Chief of Staff, and the softball landed over a wall more than 350 feet away. He has piercing dark gray eyes, a balding head, and a long, bony face. He has been variously described as looking like "everybody's family dentist," and "a high-school Latin teacher." In manner he is mild and gentle and unlike a general, a fortunate quality in a man required to foster cordial relations with ex-G.I.s.

The new Administrator of Veterans' Affairs was born in the village of Clark, Missouri, on Lincoln's Birthday, 1893. His father was the local schoolteacher, and young Omar was educated like other country boys, plus some special pedagogic attention from Papa. Young Omar used to take extracurricular arithmetic and geography from the elder Bradley while fishing for bass or hunting quail. His father died when Omar was thirteen.

Moberly's Favorite Son

Through high school Omar was a moderate sensation as a center fielder. The family by this time had moved to the larger town of Moberly, Missouri. When Bradley visited Moberly after his triumphant return from Europe last summer, his War Department escort, Lieutenant Colonel Frank Gillard, was impressed with two things: (a) Everyone in Moberly, from 5-year-old tots to 70-year-old men, called the general "Omar," and (b) Everyone in town claimed to have played baseball on the same team with him.

During high school, Omar diligently attended Sunday school, and it was his Sunday-school teacher who offered a portentous suggestion one day when Mrs. Bradley was discussing Omar's future. "The best place for a poor boy to get an education," she said, "is at West Point."

Bradley got an alternate appointment to the Military Academy in the famous class of 1915. A large portion of the generals who fought this war came from that class. At graduation Bradley stood 44th in a class of 164. This was not bad considering that some of the other cadets in the class were gentlemen named McNarney, Ryder, Stratemeyer and a young hell-raiser named Dwight D. Eisenhower. Eisenhower, who stood 100th in the class, roomed across the hall from Bradley.

Bradley was a star on the 1915 baseball team. He played center field, batted .383 and drew cheers from the cadet corps every week with prodigious throws from deep center. John McGraw once said, "Young Bradley has a better throwing arm than most major leaguers." Omar was offered a minor-league contract just before his graduation. He didn't accept.

He was commissioned a second lieutenant and for twenty-five years he led the unspectacular life of a peacetime infantry officer. He went to Army schools and taught at them. The only excitement he saw was on the Mexican border in 1916. Even during World War I, he sat on the sidelines training troops in Washington, Montana, Iowa and Illinois.

Finally, in 1941, Bradley got his first break. He was a rather junior lieutenant colonel in the office of the secretary of the General Staff in Washington, when suddenly General Marshall remembered his imaginative infantry work at Fort Benning in 1929, promoted him to brigadier general (making him the first general in his class) and told him to convert the 300-student Infantry School at Benning into an Officer Candidate School capable of turning out 200 skilled officers every day. Bradley surrounded himself with men whose ability he had known for years, picked up some young reserve officers who believed in him, and performed a miracle. Every battle the infantry has won since Bradley renovated Benning is a tribute to his organizing genius.

After Benning, Bradley, now a major general, commanded and trained two divisions, the 82d—which later was divided to make the famous 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions—and Pennsylvania's 28th.

He was supervising amphibious maneuvers

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with the 28th, in Florida, when his friend and classmate, Ike Eisenhower, sent for him. The war wasn't going too well in Tunisia, and Eisenhower needed the best commanders he could get. Bradley joined General Ike in North Africa, and on April 15, 1943, assumed command of the 2d Corps, relieving General Patton. It was Bradley's first experience of command in combat. In fact, it was his first experience in combat.

The battle Bradley waged at the northwestern end of the Allied line was unorthodox, but it was never reckless or costly. Whenever he could, he saved men and armor. Instead of moving down the open valleys, which were planted thickly with German guns, he clung to the rugged ridges and forced the enemy steadily back by infiltrations and encirclements. He outgeneraled Rommel and Kesselring at every turn.

He used the same sort of imaginative but common-sense strategy throughout the Tunisian campaign and later in Sicily. Bradley was reorganizing for the move into Italy with the new Fifth Army when another of those surprise summonses caught him. This time, he was ordered to England to take over the entire U.S. field command for the invasion of the Continent. The obscure and modest tactician, to the astonishment of all onlookers, now superseded the spectacular Patton and everyone else—except Eisenhower.

Bradley had a tremendous job in England. As commander of the First Army, he had to train divisions for the assault on Normandy and the development of the beachhead. As commander, at the same time, of the First U.S. Army Group (later renamed the Twelfth Army Group), he had to organize other divisions into armies to follow up the assault. And while training and organization proceeded, he had also to plan a series of operations greater in scope and complexity than anything hitherto attempted.

This was a job requiring exceptional foresight and minute, detailed supervision. Four times Bradley held dress rehearsals at Slapton Sands on England's south coast. He had his own LCI and took part in every mock assault. He walked up and down the beach, talking with the wet and miserable troops. He even tossed around with them for hours on the Channel to see how effective their new seasick remedy was. It was rugged. But when D-Day came, Bradley and his men were ready.

Triumphant Road to Berlin

He visited both Omaha and Utah beaches on D plus 1 and walked among the wounded with anguish on his face. After that came Cherbourg, St.-Lô, Mortain, Argentan, Paris, Aachen, Bastogne, Remagen, the Ruhr and the Elbe—all triumphs of Bradley strategy. The only battle he conceded during that period was when Russian Marshal Ivan Konev brought out the vodka at a monster reception behind the Russian lines after the German surrender. Bradley liked the squat, unaffected Konev immensely. "Neither one of us," admits Bradley, "was really very good at that drinking stuff. But it had to be done."

Wherever he went in the field, Bradley's simplicity was remarkable. He lived in an ordinary 2½-ton truck fitted with a bed, closets, a desk. There was an old West Point blanket on the bed, and photographs of his wife and his only daughter, Elizabeth, on the desk. He lived frugally in this truck until one day Eisenhower remarked diffidently: "Brad, this truck is too small." Bradley conceded the criticism and ordered a slightly larger vehicle—an Air Corps trailer.

Unlike some of his lesser generals, who requisitioned forty-room châteaux for themselves, Bradley didn't move indoors until winter, and then he took a single bedroom and a sitting room in the Alpha Hotel in Luxembourg where the rest of his officers were billeted. "The old man," says Colonel Hansen, his aide, "just naturally likes to be with people."

Whenever he stopped for a meal on the road, Bradley habitually ate nothing but K-rations. He actually liked the stuff. "He was probably," says Colonel Hansen, "the only man in the ETO who ever enjoyed finishing a K-ration." Bradley ate all the "dog meat" and biscuits, and dutifully saved the lumps of sugar in the glove compartment of the car, just like every G.I. Without fail, between meals, he would pop the lumps of sugar into his mouth. "It says on the package," Bradley once explained, "that sugar gives you energy during the day."

In Washington today, the Bradleys live, with extreme simplicity, in an old red-brick house. His next-door neighbors are the "Hap" Arnolds. They spend most of their evenings at home, entertain once in a while, occasionally go to a movie. Bradley has very few diversions, and is not a hobbyist. Time for his favorite diversion, hunting, isn't plentiful.

Bradley still gets up at 6:30 every morning and is at his desk at 8:00. This is tough on his young military aides, most of whom are in the Army by courtesy of Selective Service and want to get back to civilian ways as quickly as possible.

Double Duty for Aides

Bradley brought his aides with him as administrative assistants. The only one of his personal war companions missing is Alex Stout, who got out on points and went home to tend his farm in Louisiana. Stout writes the general typical veterans' letters telling him what is wrong with the Veterans' Administration.

Bradley's official status is peculiar. He is on loan from the War Department to the Veterans' Administration. He draws full Army pay—which is supplemented by the V.A. to make up the $12,000 to which he is entitled as administrator. But, though the Army still nominally owns him and actually pays him, the War Department has no control over his activities.

It took a special Act of Congress to legalize this situation. The act is entitled "Private Law 140—79th Congress—H.R. 3607." It provides, among other startling things, that "General Bradley's appointment shall in no way affect any status, office, rank or grade he may hold in the Army of the United States." It further provides that "General Bradley shall be subject to no supervision, control, restriction, or prohibition other than would be operative in respect to him if he were in no way connected with the War Department or the Army of the United States." That, as any schoolboy can see, really constitutes a vote of unlimited legislative confidence.

The victor of Normandy and the Rhine knows well enough that all his troubles are not behind him on the battlefields of Europe and Africa. He is moving into a very rough campaign. He will have to battle with Congress for money and legislation. He will have to struggle against pressure groups that will try to convert his agency into a luscious political plum. He will have to cope with public impatience. Some of his problems are virtually insoluble at present.

There are, for instance, only 3,500 psychiatrists in the entire United States. Bradley needs 1,800 for the Veterans' Administration alone. He needs 1,600 more doctors and dentists and 1,000 more nurses. With better-paying private medicine suffering an acute shortage, where is he going to get them? Already, the politicians are lining up with demands for patronage. Requests are cropping up for establishment of V.A. hospitals on politically selected sites where no V.A. hospital has any right to exist—or chance to succeed. The enemy has lost no time in taking the field and it is going to be a perplexing and possibly disillusioning war for the simple, direct soldier.

He has, however, one powerful factor on his side to help him through the ordeal. That is the fact that several million ex-G.I.s feel the same way about him as Ernie Pyle felt. Pyle, before he died, made a statement which later was published in the Congressional Record. "If I could pick any two men in the world for my father except my own dad," he said, "I would pick General Omar Bradley or General Ike Eisenhower. If I had a son, I would like him to go to Bradley or Ike for advice."

THE END

Dictator's Choice

Continued from page 76

Getulios went off, powered by all the fervor that 25,000 Latins and kindred races could muster. The fiery leaders of the procession mounted the steps and manned the microphones. In frenzied pleading they called for a constituent assembly—for a calling off of the elections, and, in any case, for more Vargas.

Eventually the president moved to the microphone, and another shout went up. Then followed a performance the like of which I have not witnessed since the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in his political heyday—a show of humble gratitude for this demonstration of the plain people's devotion, which was worth all the unhappy hours he had suffered because of the abuse heaped upon him by his enemies, those special and selfish few "who thought only of themselves, and never of the common man." "*Viva a constituinte!*" they answered back.

"Never forgetting what they came here for," one of my Brazilian friends cynically remarked.

"You mean," said another bitterly, "they don't forget what they were paid for."

Vargas had them shouting in thunderous response. His voice descended the oratorical scale, almost to a stage whisper, and they lapsed into spellbound silence. Suddenly he paused, as if in deep thought, then said, "I shall preside over the elections, and afterward I would like to go back to my little farm in Rio Grande and leave the responsibilities of state to the duly-elected representatives of the people."

Then with that back-of-the-hand touch, he added, "If you ever need me, you have but to call on me. I shall always be at the service of my people."

And that is why at this moment there is, and very likely will be right up until midnight of December 2d, so much political uncertainty in Brazil. No matter what his actual intentions, Vargas' past performances tend to discount his promises.

He first came to power in October, 1930 as the result of a revolution which overthrew the then president, Dr. Washington Luis, just before President-elect Julio Prestes (no relation to his Communist namesake) was to take office. Vargas had been the unsuccessful contender against Prestes.

Prestes' election had been questioned by many. One town in his home state, with a population of 500, cast 5000 votes for him. At any rate Vargas and his associates, at the head of a picturesque army of gauchos, old cowmen, and adventurous recruits from every one of the twenty states in the Brazilian union, marched victoriously to Rio and installed themselves for what has turned out to be something of a duration.

At the end of the first four years a constitutional convention was convoked which after months of palaver and procrastination during which the members worked sometimes as much as two hours a day for two days in the week, a new document was brought forth. This done, the same assembly unanimously chose Vargas to be the chief executive for four more years, a move which met with almost universal acclaim from the Amazon to Uruguay. In 1935 the Communists, led by the same Luis Carlos Prestes, but not then publicly recognized as they are now, attempted to seize power. They were alleged to have been the instigators of an abortive revolt in one of the garrisons of Rio, whereupon Vargas showed symptoms of being Red-conscious.

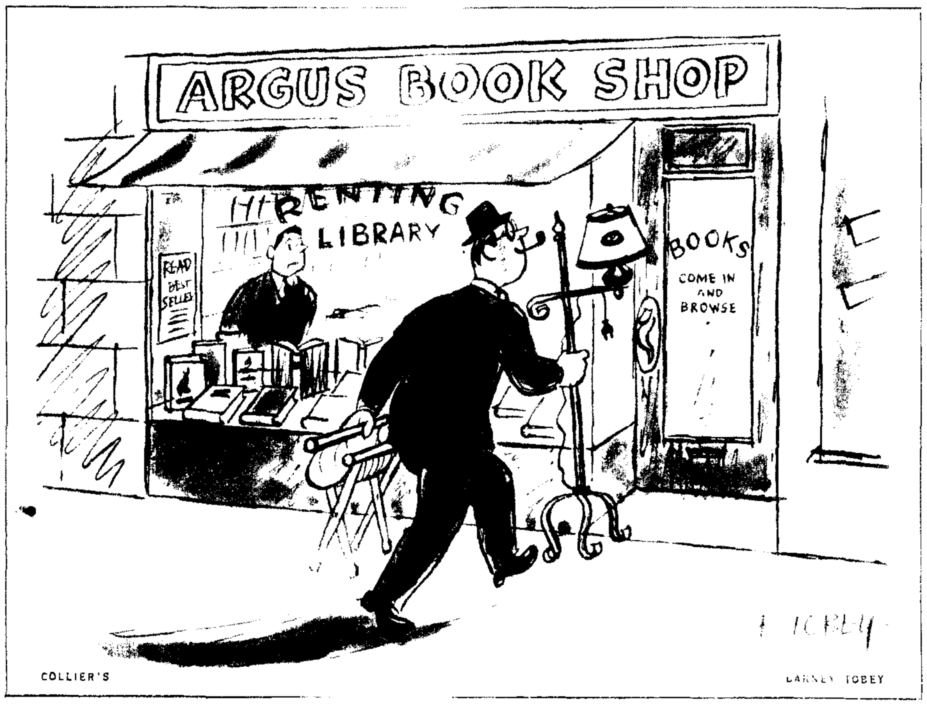
In 1937, Vargas announced his intention to retire. Other candidates rushed into the field. The campaign became heated and confused. Then suddenly, without warning, elections were called off and Vargas proceeded to save the country from "the Reds." In short, he sprang a palace *coup d'état* upon himself. By means of radio and the stroke of a pen he proclaimed that he had abolished Congress and taken over the government personally. Subsequently, his friends wrote still another constitution. By November of 1937, Vargas prepared to promulgate it along with what he was pleased to announce would be "a new state."

New State a "One-Man Rule"

The new state, fortunately, turned out to be far less totalitarian than suspected. In any case the president of Brazil himself became, to all intents and purposes, the state. By this time Nazi and Fascist elements in the country, disguised in the form of a local organization known as the "*Integralistas*," were growing up. The *Integralistas* adopted the green shirt as their uniform. Having been anti-Communist, and permitted to operate openly, they had hailed the "new state." But when Vargas ceased to show enthusiasm for totalitarian tendencies, they became angry and openly critical. They organized a plot, and in May, 1938, staged an uprising.

One early morning, a mob rushed the palace with machine guns and hand grenades. The rather small guard fought back valiantly. Vargas, so the story goes, in nightshirt and slippers, grabbed his trusty and ever-present revolver and joined the defenders. With all the lethal accuracy popularly ascribed to the old gauchos with whom he likes to identify himself, the president went from window to window and accounted for any number of the enemy, until the regular military forces arrived. Having disposed of the Reds and the leftists, Vargas now took up the cudgels against the Fascists on the right. He swept the *Integralistas* into jail, or underground, where they have remained ever since, or so it seems.

Finally came the war. Vargas took his stand, stanchly, on the side of the United States and the Allies. For the first time in history a Brazilian expeditionary force, complete with air corps and all auxiliary services, went overseas to Italy to fight under General



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Mark Clark. Even before the war ended, Vargas had promised the Brazilian people to call elections. Shortly after the German surrender, the date was set, and the contest is now on. Censorship, which had been ironclad for a decade, was abolished. Political parties were allowed to organize. A general amnesty was announced. Political exiles were permitted to return, and Luis Carlos Prestes walked out into the sunshine of freedom for the first time in nearly a decade.

Vargas still dominates the Brazilian political scene because, among other reasons, the two avowed candidates excite something less than spontaneous enthusiasm. Both Generals Gomes and Dutra are without political flair. Consequently there is little or no life in the race. The *"Brigadeiro,"* as General Gomes is popularly referred to, is the more colorful of the two men. In fact he is or has been something of a hero to Brazilians. He is likewise an old-time revolutionist.

Back in 1922, Gomes was a lieutenant stationed at Fort Copacabana, located at one end of Rio's famed Copacabana Beach. A plot was hatched to throw Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, then presiding over Government House, out of office. All the military establishments in and around the capital were scheduled to rise up at the same time. Unfortunately signals got crossed and the Copacabana regiment was the only one to revolt. The fort was quickly surrounded by loyal troops, but the fighters held out for three days until all but eighteen were killed, wounded or had surrendered. The eighteen decided to brave the besiegers in true Latin fashion. They tore the fort's flag into eighteen pieces, each man pinning a piece to his shirt. Then they walked right out onto the beach and fought until only three remained. One was wounded and died in the hospital. The second was later killed in a plane crash. Gomes remained the only survivor.

In 1924, after alternating between hospitals and jails for several years, and during another uprising, Gomes escaped and joined the revolutionists. He volunteered to launch a one-man attack on the presidential palace in Rio. In this dramatic adventure many Brazilians say he at least demonstrated "his singleness of purpose." He took off in a single-motor plane, carrying a single bomb with which to blow up the citadel of government. Perhaps fortunately for him, the plane made a forced landing long before it reached the target. Following this episode, Gomes again spent much time in and out of jail until 1930 and the Vargas revolution, when he joined up with that regime.

"Time for a Change"

Two years later, when the people of São Paulo tried to dislodge Vargas by force, Gomes was on the side of the government. Today his candidacy is aimed at "putting an end to the dictatorship." He doesn't want to be a candidate, say his friends, but he thinks it's time for a change. Gomes is a bachelor, 46 years old, and the son of a retired engineer and newspaperman.

Gomes' friends and followers insist that he is a liberal, but leaning to the conservative side, as one of them expressed it, "a little right of center." But most observers agree that the *brigadeiro's* platform differs little if any from that of every other candidate for the presidency in the past fifty years. He would "turn out the dishonest administration, raise wages and provide more education for the people."

There is little doubt that Gomes is strong with large elements of the church and certain business groups. The principal newspapers are for him, and the intelligentsia. To woo any wavering *queremistas* or Communists, he would transform the new congress, which is also scheduled to be elected on December 2d, into a constitutional assembly. So would his opponent, General Dutra. "The new congress," declares the general, "will be in effect a constitutional assembly. It is to be an all-powerful legislative body, and so can do what it thinks necessary about a constitution."

Although in the military since his teens, unlike his opponent, Dutra has always managed to stay out of revolutions, not to mention jail. He has been on the side of Vargas for many years, but until 1936, when he became Minister of War, his post had always been just over the horizon from annoying revolts or political difficulties. "He has never been called upon to take a stand on anything," say his enemies.

It is admitted that before the war, Dutra was not without admiration for German military prowess. It is said that once when he was asked by a group of U.S. Army officers why he had entertained pro-German views, he replied, "I never entertained pro-German views. But I am a military man and I thought the Germans were going to win the war." Dutra is a conservative, "liberally bent," as one newspaperman put it. Like Gomes, he is deeply religious. Dutra, too, is known as a hard worker and is always found at his office by 6:30 to 7:00 in the morning.

Friends and foes alike vouch for Dutra's honesty, too, but his name is anathema among the large, rich and influential sporting classes, who maintain the jockey clubs and race courses, and the fabulous gambling casinos. "Dutra," they say, "is opposed to playing the horses and will close the casinos." Most of the political wiseacres say he will have the support of the major portion of the business world, the lion's share of labor and the great body of officeholders, in spite of the meager support he gets from the press and the upper crust.

No Pledges or Criticism

Dutra is also for "higher wages and more education." Otherwise his platform seems to be very vague, except for one thing. Unlike the *brigadeiro,* the general has not been known to utter a single word against Vargas. So far he is not pledged to turn out the "ins." Many friends of the president say that Vargas is also for Dutra. Vargas, of course, has said nothing and may not, but he is certainly not likely to give his support to Gomes, who has been blatant in his criticisms of the present regime.

Vargas' domination of the scene is based on more than the fact that he is in, and that the two candidates for his position are without political know-how. One of the most prominent Brazilians exclaimed, "Who is there on the horizon besides Getulio?" Except for the fact that Vargas is a self-imposed ruler, which has been obnoxious to most of the upper classes, he is still popular with the masses, particularly labor. His government has raised wages, put into effect every kind of social law and regulation imaginable.

Under his administration a worker's job is practically guaranteed. No going business concern can fire an employee after he has been holding down a position for ten years. Even before that he cannot be discharged except after a hearing before a federal labor tribunal. Those who work for foreign enterprises are especially protected. Sixty-six per cent of all the employees of any foreign company must be natives. That applies to every category, from president to janitor, and natives must be paid the equivalent of all foreign employees.

The opposition argues that all of this makes for inefficiency, unwarranted financial risk and greater cost. The no-firing law encourages laziness, keeps up costs, and results in poor quality of output. It also results in high prices for everything, even the everyday necessities of labor itself. And it is true that in spite of so-called price controls on such staples as rice, meat, sugar and beans, they cost 50 per cent more than a year ago.

In spite of this, most business concerns, except perhaps foreign utilities whose profits are usually strictly limited, are prosperous. It is almost unbelievable but some businesses are known to earn profits of as much as 200 and occasionally 300 per cent. Thus, hosts of small businessmen are not unfriendly to Vargas. The independent press is largely against him. But some of the papers with the largest circulation are controlled by the government or owned by Vargas officials and henchmen.

Most of the members of the upper classes are opposed to him, as are all the intellectuals. But they have comparatively few votes. "After all is said and done," one of his bitterest enemies told me, "he is the smartest politician we have produced in a quarter of a century, the only man in the country who can take off his socks without removing his shoes."

But the same man admitted that it is courting disaster even to flirt with the notion that any man is indispensable in Brazil. He told me, "We felt the United States government would have difficulty carrying on without Roosevelt, but you did. You may be interested to know that this fact was a serious jolt to the men around the Brazilian president." They pointed to the long tenure of Roosevelt as a justification for Vargas to remain in power, but they overlooked the vital fact that the great North American permitted the people themselves to decide the matter.

Hardheaded and thoughtful Brazilians are concerned that if elections are thwarted once again, world opinion would react disadvantageously. "How," they argue, "could we justify the fact that our armies fought with the soldiers of the U.S. in behalf of democracy? How would we explain the pledges Brazil has made in the various inter-American agreements and as one of the United Nations to encourage democratic processes?"

They are more worried about the possibility that their country's financial position might experience a slump. "Our credit," one Brazilian business leader said, "would be brought into question. The world would feel that if Brazil goes back on its political promises, why should it be expected to keep its financial commitments?" He also pointed out that "foreign investors would become wary of us, and Brazil cannot take advantage of her bright prospects for industrial expansion and progress without the help of foreign capital."

Foreign investors are considerably anxious about what either of the two military candidates, neither of whom has ever had the slightest experience in business and economic affairs, might do. But they are no less concerned about the perpetuation of one-man government. As one old-time Yankee businessman in Rio put it, "Political strong men always go, and when they go by the violent reaction of the people, foreign enterprise usually gets its tail caught in the fence. The new government either suspects the ousted officials of having enjoyed special concessions and favors at our hands or they use us as a political whipping boy."

Our own government is watching with considerable anxiety the fate of the Brazilian elections. While it has worked closely and successfully with Vargas during the war, Washington is afraid that if the first opportunity the people have been given in years to select their own rulers fails, dictatorships will take on new life everywhere south of the Rio Grande.

This danger was pointedly expressed by a prominent Argentine at the height of the recent political crisis. "What happens in Brazil," he told me, "is of the utmost concern to you as well as to us. If the attempt to restore the people's rights in Brazil fails, it will strengthen the hand of undemocratic governments throughout the continent and it will weaken your position in the hemisphere."

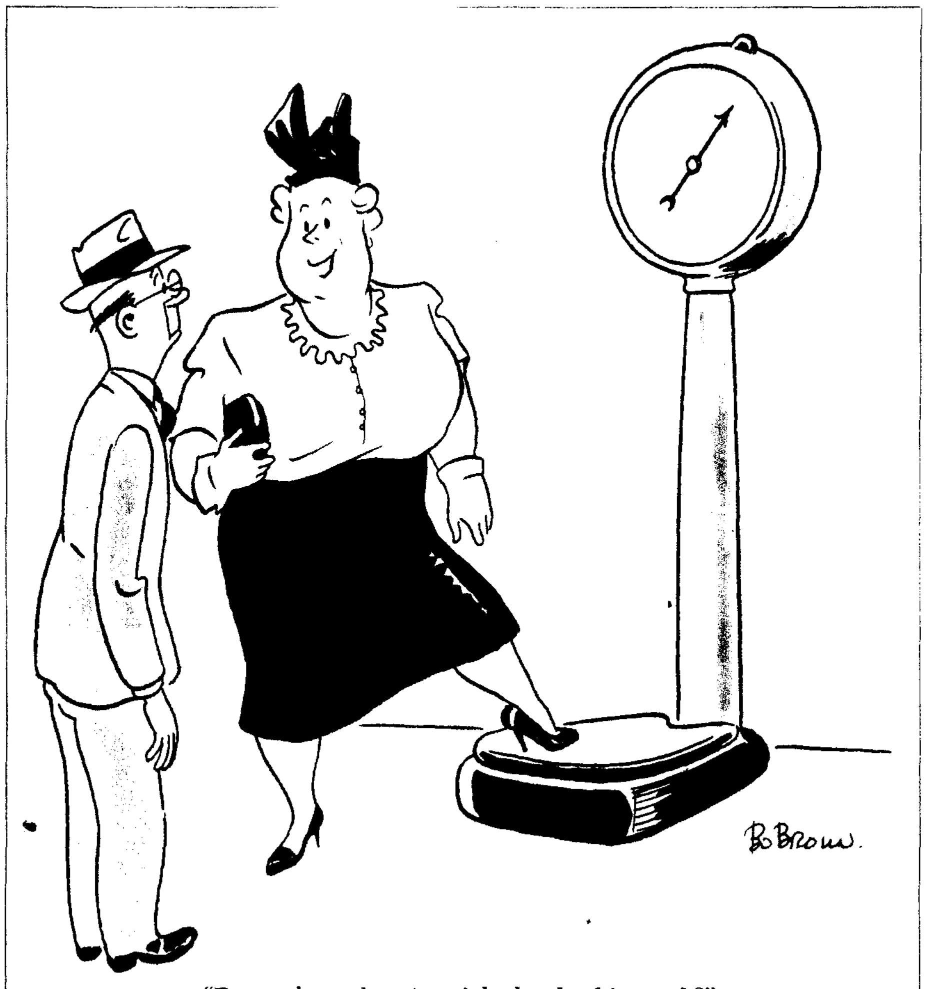
Bargaining for Democratic Rule

The United States, as he explained it, "has lavished its favors upon Brazil. Your government has supplied the Brazilian military forces with planes and all manner of arms and equipment. You have been hand in glove with Vargas." And then he added: "You have banked on the promise of the Brazilian president to re-establish democratic rule. If Vargas finally decides to chuck the elections you will lose face."

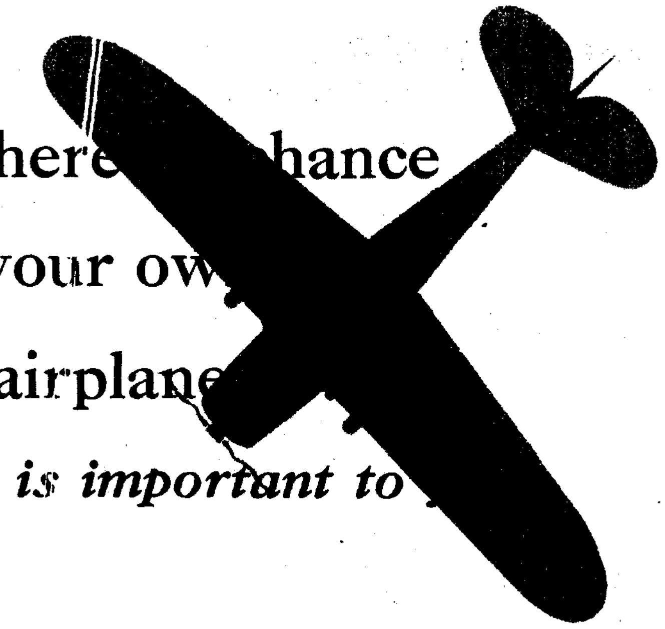
United States Ambassador Adolf Berle had this in mind when he told a meeting of Brazilian journalists the other day that "the pledge of free elections in your country, set for a definite date by the government whose word the United States has in the past found inviolable, has been hailed with as much satisfaction in the U.S. as in Brazil. These measures and the declared policy of carrying them through were the wise acts of a great country under a leadership which the U.S. has every reason to respect." The ambassador then pointed out the significant fact that "it is not an accident that these measures conform to the spirit of the recent Act of Chapultepec."

Whether Vargas will at the last minute find an excuse to postpone or call off the elections, whether he will eventually throw his support to one or the other of the two candidates or whether he will remain silent, let the elections take their course, and then retire to his "little farm in Rio Grande," only Vargas knows. At any rate, December 2d is not far off.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Remember when I weighed only this much?" BO BROWN



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High wing or low wing? Which is the better design for high performance, safety, speed and comfort in your private airplane?

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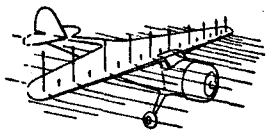
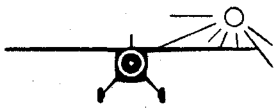


1. The high wing design is more efficient because it provides greater lifting power, particularly when the top of the cabin is an integral part of the center section of the wing. In fact, only such a high wing design permits an uninterrupted flow of air, and consequent *lift*, over the entire span of the wing from tip to tip.

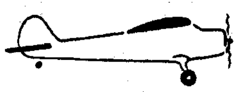
   This means that you can get in and out of small fields more easily.

2. A high wing airplane has greater inherent stability... a natural tendency to maintain smooth, level flight... because the weight of the fuselage is below the lifting surface.



3. There is better visibility of the ground for both pilot and passengers in a high wing airplane. Flying is easier, more interesting and enjoyable because you get a full view of the country below unobstructed by the wing area.

4. It provides protection from the sun during flight, and from snow and rain while passengers are getting in or out of the plane.



5. High wing design permits placing the fuel tanks up in the wing. This affords dependable flow of fuel to the engine by the natural force of gravity instead of requiring the addition of some sort of mechanical pump.

6. A high wing is much less likely to be damaged by high weeds, occasional boundary lights, fence posts, etc.

Those are the highspots in our reasoning on the high wing vs. low wing question. It's more for your money. Our judgments are based primarily on 35 years of leadership in making fine aircraft. Beyond that, we have flown, tested and analyzed planes representing the full range of design. We have explored every resource we know.

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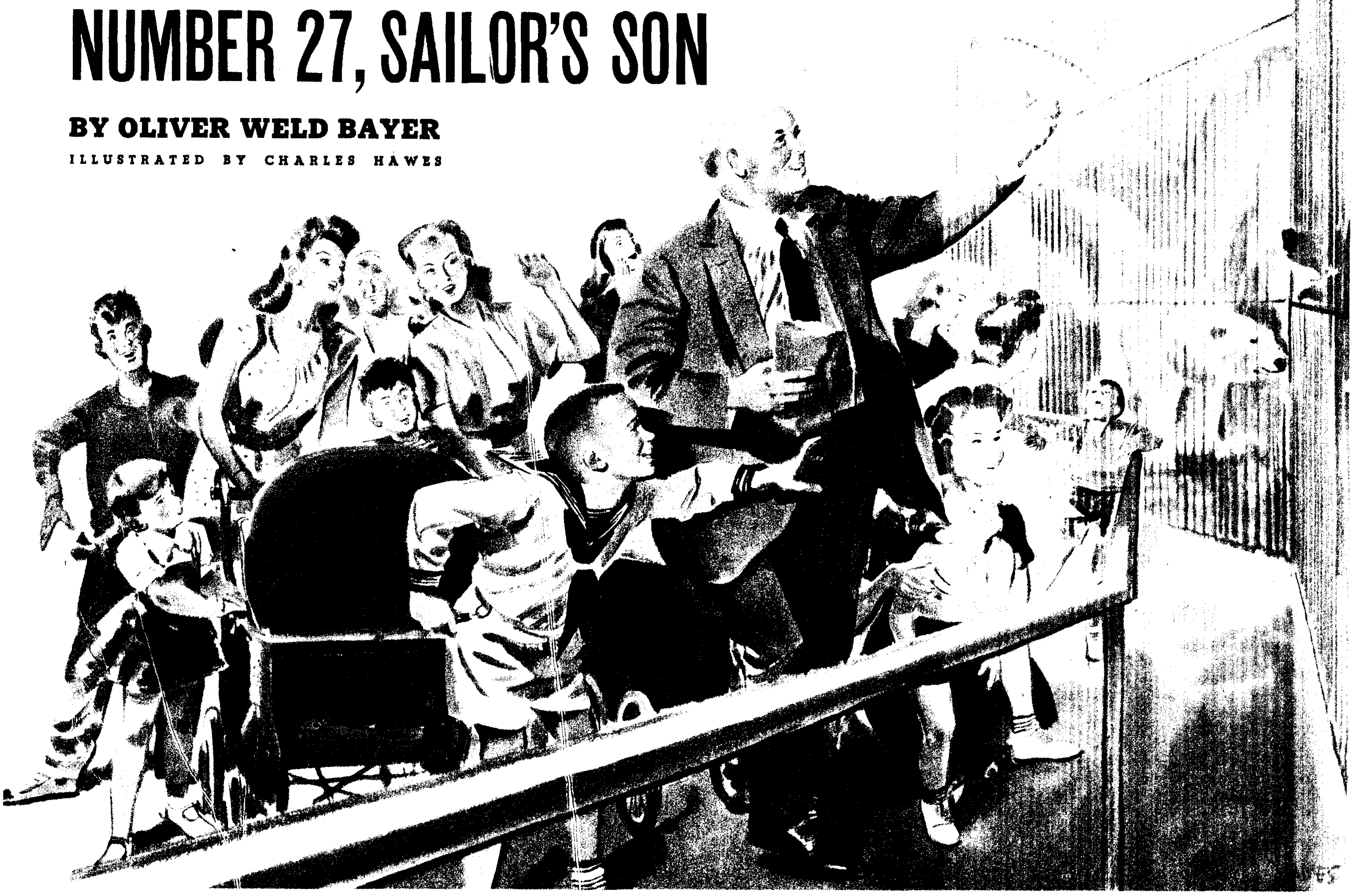
THE PILOT'S AIRPLANE

NUMBER 27, SAILOR'S SON

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



"So you want me to toss you something good, Snowball?" called Mr. Eisenman to the big polar bear as Laurie made frantic throwing motions

The story of a small American boy who had never heard the sound of shellfire, but whose love for his father made him a war casualty just the same

UNDERSTAND, I don't pretend that that is war there in my exhibit at the Reesling Gallery. War is too big for any man to say here it is on a piece of canvas or a printed page. Only the fragments I experienced, only my private view of war is hanging in the rows of frames along the wall.

I titled the show Casualty List because it is a sort of appendix to that long black column of names you've been reading in the paper each morning. No doubt the paintings will be called brutal. They are. But they are also precise and truthful. If you visit the exhibit you will find on a table near the door printed folders telling where the scenes are laid and what is happening in them. For example: "Number 1—A German mine explodes a truck on a road into La-Haye-du-Puits, illuminating the bodies of the crew beside their mangled tank."

But under the last picture, Number 27, the portrait of the boy, are merely the words "Sailor's Son." When it came to putting something down to be printed under that number in the folder, I knew two or three lines weren't enough and the space was left blank.

At first Mr. Reesling objected to including the portrait in the show. "It doesn't belong," he argued. "It breaks up the unity of the effect." He gestured at the rubble and flames and broken human jackstraws that made up the effect. "If it were a ragged child of Europe," Reesling went on, "but anyone can see it is a healthy American boy. I like it. The eyes are fine, very reflective, but," he shrugged, "it doesn't belong."

Yes, I thought, anyone can see it is an American boy. Where else do boys wear sailor suits with U.S.A. and an eagle on the sleeve? Where else nowadays are there boys with glowing skin and firm round cheeks?

Mr. Reesling's plump fingers smoothed his maroon silk tie. The color of it reminded me of something I wanted to explain to him.

"My advice," he was saying, "is to let it be the twenty-six canvases we planned. After all, why should a boy like that be called a casualty?"

"Listen," I said, "in the Army hospitals some of the men wear maroon-colored pajamas to show they're up-patients. 'Walking wounded' is the Army term for it. That's what this boy is—one of the walking wounded. The portrait stays in the show."

WHEN news came that transportation to my Pacific assignment would be available in a few days, I was requested to be in Washington ready to leave on short notice. A friend of mine who lived there, a newspaperman, had gone to the Coast, so I borrowed his apartment. It was one large room cluttered with books and magazines in a Connecticut Avenue building close to the National Zoological Gardens.

Weeks in the hospital had left me thin and gray-skinned, but the wound was completely healed. The doctors said my limp was due to the habit of favoring the leg. As soon as the muscles got regular exercise it would disappear. When my first day in Washington turned out to be bright and hot, I decided to improve both my gait and complexion by going for a walk in the park. Around noon I took my sketch pad and started off.

I had been away from Europe for many weeks, first in the hospital and then visiting my parents, but in a sense I had never left Europe at all, until I walked through the high grillwork gates of the National Zoo. The luxuriant foliage along the paths filtered the sunlight to a hazy greenness and lent a slow-motion underwater appearance to the movements of the crowd. And to me at least, this was a world so strange it must be at the bottom of a magic sea—a world of tall giraffes chewing gently at the treetops near their cages, of white ducks afloat on a pond, of picnic baskets and the smell of peanuts and dozens of children in bright-colored clothes. The flesh on their bodies astonished me the most—that, and the fact that when an airplane hummed loudly overhead they didn't look up. Even the uniforms of the young men walking with their girls had the unreal appearance of costume dress. *I'm home,* I thought, *America is like this.*

I chose an unoccupied bench in front of the bear cages and propped my sketch pad up on my knee. A little boy in a white sailor suit was watching the polar bears, his sturdy legs planted far apart, the seat of his pants dark from indiscriminate sitting down. Attached to his belt by what looked like a notebook ring was a gleaming steel pocketknife.

Now and then, especially when other little boys went by, he reached down and with conspicuous pride fingered the knife. I began a sketch of the silvery bears in the cage and the back of the small boy watching them.

When I was almost through, the boy turned and noticed me. He made an elaborate detour around the path until he stood at my elbow.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

A stubby finger reached over my arm and pointed. "Is that me? If it's me you left out my knife. You'd better draw it in."

"Yes," I said. "I'll do it right away."

He came around in front of me and slid the notebook ring along his belt until the knife hung over his hip pocket.

"Sometimes I wear it like this."

"Okay, I'll draw it like that."

I looked at him. His head was thickly covered by the upstanding fuzz of a crew haircut. It left his ears looking naked and absurdly large. His small features were even, although there was still a bit of nursery vagueness about them, and about his large blue eyes with their border of black lashes. His eyes might have made him too pretty, but his ears evened the score. He had a sort of solemn poise which attracted me immediately.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Laurie Burnham. Are you an Army officer?"

"No." I pointed to the insignia on my blouse. "That says War Correspondent. I'm an artist. I go along with the Army to paint pictures of the fighting."

"Don't you fight?"

"I'm not allowed to carry a gun. I just paint."

"Then if the Germans shot at you, you couldn't shoot back!" His tone was entirely contemptuous of my predicament.

"Well, the Germans weren't supposed to shoot me because I was unarmed. It—it wouldn't be fair." It wouldn't be cricket, I thought unhappily; it wouldn't be sporting; it wouldn't be the gentlemanly thing to do.

"That's a very fine knife you have there," I said.

"It's a real G.I. knife. My dad sent it to me from his ship's store. I promised not to open the blades by myself till I get to be a Cub Scout in two more years and four months and five days when I'm nine." His lips pouted. "I don't believe it, but do you know what the elevator boy at our hotel told me? He told me he owns a knife twice as big as this with a scissors in it and a potato masher and a razor and a nutcracker!"

"They get dreamy," I said, "riding those elevators up and down all day long. He owns a knife like that in his dreams."

Laurie grinned. "Then my mother is dreamy, too," he said. "She wants to own a

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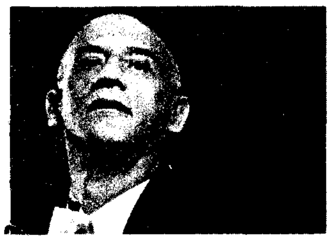

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kitchen that will cook dinner all by itself. She doesn't like cooking."

"What does she like to do?"

"Oh, she likes to play golf and read and she likes parties—stuff like that."

I finished sketching the knife and held the drawing up for his approval. He nodded solemnly.

"I drew lots of pictures in school—mostly Navy pictures and airplanes. I can draw a ship like my dad's."

"What kind is he on?"

"He was on a destroyer escort. He's in the Navy hospital now. That's why we came to Washington. My mother goes to see my dad every day. She's going to take me tomorrow for the first time."

He remembered his peanuts and thrust a searching finger into the bag. "My dad hasn't seen me for two years. He hasn't ever seen these." He pulled up his lip to show two front teeth—square and huge and very new. "These here—came in this year."

"I bet you've grown a lot," I said. "I bet he'll be surprised to see what a big fellow you are."

"He'll be surprised that I can play baseball. We used to play in the back yard but I couldn't even catch a ball then." He put two nuts together in the palm of his hand and pressed hard. "My dad's a good baseball player and a good golf player and a good tennis player." He offered me the four brown-skinned kernels.

"Thanks." I ate one. "Guess your dad will be plenty pleased when he hears you play baseball so well."

"Oh, no," he corrected me. "My dad doesn't care if I'm any good at it or not. He just wants me to have a good time doing it. That's what he wrote in his letter."

Now there was a guy with the right idea, I thought. That was the way to relax a kid.

"It's getting hot," I said. "How about some ice cream?"

"Yes." He sprang from the bench and stuffed the peanut bag into his pocket. "But we might miss Mr. Eisenman." He looked up the walk and frowned. "I guess I better stay here."

Then he explained, "There's a special man who gets here every day at one o'clock. He brings a lot of special food and the bears do good tricks for him."

"It's only a quarter to one," I said. "We can get ice-cream cones and come back here and eat them while we're watching him."

"Okay." He started to run down the walk.

A pale, blond girl was sitting on the next bench reading.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

She looked up, startled. I could see her throat pulsing under the white plastic daisies of her necklace.

"Would you mind keeping an eye on these?" I indicated the pad and box of charcoals. "My friend and I are off to get some ice cream. We'll be right back."

She nodded and ducked her head back into her book. I laid my things down beside her. Perhaps it was my imagination but I thought her whole body shrank away as my shadow fell across her lap.

BROTHER, you must look either a lot better or a lot worse than you think, I told myself as I limped up the path after Laurie. When he saw my slow progress, he waited for me to catch up.

"What's the matter with your leg?" he asked.

"I caught a piece of shrapnel in the calf. It's all right now. Just stiff."

"Then the Germans did shoot at you even when you didn't have a gun!"

"It wasn't at me exactly. I happened to be in a building they were shelling."

"I don't think my father was wounded in the leg," he said anxiously. "I don't know where he was hurt but I don't think his leg was shot off." It was my turn to be startled. "My mother said she took him for a little walk on the hospital porch, so that's how I know it wasn't his leg."

By what crazy theory of child raising had he not been told what was wrong with his father? I felt uneasy looking down at his small shoulder moving beside me, at the fine spiky hairs on the nape of his neck, so smooth-skinned and vulnerable. I had been in military hospitals, of course, and I knew what they were like, but here in this sunny park my mind had slipped back into the old stereotypes: the movies, the advertising art, the drawing on the calendar. In these the father is sitting up in bed. The mother and son stand smiling in the doorway. The father's face is alight, a grin creases his cheeks, his arms are flung wide waiting for the hug. When Laurie said, "My dad's in the hospital," that was the picture the words made in my mind.

"It might be his arm or his finger," Laurie was saying. "Maybe only the little finger, the one you lock like this when you hold a golf club." He put his hand up in position to show me. "My dad is a very good golf player. He gave me his silver cup for my 'treasures.'" He pronounced the last word with quotes around it, conscious of its adult quality.

"What kind of treasures do you have?" I asked.

"Well, I have a Cub Pilot Corps badge I got for sending in two box tops, and a gold football on a red and white ribbon my mother brought me from Boston a long time ago, and some keys that go to some doors somewhere, I don't know where, and some lieutenant's bars my dad gave me when he got promoted from a junior grade to a senior lieutenant, and some magic puzzle rings you fool people with. Stuff like that. And a safety razor." He gave me a sidelong glance. "No blade in it, though." He sighed. "I used to shave with my dad every morning. He put real soap on my face. Boy that was fun! When he was at Fort Schuyler, he wrote me he had to shave with *one thousand* officers! He wrote after he was out of the Navy he'd be glad to have just me in the bathroom." Laurie kicked at a pebble lying on the path. "My mother says a nurse shaves him at the hospital."

If he were an adult I might have succumbed to convention and tact and not asked any more questions. But now I felt an uncontrollable curiosity about him. "Hasn't your mother told you how—what's—what's wrong with your father? Why he's in the hospital?"

"Oh, yes, she told me. She told me that my dad was very sick but now he's better and I'm going to see him tomorrow."

"But didn't she say what happened to him?"

"She didn't tell me where the bullet hit him. She talked pretty loud at my grandmother one night and I heard her say my dad would have to tell me." His face clouded. "He'll tell me when I see him tomorrow."

We went into the refreshment house and got in line for ice cream. All right, please don't be self-righteous, I told myself. I suppose you'd like a job like that. I suppose you'd like explaining to him how badly his father is hurt. Abruptly my vision of the hospital scene changed. Now the shades were drawn and the father lay flat in the bed and there were bandages and he wasn't grinning. And the wife who had shouted for the Harvard football team but hadn't the voice to explain this thing to her son wasn't at the door or anywhere in the room. . . .

"I like chocolate," Laurie was saying.

I asked for three chocolate cones, one for the uniform-shy blond girl back there on the bench. I figured I might as well terrorize her completely.

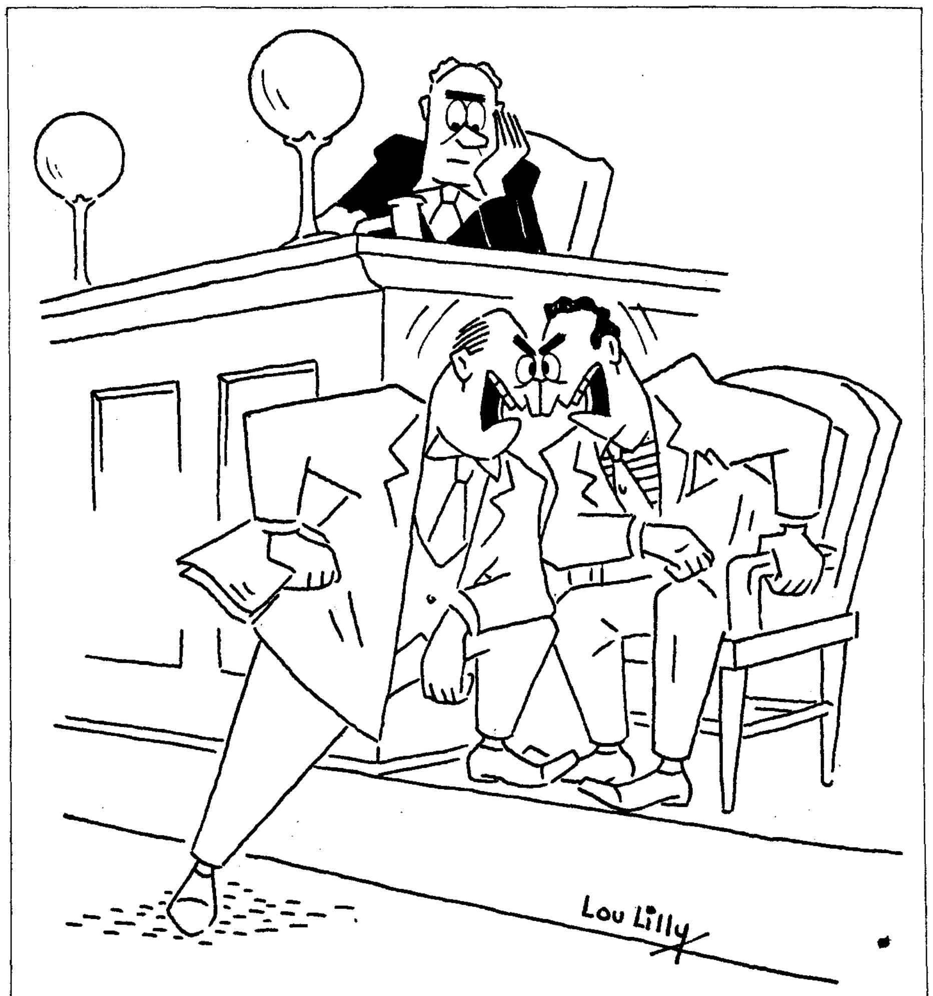
WHEN we got back, a remarkable performance was in progress. A crowd was gathered around a portly bald man who stood in front of the first cage, the one with the European brown bears in it. He spoke with a thick German accent telling the bears what to do and, like indulgent children, they were doing it for him.

Laurie squirmed past the spectators until he stood at the bald man's side.

"So here you are, Laurie? What do you want Rosalia to do for you today?"

"Tell her to go to church, Mr. Eisenman," Laurie said.

The man puffed out his lower lip and shrugged. "Rosalia is a smart bear. She knows it is not Sunday. Nothing but mammas and children here today. Papas all working. Well, maybe we practice up for Sunday anyhow." He called to one of the bears. "Rosalia! Rosalia darling, come here and



"You did!"
"I didn't!"
"Did!"
"Didn't!"
"Did!"
"Didn't!"

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They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie – famed GI sending and receiving set.

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"Vest pocket" powerhouses like this are making possible the new vest-pocket radios and hearing aids. They hold plenty of the necessary "juice." They last a surprisingly long time. Furthermore, replacements are easy and inexpensive to make.

1927
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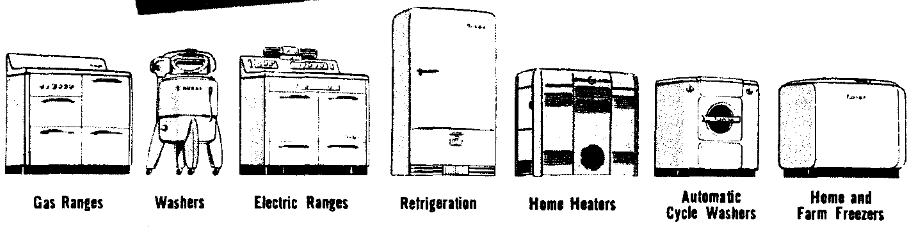

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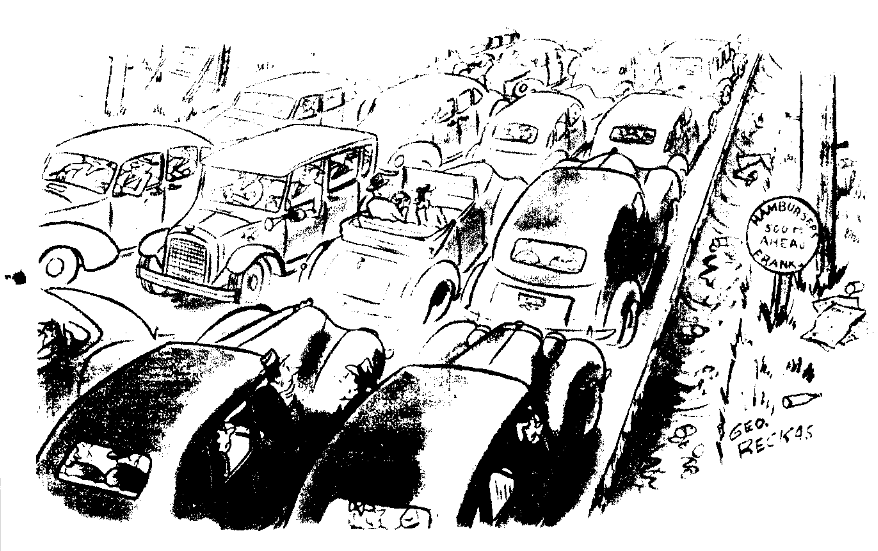


"Remember the nice leisurely Sunday afternoons we used to enjoy at home?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

show us how you go to church, sweetheart. Make believe it is Sunday for us."

The animal lumbered to the front of the cage.

"Stand up, darling, show us how you look on Sunday."

The bear stood up and spread her forepaws wide apart. On her chest were tawny markings in the shape of a cross. The spectators gasped and applauded. Mr. Eisenman rewarded Rosalia with a slice of lunch meat.

The blond girl was standing on her bench watching above the heads of the crowd. I went over and hoisted myself up beside her and held out a badly dripping ice-cream cone. She smiled hesitantly and took it. Not a bad looking girl, I thought, if she weren't so rabbit-white and scared.

The bald man stood at the polar bear cage now and my recent model was making frantic throwing motions at him.

"So you want me to toss you something good, Snowball?" called Mr. Eisenman. "All right then, my fine Northern beauty—show me how you'd bite a Fascist."

The bear opened his jaws and clamped them on one bar of the cage.

"Now bite two Fascists, my sweet ghost face."

The jaws spread fiercely until two bars were between them. Mr. Eisenman's laugh rang out the loudest of anyone's as he tossed Snowball a piece of cake.

So he went from cage to cage like the Pied Piper with the crowd tagging after him, and the bears seemed to have an uncanny comprehension of whatever he said. When he was out of sight around a bend in the path we sat down.

"He's remarkable," I said. "Does he come often?"

"I don't know." The girl reached tentatively for her book. "This is my first time here."

"Do you live in Washington?"

"I work here. I'm a typist in the Pentagon Building. This is my vacation. I'm not going anywhere this year," she added defensively. "There're a lot of interesting things to see in this town and besides I want to catch up on my reading."

She took the book then and would have opened it had Laurie not come running to us leading Mr. Eisenman by the hand. Laurie pointed at me.

"He's a painter. He paints battles. He drew a picture of Snowball and me watching him."

Mr. Eisenman bowed. Smile wrinkles sprayed from the side of his nose and from his merry half-moon eyes. The sparse hair on his temples was white and fuzzy.

I told him my name and turned to the girl. "This is Miss—" I hesitated.

"Miss Hobbins," the girl said.

I informed Mr. Eisenman we had been enjoying his performance with the bears.

He wiped his glistening forehead. "They are lovely beasts, but they make me thirsty. Will you and your young lady join me for a glass of beer?"

Miss Hobbins flushed. "I—I don't think—that is—we weren't together—"

"Miss Hobbins is on vacation from the military," I explained.

"But then let us all get together right now," Mr. Eisenman insisted. "Come along, Laurie. You will have ice cream, eh?"

The refreshment house was built into the top of a hill and the pavilion behind it extended over a wooded ravine so that the little red tables were set almost in the treetops.

A white-coated waiter brought the beer in heavy foaming mugs. It tasted wonderful.

Mr. Eisenman told us some of his experiences with bears, how intelligent and mischievous they were.

"Were you ever a professional animal trainer?" I asked.

"Oh, no. In Germany I was a businessman. I owned two shoe stores in Cologne."

Laurie lowered his ice-cream cone. I saw his tongue slide slowly back into his mouth.

"Are you a German?"

"Yes, boy."

"Germans are bad. They kill Americans. They almost killed my dad." He pointed at me. "They shoot at people like him who don't even carry guns. I hate Germans."

Mr. Eisenman gazed off into the treetops and nodded.

Miss Hobbins leaned over the table toward Laurie. Two bright pink spots had appeared high on her cheekbones.

"Mr. Eisenman isn't that kind of a German, Laurie. He hates what some Germans have done as much as you do. That's why he's here now. The bad Germans would have killed him if he stayed in Germany. Don't you understand?"

Laurie's large blue eyes traveled from her face to Mr. Eisenman's. There was a moment's silence.

"I'm glad he didn't stay there then." He smiled and his tongue darted out to lick the melting cone. The rest of us took a long swallow of beer.

"As I told you, I was a businessman," said Mr. Eisenman. "I learned about the animals since I came to America to live with my niece. In her house I tried to be very little in the way. On good days I came to the park. I did not speak the language. I was not together with anyone either." His glance rested gently on Miss Hobbins. "So I made friends with the animals. On bad days I would go to the movies to study English. Later, I learned to read books from the library about the animals. The attendants here taught me. I found much happiness in the zoo."

"You found me!" said Laurie.

"Yes, boy." Mr. Eisenman ran his hand over the soft fuzz on Laurie's head. "He comes every day for a week now to have ice cream with me."

"I'll be late tomorrow," Laurie stated. "I'm going to see my dad tomorrow."

I ordered another round of beers and we talked until it was time to go. Laurie and I walked to the Connecticut Avenue gate together. I rolled up the sketch I had made and gave it to him for his father.

"Suppose I bring my water colors tomorrow and we both try painting some of the animals."

"Boy! That's a very okay idea!"

"Then we'll meet in front of the bear cages late in the afternoon."

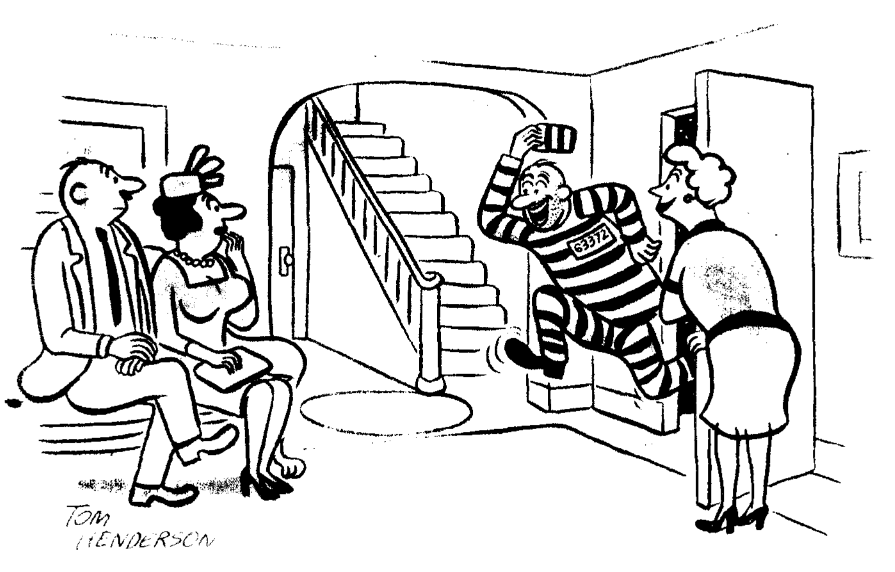
I carried the image of him up to the apartment with me. I had intended to read some of my friend's books, but instead I got interested in drawing Laurie's face.

THE next afternoon around three I walked over to our meeting place. I saw Laurie when I was still a good distance away. He was pressed up against the iron picket fence in front of the polar bears' cage. His hard round head sticking up above his middy collar and the inevitable dark shadow along the seat of his pants. Evidently the bears were using their pool. I could hear the plunging sound and the exclamations of the crowd as it backed away from the splashes. But Laurie never moved. He was being brave. He was being above backing away because a bear takes a bath. I imagined how his face must look, the fear forced to the back of his blue eyes, his stubby nostrils dilated.

I don't know exactly when it was that I realized something was wrong. Maybe when the girl with the cocker spaniel walked over and her dog rubbed against Laurie's bare leg. He glanced down but his hand made no motion to pet the nuzzling head. Then I noticed he was holding the rolled sheet of drawing paper, the picture I had given him to take to the hospital. And as I drew closer there was something in the way his body was pressed against the fence—not with courage, nor absorption, but as if he had to hug up close to something or he might not be able to stand at all.

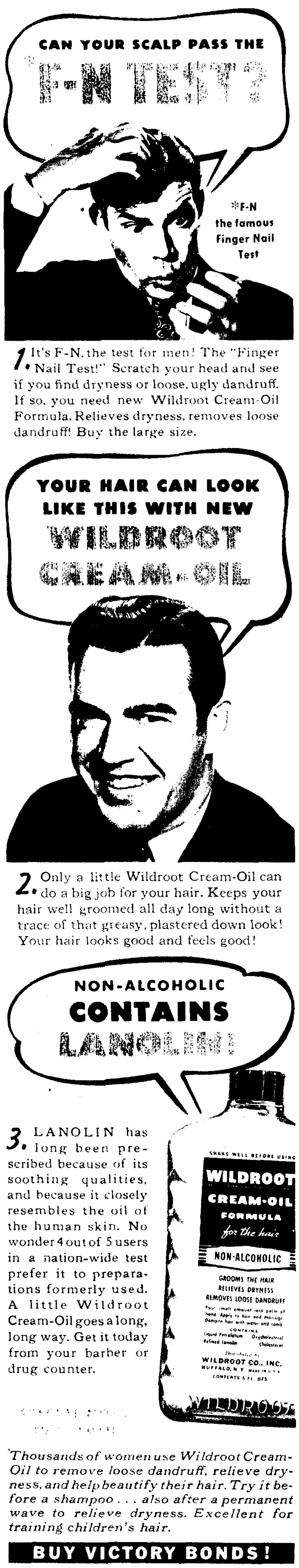
She didn't take him, I thought; she promised she'd take him to the hospital yesterday and then she broke her promise. She didn't take him to see his father. Anger at the unknown woman welled up in me. I hurried to Laurie and touched his shoulder.

He turned. There was something odd



"Will you folks excuse me while I run upstairs and change?"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON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about his face all right. He clutched the drawing in his fist as we walked over to our bench and sat down.

"Those bears sure know how to show off, don't they?" I said. "I wish we could find a pool of our own to jump into on a day like this. Can you swim, Laurie?" I babbled on with that false brightness one is apt to assume with children or people who don't speak English well and I hated myself for it and I couldn't stop. Damn it, I thought, she's the one who broke her promise and put that look on his face. Why do you feel so guilty? It's not your fault.

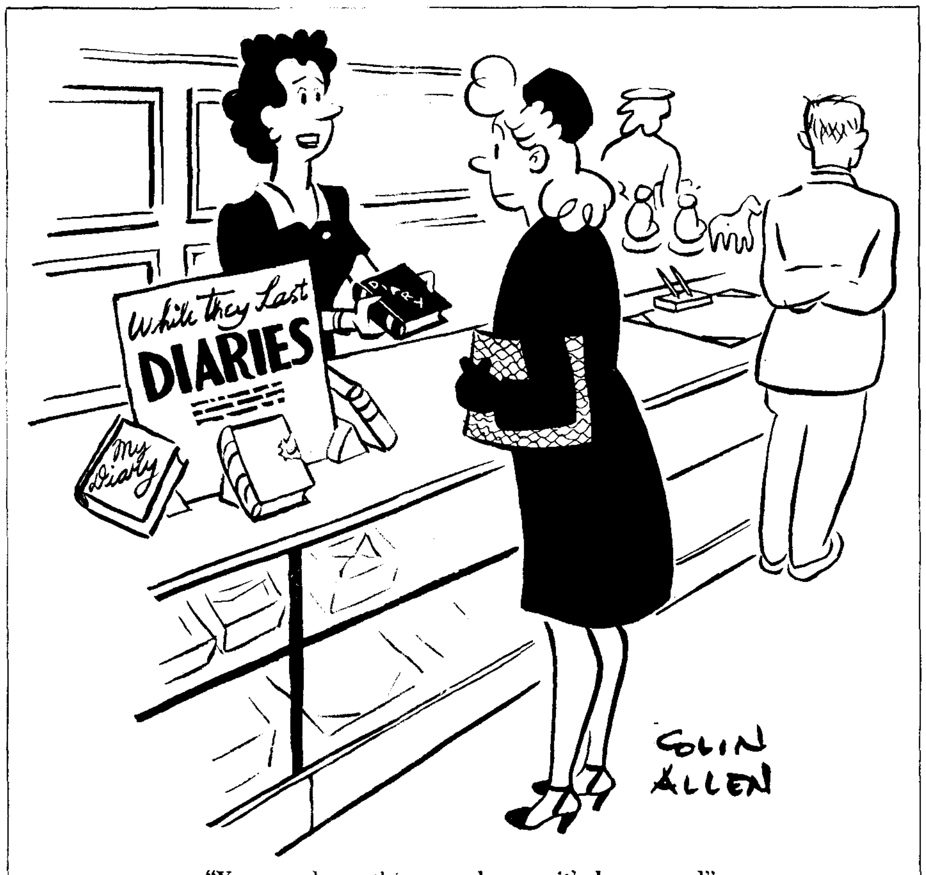
Finally I said, "I brought the water colors today." He glanced at the box in my hands without interest. I gestured at the seals slithering in and out of their pool beyond the bear cages. "We could start on them if you want to. They'd look fine in water colors, black and shiny and the green pool with the ripples in it—or we could walk over to the bird house and use every color in the box. Some of those birds are regular rainbows."

He held the rolled drawing out to me. Now it was coming.

"Didn't you go to the hospital yesterday?"

"Yes, I went."

"Well then," I hesitated, "well then didn't your dad want the picture? Didn't he like it?"



COLLIER'S "You can have this one cheap—it's been used" COLIN ALLEN

"He couldn't see it," Laurie said softly, "so I brought it back to you. My mother wanted it, but I told her you said it was for my dad, so I couldn't give it to her, could I?"

There was bitterness in his voice. He was punishing his mother—but why? She had taken him, after all.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I'll make another one of you in water colors this time. Then when your dad's better you can give the colored picture to him and you can let your mother have this sketch."

"No." He shook his head. "Don't make any more pictures for my dad." He stared up at me. "He'll never see them. He's blind."

FROM a very great distance away I thought I heard the sound of naval guns in battle. I thought I saw the flashing spurts of the explosions, and the black smoke and the red rockets arching the sky. And all of it, the whole vision, funneled down into this one small agonized face before me.

"I'm sorry Laurie. Terribly sorry."

His lower lip shoved forward and quivered as he put the picture into my hands. Then he just sat on the bench and his small finger stroked the metal case of his knife, back and forth, back and forth.

I remembered the night, in some Italian town when the USO showed the first movie our division had seen for months. In the darkness of the auditorium I had reached into my pocket and closed my hand around a strange bony claw. Then I got up and dragged the shadowy figure to whom it belonged out under a street light. It was a child no bigger than the one beside me now, and its ageless face wore the same expression as this one, too. I remembered how its body trembled with a curious mechanical rhythm and how I felt crazily that I had set it off and that it would never stop. The claw I held imprisoned was closed around a hundred-*lire* note. Quickly I pressed more notes into it—all I had. The creature's expression didn't change. It merely backed away and fled. I went into the movie again and there was Deanna Durbin in a Technicolor hoop skirt.

For the next hour I was busy watching her ride a covered wagon to California and I didn't have time to think about the little pickpocket. Well, I had got off easy that time. Five or six hundred *lire*. This time it wasn't going to be so easy. Maybe this was my readmission ticket to America. Some men come back in pieces and the ones who come back whole must do the explaining to the children.

Laurie was shaking his head. "I guess I don't feel much like painting the animals."

"All right, we'll do it another time. Have you seen Mr. Eisenman?"

"He went up to the lion house with that lady who was here yesterday."

"Shall we take a walk for a while?"

He stood up and we set off past the refreshment house with its little red tables looking very gala in the sunshine. I remembered how Mr. Eisenman, the German, had looked out over the treetops in silence. He hadn't known the words to explain, either. We walked deep into the park. Some children were playing on the swings at a picnic place but Laurie paid no attention to them. He'll get over it, I thought; in a week he'll be shouting and playing as if it hadn't happened. But I really didn't believe it. That was a myth invented long ago to comfort us for not being able to comfort our children.

The road wound along Rock Creek and after a few minutes we found a grassy bank and sat down. Laurie took off his shoes and stockings and hung his feet over into the water and I drew idle sketches of him.

Once he said, "This creek isn't deep. I bet I could wade across it easy."

"Not so easy," I said, "those stones are sharp. I'd hate to try it blindfolded." I stopped abruptly, but he hadn't seemed to notice what I said. Still he didn't try it and we didn't talk much after that. Later we said goodby at the gate and promised to meet the next day, same place.

When I got back the telephone was ringing. It was an order to be at the airport in exactly thirty hours.

I LAY awake that night thinking about what had happened to Laurie and wondering what were the words you say to make it right. The words must exist out there somewhere in the dictionary, in the Bible, in Shakespeare, in all the rows of heavy volumes on the shelves across the room, surely in that thick one of Quotations Selected for All Occasions. Under the proper headings in the index the words could no doubt be found—under Courage, say, or Greatness, or Love of Country, or Glory, or Hero. "The hero is not fed on sweets, Daily his own heart he eats . . ." *Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 1803-1882.* That isn't it, but there is a right one somewhere. If not, make one up. Laurie won't know you made it up.

What would you tell a boy, any boy, not just Laurie, whose father, any father, has been blinded in the war? How would you?

That night was a long time and countless cigarettes in ending. When morning came past the curtains and shone strong enough for me to read the titles on the bookshelves, I fell asleep. The sound of the rain blowing against the flapping shade woke me. It was noon. I shaved and drank some coffee and set out for the zoo.

By the time I arrived at the benches in front of the bear cage there was only a fine gray drizzle and the clouds looked as if they might break up. I sat down to wait.

The bears paced around their pools or lay still on the rocks in the cooling shower. After a while the crazy polar started backing in and out of his cave swinging like a pendulum. If that was a natural habit of his species, as Mr. Eisenman said, it was sure a crazy one. But not more so perhaps than sitting alone on a wet bench as I was doing.

Shortly after one o'clock I saw Mr. Eisenman coming up the walk with Miss Hobbins beside him. He wore a brown trench coat with the collar turned up and she held a red plaid umbrella over the two of them. It was raining hard again.

"Painter! Painter!" Mr. Eisenman called. "It is a bad day, is it not? Come here. Miss Hobbins will give you shelter under her beautiful umbrella."

I went over to them. Mr. Eisenman held up his bag. "After we finish with this we go to a nice dry movie up the street. It is in Technicolor with Deanna Durbin singing and covered wagons. I saw it once already. Very cheerful. You better come with us."

"Thanks," I said, "but—"

"Too bad the rain keeps Laurie away," Miss Hobbins said.

"Oh, he might turn up. Anyway I have to go home and pack. It's my last afternoon."

Mr. Eisenman held out his hand. "Good luck, Painter. When you come back," he made a sweeping gesture at the cages, "they will know how to salute you."

"Goodby," said Miss Hobbins. The dampness had made her hair curl and the reflection from the umbrella cast a rosy glow on her face. She looked very pretty.

"You aren't getting much reading done, are you?" I said.

She laughed.

After the routine with the bears they went away. The rain didn't stop and Laurie didn't come. I thought to myself: You've gotten out of it twice now. Once money did it for you and once the weather. How many more times do you think you're going to get away with it? I went home and started to work from my sketches and my memory. I worked on the portrait of Laurie until it was time to go to the airport. . . .

When I got to San Francisco I stopped to see Mr. Reesling about the exhibit. All the details had to be settled, as I would be far off in the Pacific at the time he had scheduled for the show. That was when I took the portrait to him and we had the small argument—that was when Mr. Reesling said the picture of Laurie didn't belong in an exhibit called "Casualty List."

THE END

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HONEY-LICORICE

Any Week

Continued from page 4

five hundred dollars—he says. But we lack the space. Yet we shall give you a hint. Mr. Taylor, whose great uncle was Zachary Taylor (1784-1850), twelfth President of the United States, says, in part, mind you: "There are a great many thousand of us that think you are either Jewish or Negro . . . and it is my wish that you have a daughter and that she fall in love with a big buck Negro and bring you such grandchildren as your heart desires." From a nice running start like that, Mr. Taylor really warms up. But being an old hand we know that some of you are going to ask, "Well?" Therefore we say that as far as we know we are neither, not that it would hurt us if we were.

AT LEAST a part of a recent issue of this almost-never-wrong magazine reached you with what seems to have been a small confusion. In the table of contents the blurb of Helena Huntington Smith's article on divorce, Great American Gamble, read: Uncle Sam's Bargain Basement Where Surplus War Property Is Sold. Naturally we've received a number of letters about it. But here's one from Mr. Nat Woodhouse of Reno, Nevada. Demands he: "How come Miss Smith didn't say more about this town? The title and descriptive line just fit us."

AND a lady in Colfax, Washington, contributes a clipping from a service paper which tells the forlorn story of a lieutenant who somehow just can't get out of the Army. "He has forty-three months overseas service," it reads, "and 122 points but is a friend of Miss Judith Lotz and cannot be replaced."

MEXICO'S Foreign Office has sent us a nice photograph of President Avila Camacho laying a cornerstone. The only reason we mention it is that somehow what the building will house appeals to our imagination—Industrial Fomentation Headquarters.

MAYBE too, you'd be interested to know that a day seldom passes that a number of our alert citizens do not write letters to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

against 38 cents for the heavier-than-air craft, they say.

These airship performance figures are based on the use of conventional air-cooled, war-proven aircraft engines of 1,000 horsepower each, six to a ship. What would result from the use of the latest in Diesels, or gas turbines, or jet propulsion, or in a new idea of stern propulsion with the propellers in the tail (like the projected Douglas DC-8 airplane), stands to be so much gravy if these power projects work out.

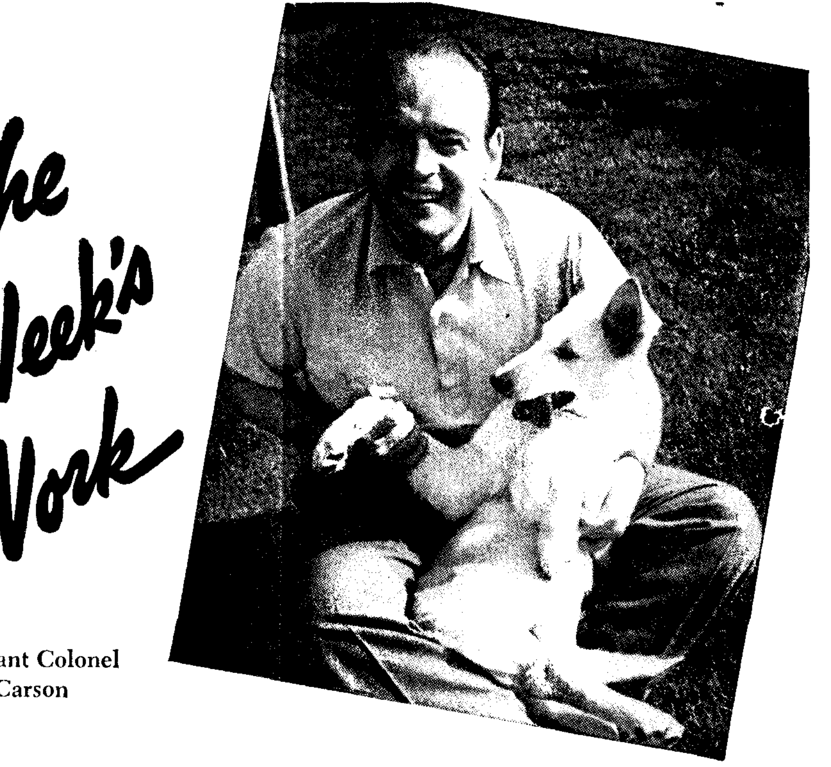
Another thing that helps bring down the cost and up the performance is the tremendous technological progress made in the last decade in metals and materials. Lighter and stronger aluminum alloys have been perfected, girder designs have been improved and better fabrics to cover the cigar-shaped frame are available. Great progress also has been made in more powerful engines, propellers, fuel and radio and radar.

What would the Navy do with them? There's much development work ahead for the airship as an aircraft carrier. Planes launched from a ship this size could sweep an area about four times as great as that of a surface carrier.

As a flying hospital ship, with a complete operating room aboard, it could care for 248 patients. As a high-speed supply ship it could connect our overseas possessions, and as a patrolman of former enemy territory, it could do the job more effectively than airplanes because of its ability to fly slowly or stop in mid-air for minute inspection of any suspicious activity.

THE END

The Week's Work



Lieutenant Colonel
Robert Carson

IT COULD happen to any girl, what happens to the girl on the cover of this issue, but if you were the girl and it did happen to you, we don't think you'd mind too much. Because, as you see (flip back and take a look), it is a honey of a coat.

The coat is on sale here and there around the country, and if you should buy it in red, you would of course see yourself on every newsstand where Collier's is displayed.

This cover came to pass through a conspiracy of the artist Al Moore with Aimee Larkin, distaff editor, and William O. Chessman, art editor. The two men had the duplicate girl idea, and Miss Larkin said, "Let's do it with a distinctively American fashion." She took Mr. Moore over to the firm of Monte-Sano & Pruzan, and together they selected the coat they liked best.

Designer Monte-Sano has won great notice among fashionists this year with his distinguished coats. He has made original interpretations of the season's trend to rounded lines and tiny midriffs. Our cover coat has, as you see, a stand-up Johnny collar (nobody seems to know why Johnny), a corselet midriff achieved with an inset band, fullness above and below the waist and in the sleeves, and a great air of zest for living.

In the same lively spirit as the coat is the John-Frederics befeathered hat the cover girl (Jean Garver) wears.

The painting of this cover was old home week for Moore, because a few years ago he used to do nothing but fashion drawings. Now he does mostly illustrations, as for the recent Collier's serial, Give Us Tomorrow.

By the look of him, you would not connect Moore with art and fashion. He is the husky type, a country boy from North Dakota and Oregon who grew up to be a star footballer at Northwestern, and then a professional on the Chicago Bears. Moore studied art at Northwestern, but he couldn't get a job at it, so for four years he worked as a gas station attendant. Finally he sold a fashion drawing to Marshall Field's, and chucked his job to embark on the risky life of a free-lance artist. He and his family survived, but barely, he says, at depression-era free lancing. All doing nicely now, thank you.

"All my life I've worked to get out of the country," Moore says, "so now we're goir back to the country." He has just bought country home at Kent, Connecticut.

Al Moore

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROBER CARSON, of the Army Air Corps, sen us his first postwar contribution: the sho story, In Any Language, p. 14.

"As a writer, I have gotten everythir backwards—which I hope does not show my stuff," Carson says. "Quite a few yea ago, after a variety of jobs including newsp per reporting, I started a long and seric novel. The accepted procedure, I believe, to publish a book and wait for the profits a employment to overtake you. A friend mine got me a job writing at Metro-Goldwy Mayer instead, and by the time the book w published I didn't care—which was just well.

"Usually a screen writer works years b fore attracting the attention of a promi producer-director. In a few months I picked up by William Wellman, with whor I spent three happy years. Ordinarily on spends a long time arriving at an Academ Award. Mr. Wellman and I got an awar along with my first screen credit—for th story of A Star Is Born.

"That's the way it went. Backward Mostly, I understand, people write for magazines and then go into films. Still not gettin it in sequence, I began writing for magazine eventually leaving motion pictures.

"Just as I was looking around again fo something to mix up, a man named Toj straightened everybody out. I discovered rather rapidly, that the Army has just on way of doing things. That is the way I d them now."

WE RECEIVED a letter the other da from a lady in Eindhoven, Holland Since our offices are on the 13th floor, we cannot very well "hang this letter on the windov of your shop," as she requests. Instead w pass it on to you here:

"Liefste vienden,

"Here is a letter out Europe. You will b surprised and you will be curious how I had get your adress. I can't written English ferry good . . . this is a language how the soldiers always de cal 'Doubel Chinese.'

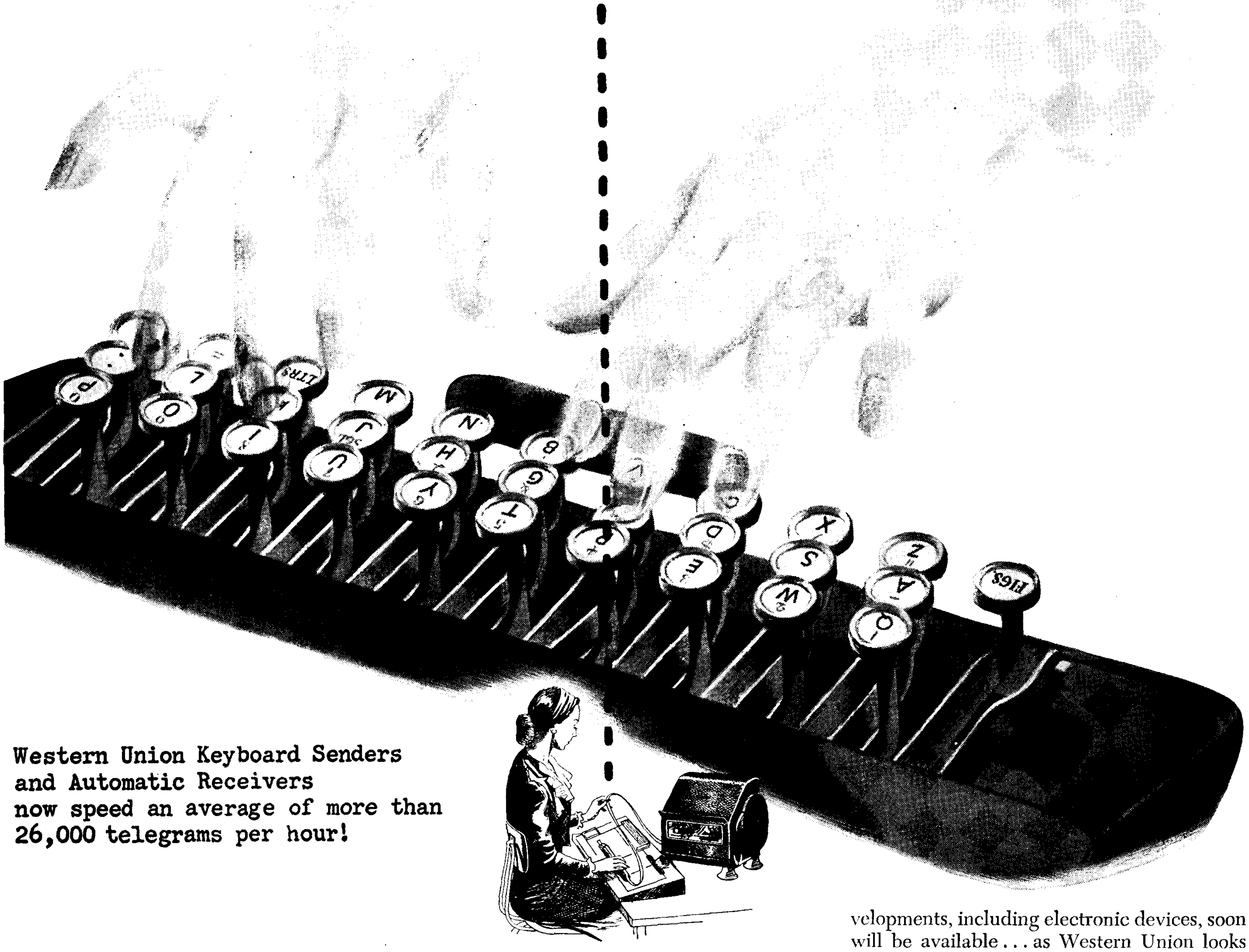
"But along this way we all Dutch fa ers want to send you thanks, and thousan times thanks for us deliverance. Thanks t *all Yanks* and for all the boy's their lost the live here in this country who was a hell. Holland is kapote now, but that is not matter w are free now and that is all we did wish. W shall rebuild Holland. On this day we are glad and dancing on the streets.

"Yet I wante aske you the hang this letter on the window of your shop. So that every-one can hear and that every one can see that we are glad and grateful, for the offers their the Merican people had given and all brave soldiers.

"Live president *Truman.* God safe America. . . . Grateful Holland."

The writer is Josephine van Kemenade, Varenstraat 37, Eindhoven. . . . A. P.

How Phantom fingers broke a bottle-neck



Western Union Keyboard Senders and Automatic Receivers now speed an average of more than 26,000 telegrams per hour!

WORLD-WIDE symbol of progress in its day, the telegraph key more recently threatened to become a bottle neck under pressure of modern communications demands.

War added a deluge to the flood of daily telegrams. But even before that crisis was upon us, the situation was well in hand.

One answer was the keyboard sender and automatic receiver, an almost uncanny improvement over the clicking key of yesteryear.

The old key ticked out your telegram letter by letter, in dots and dashes. It took one operator to send, another to receive. And they had to have long training in the Morse Code.

But today—your message is *typed* out on a keyboard, just as a secretary types a letter. Simultaneously, at the other end, the phantom fingers of an *automatic receiver* re-type the message for delivery.

Flesh-and-blood operators send—and ghost operators receive*—some 233,000,000 Western Union telegrams a year!

For nearly 100 years, Western Union has been pioneering in communications. Many new advances in automatic telegraphy are now in commercial use, and other forthcoming developments, including electronic devices, soon will be available . . . as Western Union looks ahead to a second century of progress. Western Union Telegraph Company, 60 Hudson Street, New York 13, N. Y.

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*Every automatic receiver has a flesh-and-blood attendant who checks constantly on operation, removes the printed tape from the machine and sticks it on the delivery form.

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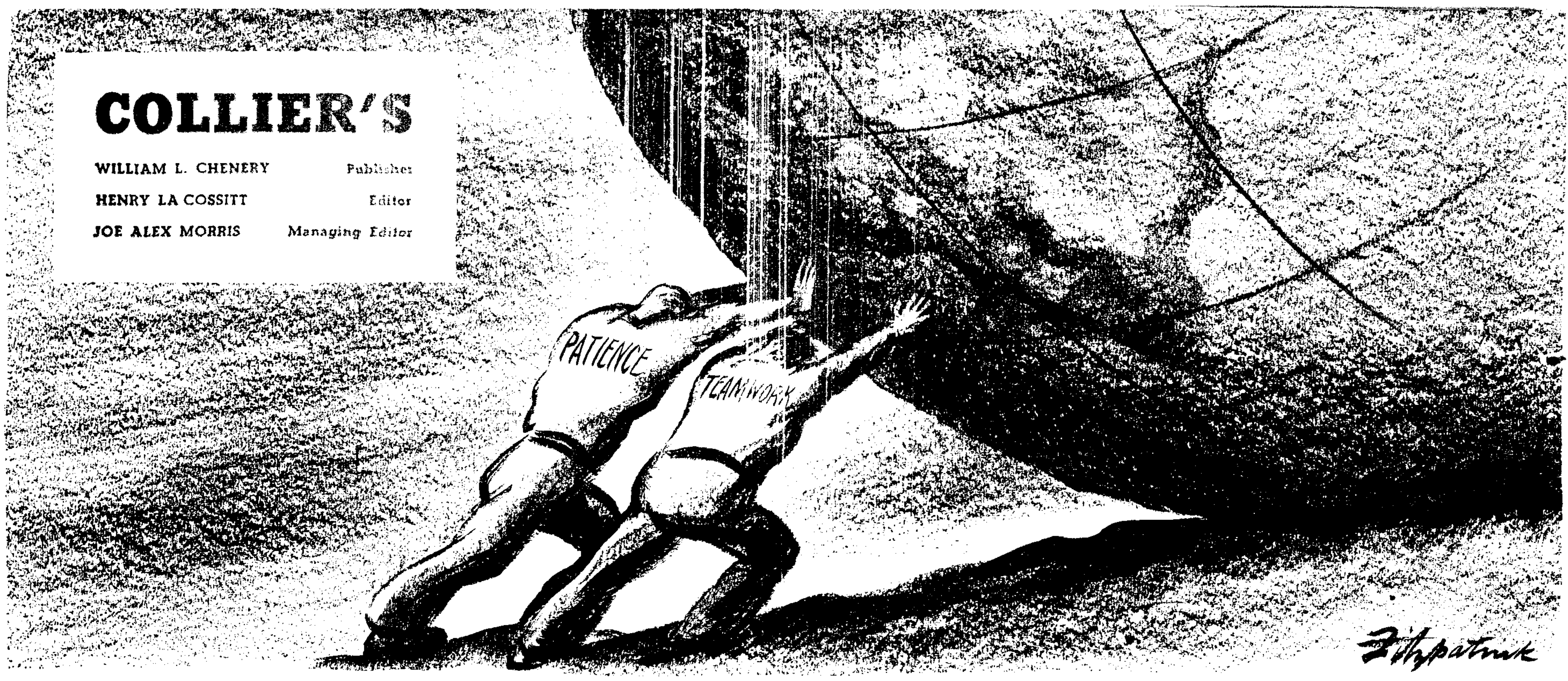

WORLD WAR AND WORLD PEACE

It is not healthy, and I am glad that it is no longer necessary, to try to cover up the fact that we have differences. Only if our people realize the magnitude of the task we face, will we put forward the effort and achieve the unity needed for success.

THE quotation is from John Foster Dulles' notable speech broadcast shortly after the London conference of the Big Five foreign ministers broke up, amid general lamentations that it had failed to reach any worth-while agreements.

During the war, the Allied top-level conferences—Casablanca, Cairo, Yalta, etc.—always closed with cheery statements that the conferees had got along famously together and had agreed on point after point. Actually, differences cropped up at all these conferences, but it was felt that they had to be glossed over in public for the sake of Allied wartime unity.

Whether that policy was wise or unwise, the hot breaths of Japan and Germany are now off our necks, and all the Allied peoples and leaders can let their hair down and speak what has really been on their minds. We'll endorse Mr. Dulles' belief that that is a good deal of a gain in itself. It seems to us it would have been even more of a gain, if the people of all the Allied nations had been permitted to know a lot more than they have yet been told about the plain talking that went on among Messrs. Bevin, Byrnes and Molotov at London and what was said.

But the thought for us to keep uppermost in our minds, we believe, during these early postwar months and these first clumsy efforts to weld a durable peace, is the age-old thought that Rome was not built in a day. Most of the world was at war for six years; and a murderous and devastating war it was, too. You can't repair a catastrophe of that size in a few months, or at one meeting of foreign ministers. We'll all be lucky if things shake back to something like normal in five years.

Meanwhile, we feel that if American leaders, whatever others may do, will carry along through the peacemaking period in pretty much the spirit of James F. Byrnes and his delegation at the London conference, they will contribute as much as one nation can hope to contribute to the making of a lasting peace.

Byrnes' attitude, we understand, could have been summed up this way: "Let's have all the facts before us; let's talk them over freely and frankly; let's compromise wherever we can, except on matters of principle and justice; and let's not try to make the peace of the world an American-British-Russian monopoly."

Temporary setbacks notwithstanding, that looks like the attitude which can produce the wanted long-range results if anything can.

INTERNATIONAL MANNERS LESSON

A FRIEND of ours, driving her car along a Connecticut road the other day, gave a lift to a sailor who was riding his thumb to Boston, having been rolled by some pals on debarking from the Aquitania in New York. After a while, the sailor discoursed about as follows:

"Yes, I put in time in a lot of parts of the world in the war, and sure am glad to be getting home. Can't say I care much for foreigners—British or any other kind. Every time American and British soldiers meet up, almost, it seems like they have to get in a fight.

"Not that I'm saying the British are always to blame. Fact is, I think the Americans maybe are to blame a lot of times.

"Like you take what happened in a pub I was in one night in Liverpool. Nice pub, too, not just a waterfront dive. There were a lot of British sailors in there when our gang came in, and one of these British sailors was down on his hands and knees looking around for something on the floor.

"One of our boys said, 'What you looking for, buddy?' and the Britisher said, 'I'm looking for a shilling I dropped.' You know, they don't get paid much—fourteen shillings a week, I think it is—and American sailors are millionaires compared to British sailors.

"Well, this sailor in our crowd said, 'I'll help you find your shilling'; and how do you suppose he went about it? Well, he got down on his all-fours, too, and then he took a ten-shilling note out of his pocket, and touched a match to it, and made like he was looking around for the other guy's shilling by the light of this burning ten-shilling note.

"The Britisher let him have one in the jaw, right from the floor, and in a second there was fighting all over the joint. Most of our gang agreed afterward that this guy hadn't ought to lit that ten-shilling note and try to make the Britisher feel poor and hard up. But he was an American, so naturally we had to get in the fight on his side. . . ."

It hardly seems necessary to underline this little lesson in how Americans, from top-rank statesmen to rear-rank occupation force privates, should *not* act toward non-Americans, now that, largely by the grace of God, we have emerged from World War II the most solvent, most comfortable and most powerful nation in the world.

Shakespeare had a character in Measure for Measure remark: "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." Shakespeare didn't add, but he well might have, that any giant who uses his strength like a giant—meaning like a conceited, overbearing, purblind fool—will quickly inspire all his neighbors to gang up and make plans to ruin him somehow; and that those plans may succeed.

BETTER BREAKS FOR RESERVISTS

SECRETARY of the Navy Forrestal recently announced that more than 65,000 Navy officers, ranking from ensign through commander, are to be made eligible for promotion by one grade; and that this measure is to apply to all kinds of officers—reserve, temporary, and regular.

The object is to make Navy life as attractive as possible to a lot of reservists who otherwise would go back to civil life now that the war is over. There were about 250,000 reservists all told in active Navy service during the war, and in view of the Navy's peacetime plans it would be very hard on the Navy to have to part with all those men now. Peacetime Navy plans call for 35,000 or more of the best reserve officers to stay in service, along with the regulars.

Also scheduled to go by the board, according to a high Navy spokesman (Forrestal himself hasn't discussed this matter publicly to this writing), is the old-time unwritten Navy rule that no reserve officer is to be promoted beyond captain's rank. A lot of reserve officers are expected soon to be nominated for flag rank (commodore and up).

The net effect of this revised procedure should be to reduce the average age of Navy officers, and to keep in the Navy the best of the reservists who did themselves and the nation so proud in our two naval wars from shortly after Pearl Harbor to Okinawa.

All of which should be a fine thing for the Navy, and for the United States. We'll probably have a big Navy for a long time to come, atom bomb or no atom bomb, as Admiral Nimitz has been remarking. We owe it to the Navy and to ourselves to keep it officered with many able, young or youngish, forward-looking men.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

One of the prime elements of good craftsmanship is pleasure in the doing. Certainly this is true of Old Grand-Dad. For when you take your first sip of this fine bonded bourbon you just naturally feel that he who made it took great delight in his craft. And that out of this delight he imparted to Old Grand-Dad a flavor, aroma and mellowness such as you've not experienced in many a long day. Why not make that long day a short one hereafter by taking Old Grand-Dad *permanently* into your family circle?

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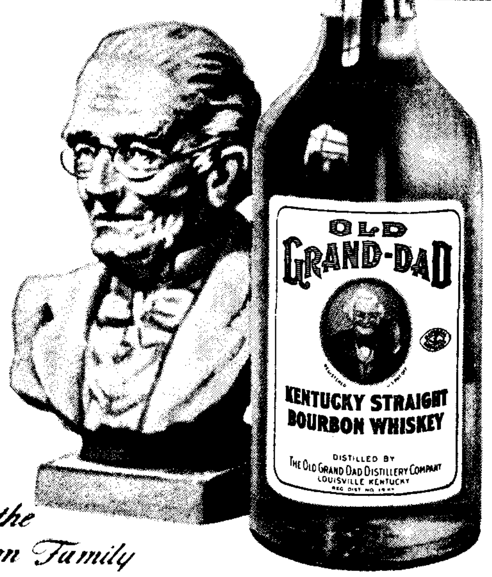
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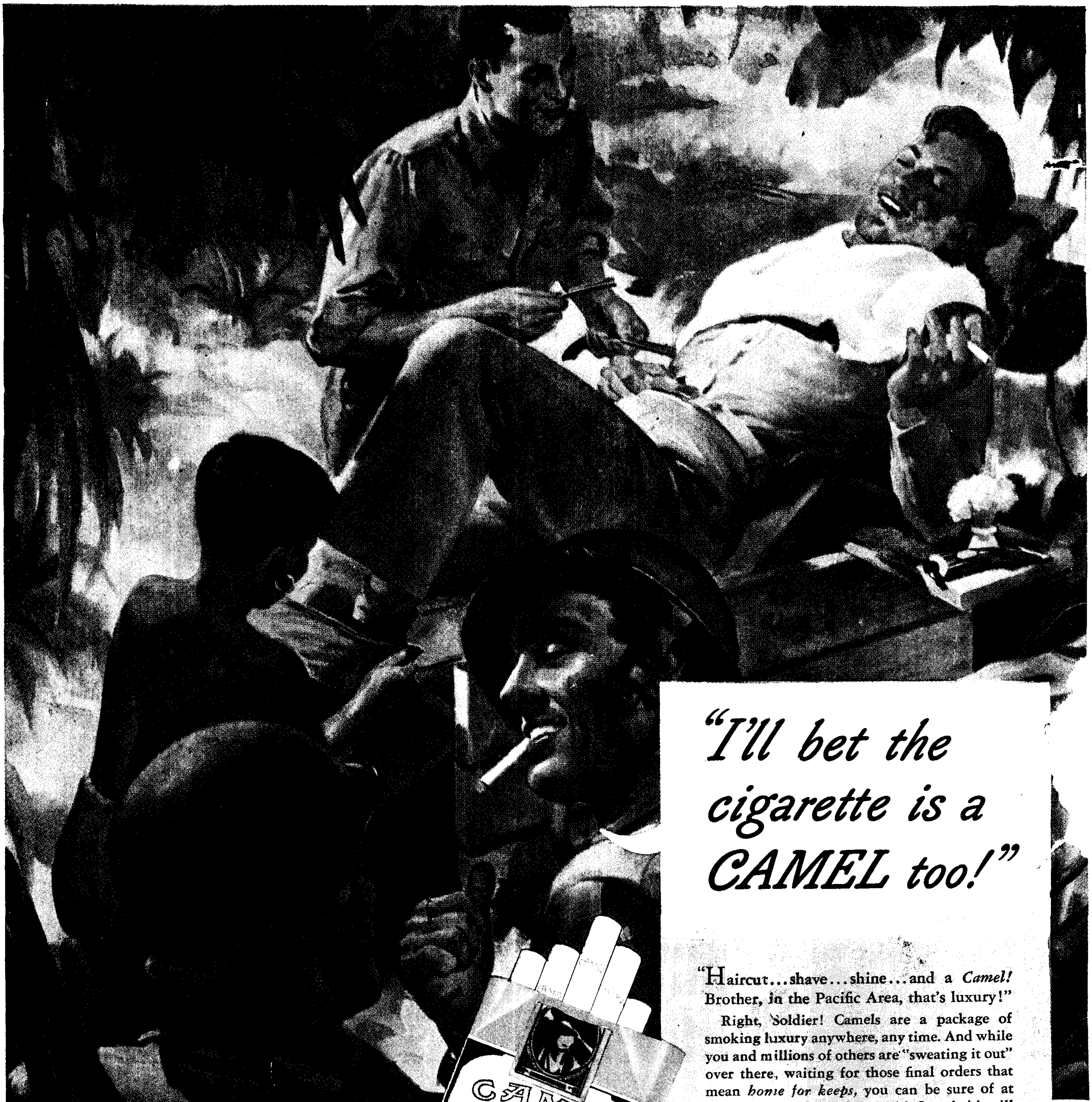

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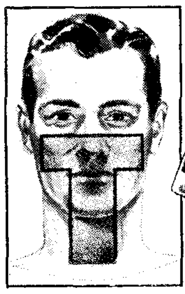

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